The Saturday Evening
POST
October 17, 1959 – 15¢

OCT 13 '59

What's Happening to the Family Doctor?

My Father F.D.R.
By JAMES ROOSEVELT

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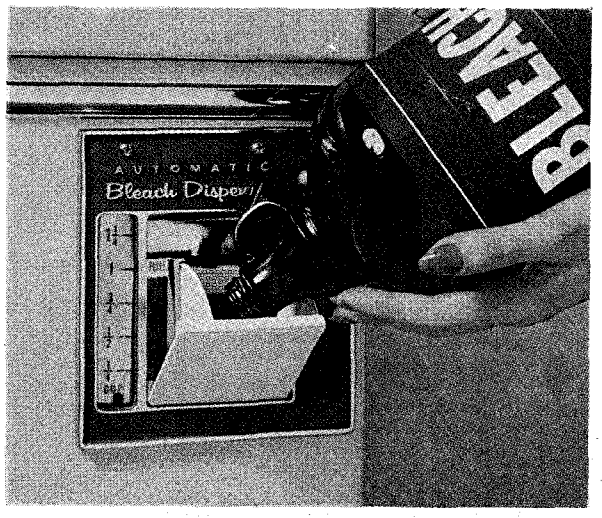
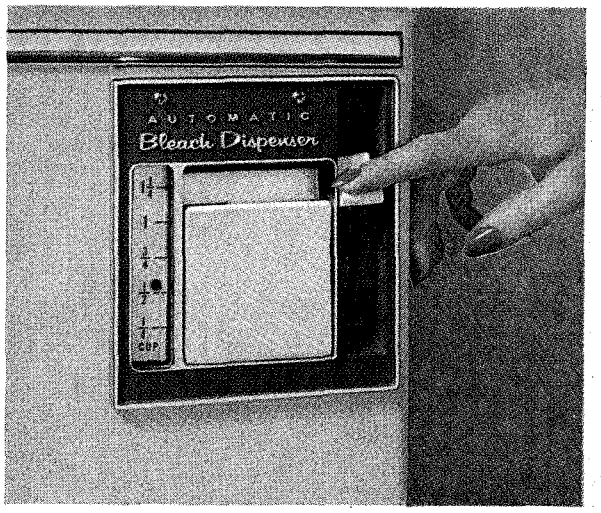


Only the 1960 General Electric Washer stores a month's supply of bleach. Just tip the economy-size bottle into the convenient spout; the dispenser stores 3 full quarts. Fill the dispenser only once a month—after that your bleaching is fully automatic.

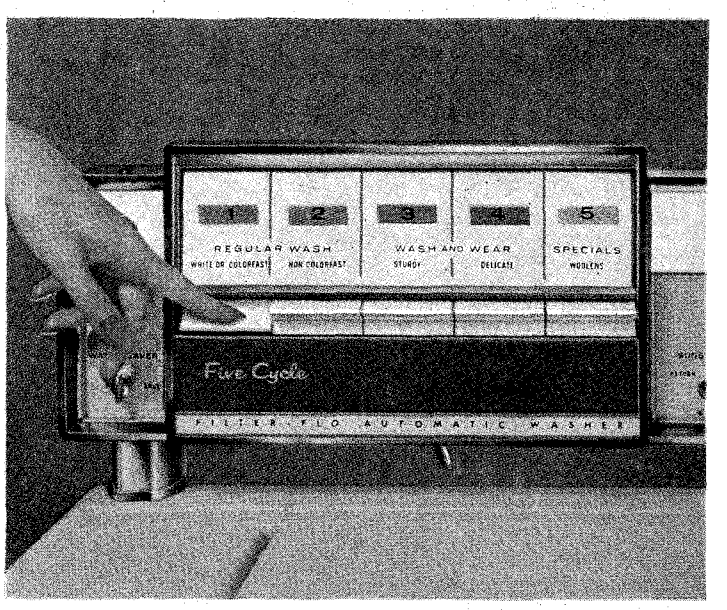


Measures, adds, dilutes the bleach automatically. Just press the fingertip pump to measure the bleach you need. Then, even before it's added to the wash-load, it is diluted to safe solution to give you perfect bleaching results every time—with no work for you.

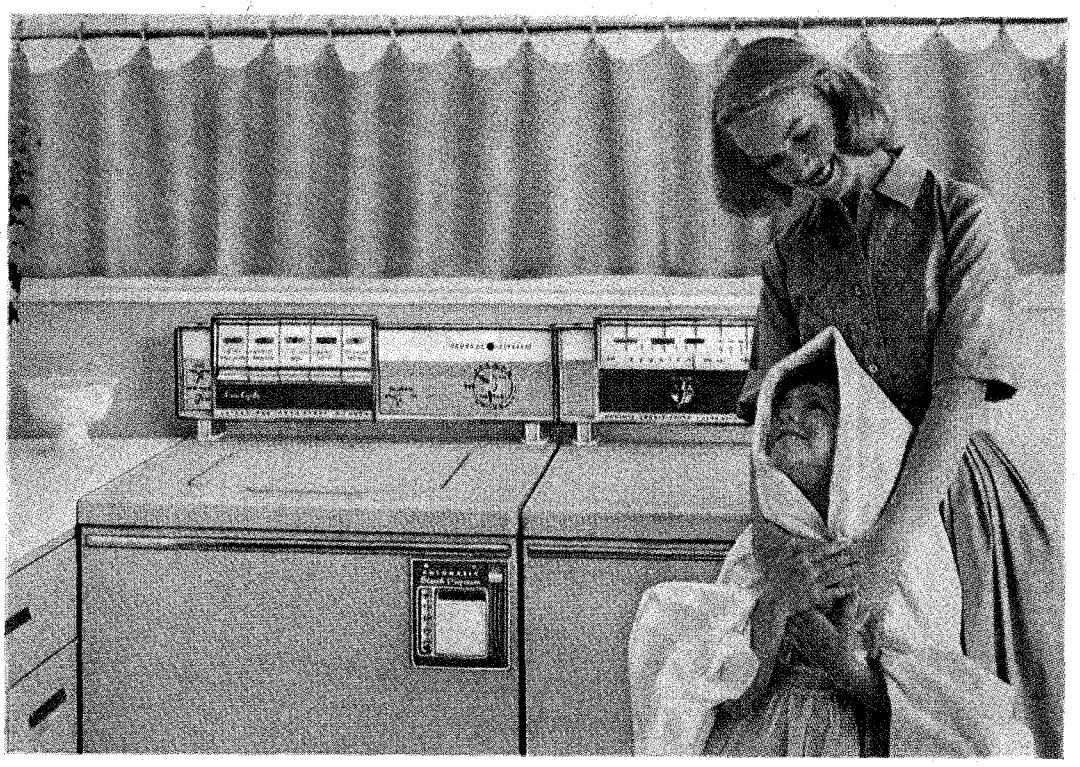
Ends risk of bleach damage. Improperly diluted bleach can't get to your clothes to cause results like this. With automatic bleaching, you get every benefit of bleach—spotlessly clean, white clothes—without danger of fabric damage.

Now... bleaching problems solved automatically! Only General Electric's 1960 Filter-Flo® Washer...

Safely stores a month's supply—3 full quarts
Measures, dilutes and adds bleach automatically
Ends messy hand-bleaching drudgery for you
Saves time—no waiting around for washer to fill

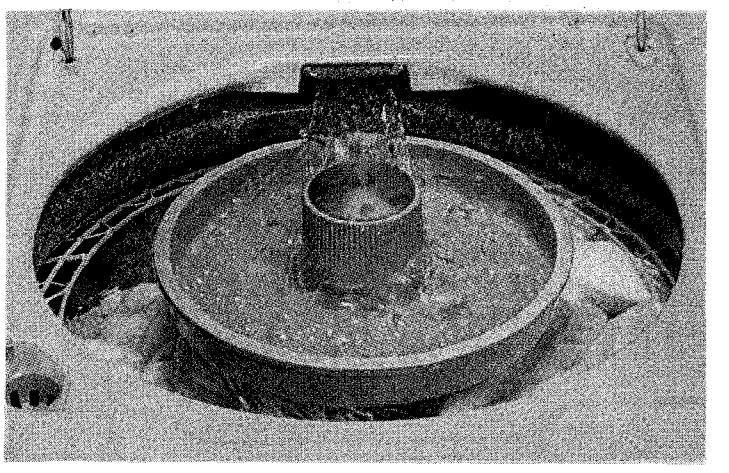


5 automatic cycles bring "hand laundry" care to all your washables. Just touch a key, turn a dial to get correct wash speeds and rinse water temperatures, correct wash and spin for any washable fabric. Even wrinkle-free handling for wash 'n wear, special treatment for woolens.



For white, bright washes every time, get the new General Electric Filter-Flo Washer, with the Automatic Bleach Dispenser! Matching High-Speed Dryer with automatic control gives you just-right drying for every washable fabric.

Only $3.30 weekly, for the washer, after a small down payment. See your dealer for prices and for liberal terms. Most models available in Canada. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



No lint fuzz. Lint is caught in the non-clogging, moving filter, not on your clothes. Plus: Big 10-pound capacity, Cold Water Wash Key, Rinse Agent Dispenser, Suds Return System (optional). Choice of Mix-or-Match colors, or white, and full General Electric Warranty.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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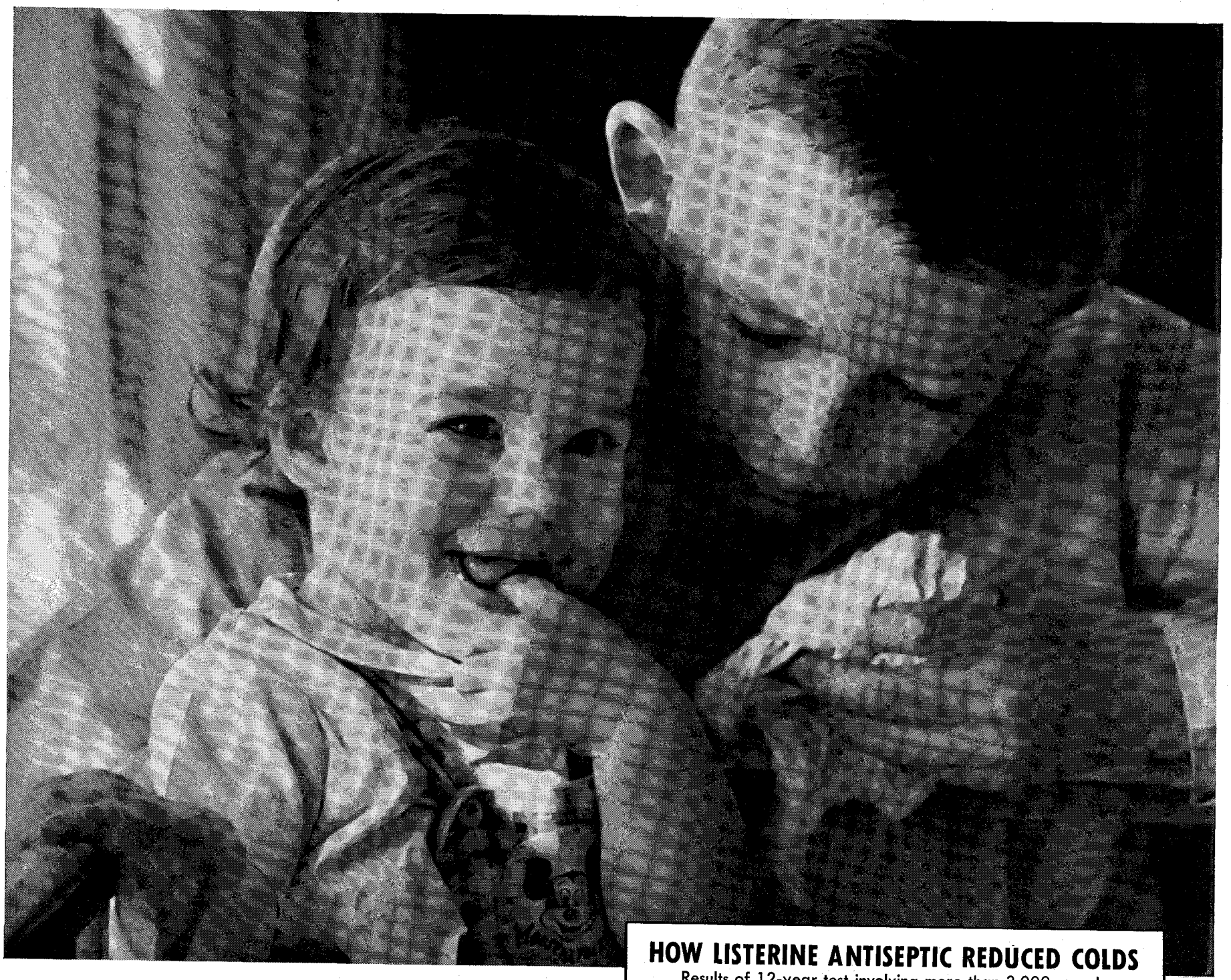
Germs Are Baby Sitters, Too

...now that colds are going around!



Have your whole family gargle Listerine twice every day—it kills germs on contact, by millions!

Nothing travels faster than a cold in a nursery, as every mother knows. But there *is* something every member of the family can do to help keep germs from spreading.

Reach for Listerine, morning and night, every time you brush your teeth! Gargle it full-strength. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions, on contact. And the more you reduce germs, the less the danger of infection.

And gargling with Listerine is safe. Germs never develop resistance to Listerine the way they do to so many other germ-killing agents such as antibiotics. Tests with more than 3,000 people over a 12-year period proved that those who gargled Listerine twice every day had fewer, shorter and milder colds than those who did not.

HOW LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED COLDS

Results of 12-year test involving more than 3,000 people

Those who did NOT gargle Listerine twice daily had

- **89%** more severe colds than those who did
- **85%** longer colds, measured in days
- **73%** more sore throats
- **51%** more "ordinary" colds

Reach for Listerine®

...morning and night, every time you brush your teeth

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The Company that stands by you®

Sunday smash-up: How Liberty Mutual's fast service helps a policyholder in trouble

A Liberty Mutual policyholder wrote this about our claims service: "My compliments upon the friendly and efficient way you and your company handled the accident settlement I had recently.

"The man with whom I had the accident was so impressed that I believe he will change to Liberty Mutual."

Liberty expects to give quick help to its policyholders. We settle claims promptly and fairly. Our service is available in every state — 24 hours a day. Liberty Mutual quality coverage is thrifty, too: we have always saved substantial amounts for our car-insurance policyholders.* To insure with Liberty, get in touch with our nearest office (we have 146 in the U.S. and Canada). Ask about our easy payment plans too.

**Except on assigned risks and Massachusetts compulsory coverages.*

Get 5 times the protection for only 20% more

For example, suppose you now pay $50 for $10,000-and-$20,000 bodily injury-liability coverage. For another $10.41 in premium payment you can increase your limits to $50,000-and-$100,000.

(All these figures are typical. The actual rates you pay, of course, depend on where you live, etc.)

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Business Insurance: Workmen's Compensation, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Fleet, Crime

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THE COVER

What strange switch on traditional romance have we here? Those two peaches can't just be asking for a bite of apple; no, they are applying to a man some seductive apple-polishing with intent to captivate, then capture him. Well, how come that they are chinning themselves on the bony shoulders of H. Arthur Jet and leaving Big M over there looking as if he might break down and cry? Artist Dick Sargent's theme is that in the fall a young maid's fancy seriously turns—in these serious days—to thoughts of eventual matrimony, and that H. Arthur is not only a good guy but, being enamored of technology, a potentially good provider. So be it; but let's not sell Big M short. There is no law against a football star's becoming another kind of star, too, and lots of them have done so.

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. . . . that's because only new Shinola's patented blend of 4 special waxes contains *Dura-Shine*—to give shoes a *harder* film of polish. It shines on brighter, stays on longer, re-buffs in seconds! Get new Shinola today!

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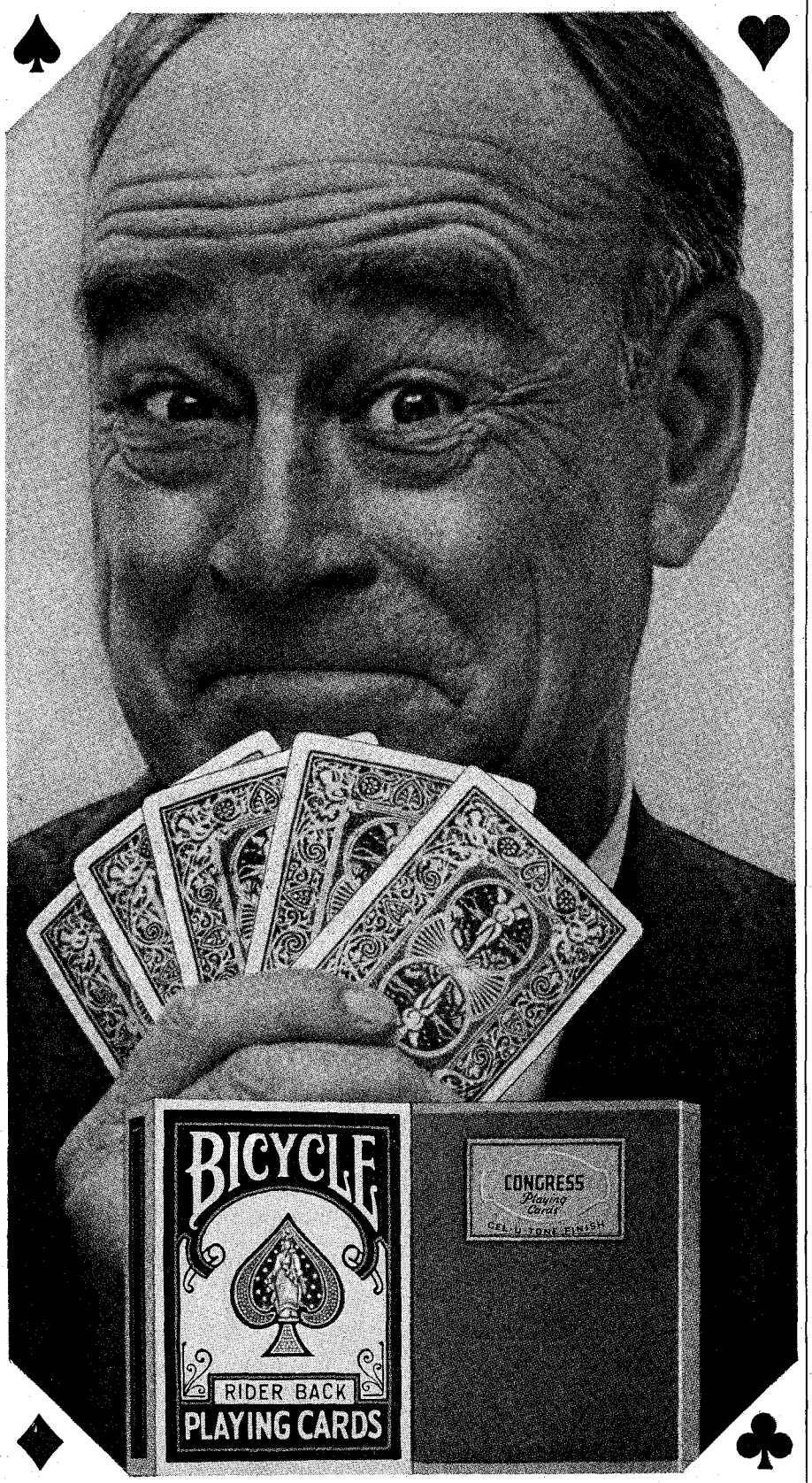

The World's Greatest Entertainment Value . . . that's what cards provide. You'll have the time of your life trouncing your wife at Gin Rummy . . . matching wits with the neighbors at bridge . . . or playing a few congenial hands of poker. And to keep things lively, start the game with new packs of Bicycle or Congress Cards, the card players' favorites for 75 years. See Championship Bridge with Charles Goren and other experts on ABC-TV Network. Sunday afternoons at 3:30 in most areas. For your own copy of an up-to-date edition of "Official Rules"—156 card games, 256 pages—send 25¢ in coin to Dept. S-2,

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Letters

The Late Mr. Franklin

● *Recent mails have brought the following letters regarding* The Post's *restless founder.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Benjamin Franklin must be flipping in his grave every time you print an issue of the magazine he started.

My subscription will not be renewed. Give it to Virgil T. Blossom.

GENE SANDUSKY
Las Vegas, Nev.

Dear Sirs:

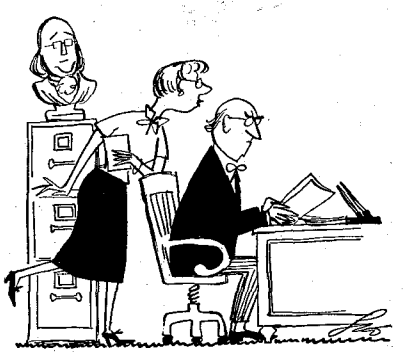
I am enjoying your ADVENTURES OF THE MIND series very much. I think poor Mr. Franklin may have stopped revolving because of them. In fact, if you keep it up, I will in all probability renew my subscription.

MARGARET B. SHEPARD
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The ghost of Ben Franklin must be spinning in his grave!

One hundred and fifty thousand viciously collected tax dollars [were appropriated for] laying carpet so that congressmen won't hear their secretaries tiptoe in to kiss their bald spots. Congressmen are busy investigating investigations, the President is begging for a balanced budget, and the sacrosanct *Saturday Evening Post* is concerned with the proper way to prepare a soufflé!



ROGER W. CARTER
Fillmore, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on the Lewis Mumford article on the cause of war. . . .

I can imagine Benjamin Franklin smiles with benevolent satisfaction wherever he be.

HJALMAR RUTZEBECK
Sunland, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Ben Franklin would turn over in his grave if he could see some of the articles, stories and comments that you have in *The Post* here lately. . . .

I would cancel out now, but I just want to see how bad you can get.

B. O. BOURNE
Columbia, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

May you continue to contribute to the literature of our country for many years to come. I think Ben Franklin would approve of you.

J. W. JEWELL, *Professor of English*
Livingstone College
Salisbury, N.C.

Jack Webb

Dear Sirs:

On page 36 [POST SCRIPTS], issue of Sept. 5, you publish items headed HOLLYWOOD NEWS THAT COULDN'T INTEREST ME LESS. On page 15 of the same issue you publish the first of three articles entitled THE FACTS ABOUT ME, by Jack Webb [as told to Dean Jennings] about Jack Webb and his three wives. THAT COULDN'T INTEREST ME LESS.

H. A. CLARK
Harlingen, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Everyone in Central Junior High School, Los Angeles, knew Jack Webb because of his genial personality and his prodigious talents. The faculty (I was one of his mathematics teachers) expected him to make his mark in the fields of literature and art. His poetic imagery and form were amazing for an eleven-year-old boy, and today some of his water colors, done when he was twelve, grace the walls of his principal's modern home. Would I had kept some!

DOROTHY SINGER ROSS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

From Part 2: "I'm happy to say that Julie is enjoying a successful career as a singer for records, *movies*, television and *motion pictures*."

Doesn't Julie also sing for films?

MORT WEISINGER
Great Neck, N.Y.

English Schools

Dear Sirs:

The comparative analysis of English and American secondary schools [ARE BRITISH SCHOOLS BETTER THAN OURS?] by Muriel Beadle, in your Sept. 12 issue, was highly readable, well balanced, objectively informative, and a valuable contribution to the grand debate on education in America.

LEIF KR. TOBIASSEN, *Professor*
Union College
Lincoln, Nebr.

YOUR SEPT. 12 ISSUE HAS DONE PARENTS AND AMERICAN EDUCATION A GREAT SERVICE.

NORMAN B. SCHARER,
SUPT. OF SCHOOLS
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

Dear Sirs:

She has not mentioned their greatest advantage over us, although it is plainly indicated in the pictures. . . . In most cases the boys and girls of high-school age go to separate schools. . . .

This plan would remove much of the objection to integration in our schools.

HORACE S. BAKER
Pennington, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

As an English girl and an ex-grammar-school pupil, I was very interested in your article. There is one point though, regarding which I feel I must protest.

Mrs. Beadle states that the courteous attention accorded by American teachers to each child is missing in English classrooms. I am afraid I cannot agree with her. Since leaving school, I have realised just how much I owe to the infinite patience and careful attention of my various schoolmasters and mistresses. Granted, discipline is strict and teachers are authoritative. Nevertheless, when not engaged in rapping knuckles, flashing sarcasm and hurling chalk at unwary pupils who will insist on dozing off

(Continued on Page 6)

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1960 SUPER 88 HOLIDAY SPORTSEDAN

It's Mighty Satisfying to Own an Olds! Satisfying to your taste for style—with fresh, balanced beauty that will "grow on you." Mighty satisfying with the solid smoothness of the Quadri-Balanced Ride. Mighty satisfying with super, spirited action. Every Olds Ninety-Eight and Super 88 model for '60 is powered by the new PREMIUM ROCKET Engine that gets the most from today's super fuels. Here is the finest the medium-price class has to offer! Your local authorized dealer is anxious to serve you.

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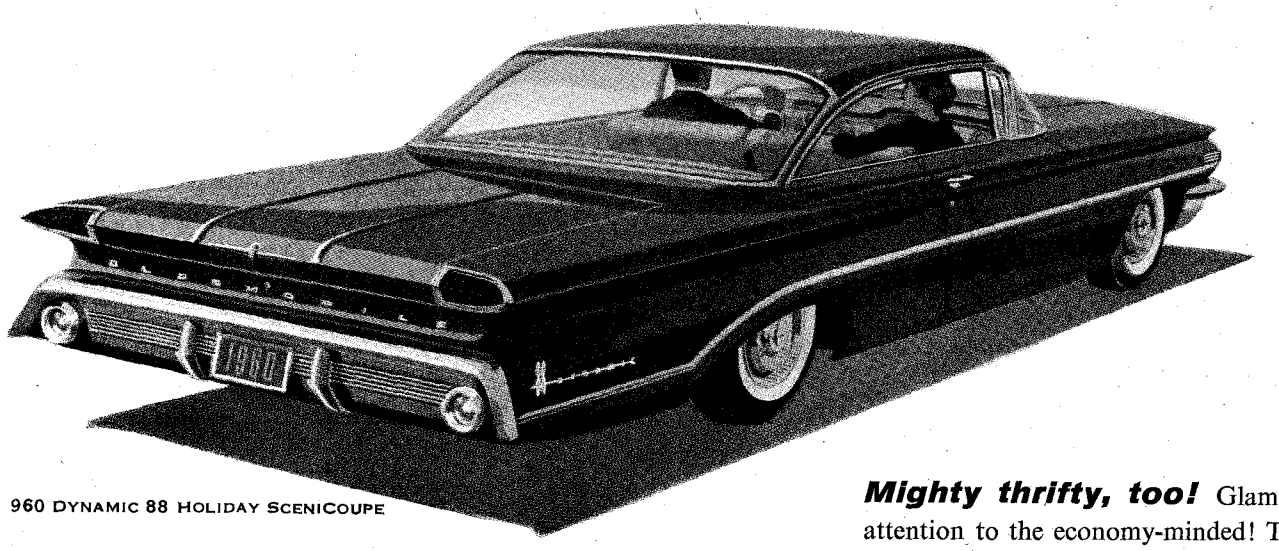

960 DYNAMIC 88 HOLIDAY SCENICOUPE

Mighty thrifty, too! Glamor on the go—with special attention to the economy-minded! The all-new REGULAR ROCKET Engine *is standard equipment on every dollar-saving Dynamic 88 model.* It thrives on lower-cost, regular gas . . . you save about a dollar a fill! It's the Rocket that's *extra* easy on your pocket!

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For 190 years the world's finest Gin drinks have been created around Gordon's... First distilled in 1769, Gordon's Gin is still traditionally distilled for authentic quality! Lend added color to your entertaining —serve any of many authentically fine cocktails, slings and fizzes you can make with Gordon's Gin.

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100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • 90 PROOF • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

during lessons, our teachers are extremely courteous and attentive to each individual pupil.

JANET M. SPOONER
Birmingham, England

Dear Sirs:

If the discipline in the English schools and the authoritarianism of their teachers is so frightening and repressive, why was Red [the author's son] "happier in his English school than in the one he had left behind him"?

W. P. BEBBINGTON
Aiken, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

The title . . . implies, or rather misleads the reader to believe, that the English school system is synonymous with the British school system. . . .

For generations it has been internationally recognized that the Scottish school system is superior to that in England. The Scottish Educational System was founded as early as 1560, on the principle that schools should be available for all who could profit from them. Every town had a school, and every parish at least a schoolmaster. The English system of education was based on the grammar school, and it was not until 1780 that any organized system of education for the poor was formulated.

GEORGE M. CUNNINGHAM
Corning, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Your use of "British" in the title of my article was technically incorrect.

MURIEL BEADLE
Pasadena, Calif.

Friendly Town

Dear Sirs:

All of us at the Institute are delighted with INTERNATIONAL COUNTRY TOWN, written by Don Murray in the Sept. 5 issue of *The Post*. The article caught the flavor of this unusual effort by a small town, and the result is a piece of honest, dramatic journalism without effusive sentimentality. . . .

I feel sure that other towns will be inspired by the story to initiate similar programs. Certainly any foreign student who shares in this kind of experience can effectively interpret America and Americans to his countrymen.

KENNETH HOLLAND, *President*
Institute of International Education
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The success of the Burns program owes much to the follow-up activities that make friendship stick. All too often we foreign students go to an American family on invitation, enjoy a delicious meal and dutifully write a letter of thanks afterward. And that means the beginning *and* the end of the friendship. It is fine but, alas, too brief, even briefer than those shipboard acquaintances.

MARSHALL CHAO
Urbana, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Our local Rotary Club (Yreka) has sponsored a like program, and despite the fact that we are 300 miles from the Berkeley campus of the University of California, many students return after the initial visit.

We had the pleasure of entertaining a Finnish couple on our ranch this past winter, where they learned, with much glee on the part of all, to be real "cowboys." At my son's wedding reception a

Finnish cowpokes.

few weeks ago a telephone call was received from Turku, Finland. Our friends, the Espolas, explained that they "had stood up until 2:30 A.M." to place the call at the proper time.

EDSON L. FOULKE JR.
Gazelle, Calif.

Brazil and the Dollar

Dear Sirs:

In the editorial section of your magazine, on Sept. 5, you have conveyed to your readers among other things the notion that Brazil is asking the United States for a loan of $300,000,000, which fact you have criticized as an application for a "bail-out" [BAILING OUT BRAZIL IS GETTING TO BE PAR FOR THE COURSE].

Nothing could be farther from the truth. As a matter of fact, Brazil has not made applications for any loans from the U. S. Treasury of this magnitude, and is not looking for "bail-outs," which are not required by her present financial situation.

The whole tenor and tone of your article presents a most inaccurate picture of the economic situation of Brazil. . . . The present deficit in the Brazilian balance of payments is largely due to the worsening of its terms of trade . . . and not to government policies, which are intended to strengthen Brazilian economy, by promoting the economic development of the country.

JORGE DE SÁ ALMEIDA, *Second Secretary*
Brazilian Embassy
Washington, D.C.

● *We shouldn't have said Brazil is knocking at our door "now." Apparently, after exploring the idea, President Kubitschek decided against applying for what would have been his country's fourth loan from the United States since 1953.* —*ED.*

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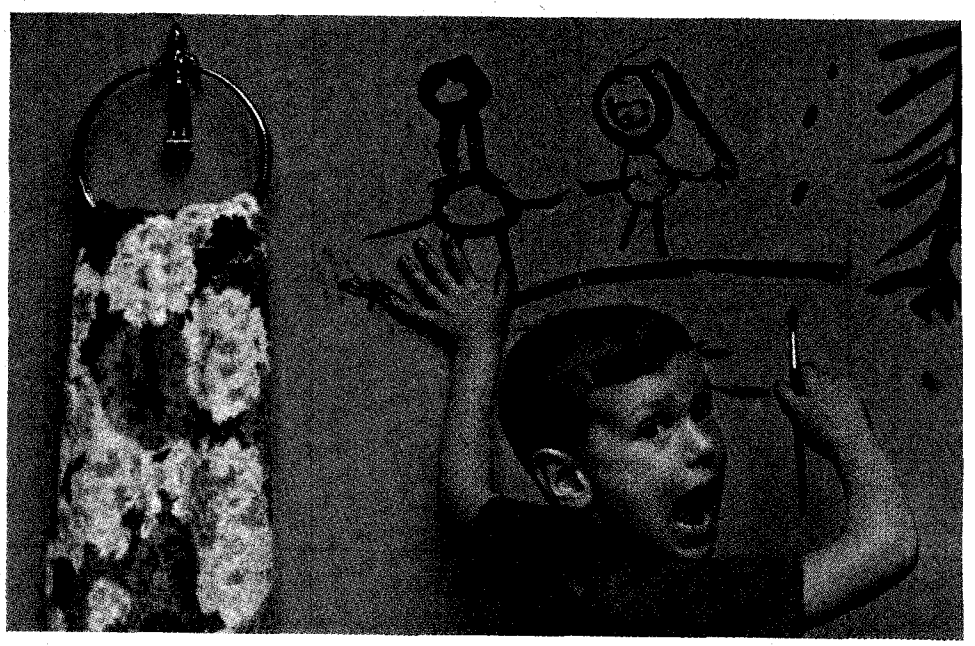

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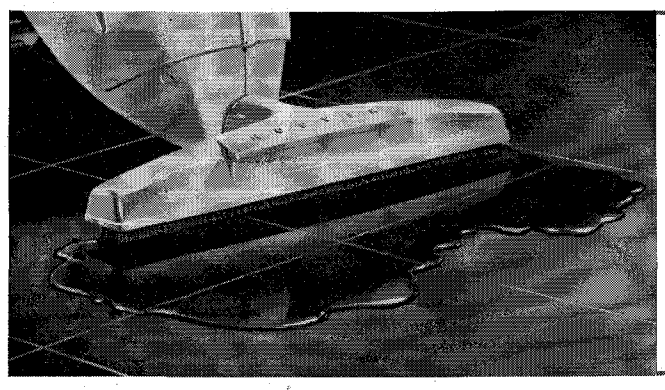
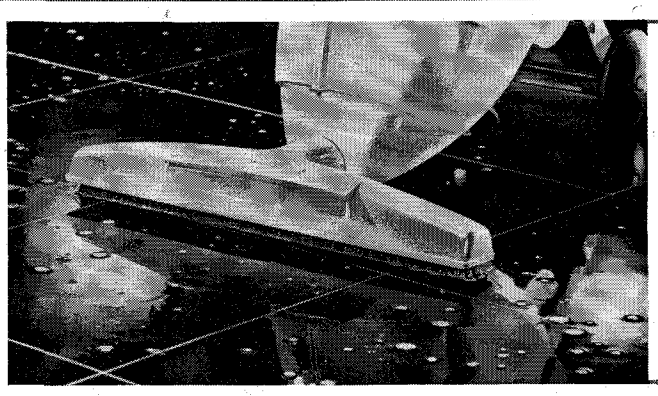
HOOVER'S SURPRISING NEW INVENTION CLEANS UP THE DIRTIEST JOB IN THE HOUSE

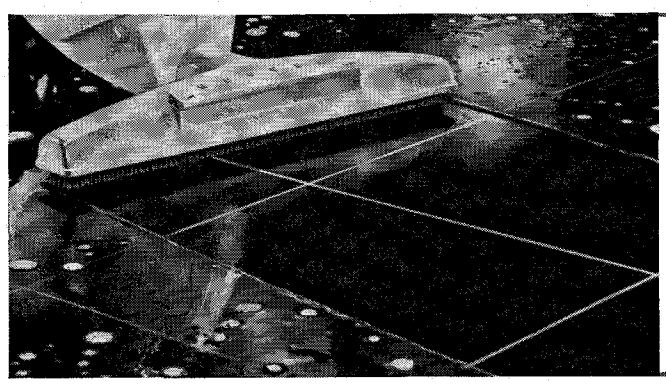
Washes floors and drinks up its own scrub water



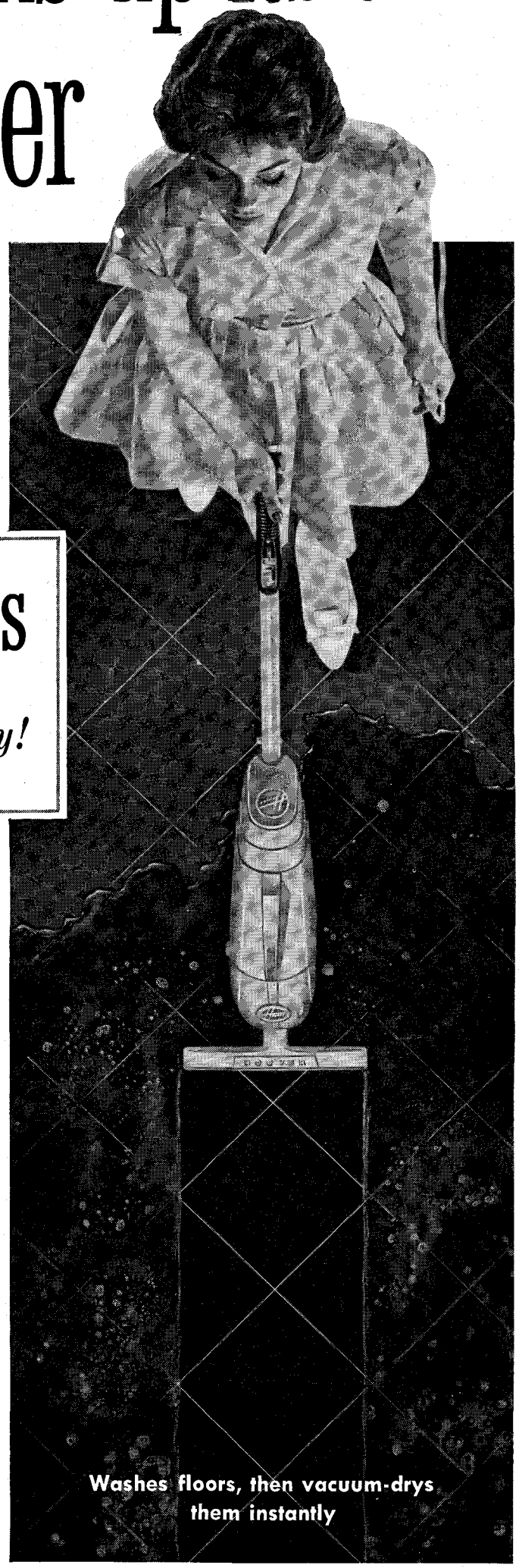
1 WETS *the floor with clean water and detergent!*



2 SCRUBS *it thoroughly!*

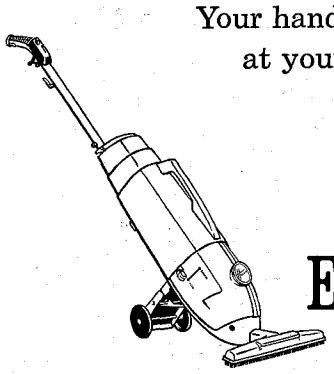


3 VACUUM-DRYS *it instantly!*



Washes floors, then vacuum-drys them instantly

Now you can get rid of mops and buckets forever. Hoover's new Electric Floor Washer washes your floors and vacuums them dry . . . automatically. Puts only clean water and detergent on the floor—the dirty water you vacuum up is kept separate. No mess, no hard work. Your hands never touch water. See a demonstration at your Hoover dealer's. Easy budget terms available.



HOOVER

ELECTRIC FLOOR WASHER

by the makers of Hoover Vacuum Cleaners

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alive

with flavor ...in any cup

Just can't beat that A&P Coffee!

Whether you sip it from the finest china . . . or drink it from battered tin . . . you're sure of a flawless cup when it's A&P *premium-quality* Coffee. After all, *this* coffee is freshly roasted, superbly blended, *Custom Ground* . . . the *only* nationally-advertised coffee that offers you three blends, seven grinds. Yet it *costs you less, much less,* than others of comparable quality!

EXCLUSIVELY AT A&P STORES

Mild and Mellow *Rich and Full-Bodied* *Vigorous and Winey*

A&P

100th BIRTHDAY *Celebration*

1859-1959

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Editorials

This Time the People Wrote Their Own Labor Law

The widespread astonishment which greeted the passage of a reasonably effective labor bill might have been less colossal if people had paid more attention to what their friends and neighbors were saying and less to the boasts of the more blatant union leaders. *The Post* predicted many months ago (December 20, 1958, if you want to look it up) that a good many congressmen considered "safe" for Reuther or Hoffa would find it mighty stuffy in the pocket of either of these gentlemen, once the public at large was heard from. President Eisenhower made a similar analysis and stuck to his championship of an effective labor bill. And that, give or take a clause here and there, is what we have got.

Of course, there has been some bleating from injured leaders of unions to the general effect that the workingman has been crucified again and that members of Congress who voted for the "tough" labor bill—which is tough relatively speaking—had better get ready to be retired next time out.

But, after all, people have been reading the newspapers. They followed the hearings before the McClellan committee faithfully enough to learn that union power was often exercised for unreasonable, tyrannical and corrupt ends, and that, no matter how unreasonable or corrupt the purposes of their leaders, the rank-and-file union members had little choice but to go along. A union which has a government-conferred monopoly on the right to work in a given industry has no cause to heed the opinions of its rank and file. Where could they go but out?

It has been only necessary for the average citizen to walk down the street to see shops, restaurants and other establishments surrounded by pickets whose object was not to persuade unorganized workers to join a union, but to force the management to compel workers already in a union to sign up with another union, whose leaders craved their dues! Farmers bringing their produce into a city like Philadelphia have been forced to whack up $19.60 for the privilege of unloading their trucks—in tribute to Jimmy Hoffa's Teamster local. Business firms have been threatened with ruin, in some cases successfully, by picket lines set up to prevent the deliveries from other companies far away where a strike might be in progress. That was the "secondary boycott" which, while frowned upon in the Taft-Hartley Act, has never been curbed.

Godfrey P. Schmidt, in resigning as a monitor of the Teamsters Union last June, declared that "unless Congress, by more drastic, more expeditious and more efficient means than the somewhat cumbersome monitoring procedure, comes to the aid of the silent, victimized and generally decent union membership, this country will have consigned millions of hapless workers—who are and have reason to be afraid to assert fundamental American rights—to a virtual servitude." That sounds a little strong, except to union members who have challenged corruption of their leaders and find themselves unemployed as a consequence.

Anyway, that is how the public got the picture and that is the reason Congress has finally tightened the restrictions on secondary boycotts and done something to restrict unfair picket lines. The rights of the rank and file are strengthened in the sections of the new law giving every union member the right to know how his dues are being spent and to run for office in his union and vote by secret ballot. It is going to be difficult to make a "slave labor" law out of this one, although we may be sure even that tired refrain will be resurrected for the next round.

Outdated Medicine Becomes "Marxist" When Reds Use It

"Cure me—I'm needed in the factory! I can leave my wife and child, but not my furnaces!"

Thus cried a Communist proletarian hero, as quoted in an article in a Red China medical magazine. The readers of the article are also supposed to believe that when the injured Communist hero's wife visited him in the hospital, he said, "Have you paid my party dues?"

Badly burned by molten steel in a Shanghai mill, this man's first thought was of the party! Against all the known laws of medicine, he was cured. Communist science cured him. No wonder he wanted to be up to date with the party dues!

"The process leading to the saving of the life of Ch'iu Ts'ai-k'ang . . . was a process of grave and intense struggle between proletarian and capitalist curative methods," says the article. He seemed sure to die. But a message from the Communist Party committee in the steel mill "correctly pointed out that what could not be done in capitalist countries, we could do."

"Disease can be treated by Marxism-Leninism," the article asserts. "Without the party, intellectuals like us could not possibly have broken out from the established rules of capitalist experts."

How did they break out? As soon as the inspiring message arrived from the Red committee in the steel mill, forty doctors began checking all the medical literature on burns. Men are badly burned every day, and thousands of doctors and scientists all over the world have studied and experimented to devise methods of treatment. But the forty in the hospital rushed into their medical library and began reading all the pertinent literature. They finished it that very morning and decided on fifteen methods of treatment.

All the methods, as described in the article, seem standard practice in the West—except one. This was the use of bacteriophage, a virus that causes certain bacteria to dissolve. Sixty medical students went out to collect bacteriophage.

Bacteriophage was abandoned in the West many years ago because it was found to be useless. Yet Communist medical science, with which Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota thinks western medical science might profitably exchange ideas, proclaims such treatment for burns as startlingly new.

If the burned man was cured at all, it wasn't by "proletarian curative methods"—or unproletarian methods. The cure was effected by professional persons, the forty probably unproletarian doctors. But in the Communist book, "disease can be treated by Marxism-Leninism."

Missouri Can Show Us How to Make a Brand-New Lake

Five new community lakes in Missouri were opened for fishing this season. Seven others have been completed and stocked, but are not yet ready for fishermen, and more are under construction or planned. All grow out of a program to bring fishing opportunities closer to home.

Although Missouri is one of the better fishing states, with its Lake of the Ozarks, White River lakes and fabulous Bull Shoals, many parts of the state were without good fishing waters. People in Daviess County in northwest Missouri had little in the way of places to fish except farm ponds. When the community-lake program was initiated in 1955, the Daviess County Wildlife Club, composed of farmers and townspeople in Jamesport, was ready for it. The club purchased the 105 acres which now include the lake and the protective area around it. The State Conservation Commission built the lake and stocked it with fish.

This co-operation between state and local agencies and cost-sharing make such an extensive program possible. Although it is eligible for some Federal money, the Conservation Commission's part in the program is being financed largely by revenue from fishing permits.

A lake may be sponsored by a county, community or responsible local group which furnishes the land for a suitable site and deeds it to the Conservation Commission after the latter has approved the project. To safeguard the lake, the commission requires title to all land at least 200 feet back from the water's edge. After the lake is completed, the commission stocks it and undertakes to keep the lake productive. The lakes are usually opened for fishing two years after stocking. That's the only way they may be used—for fishing.

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DODGE DOES IT!

Two completely new, completely different lines of cars for

1960

On the next four pages, you will see the dramatic results of the "New Day at Dodge." You will see *two* new lines of Dodge cars completely different in *size*, in *styling* and in *price range*. This "new day" is marked by the debut of the Dodge Dart, the first completely new line of cars to be introduced in the low-price field in 32 years. Built on a compact 118-inch wheelbase, the Dart brings a smartness and a solidness and a performance never before achieved in a low-price car. Just as new, just as exciting, is the brilliantly designed '60 Dodge. Here, truly, is a Dodge unlike any you have ever known—more daringly styled, more luxuriously appointed, more *vibrantly* responsive—yet, surprisingly, still as moderately priced. The "New Day at Dodge" is marked, also, by dramatic engineering advances: New Unibody construction that surrounds you with a "one-piece fortress of steel"—roomier and more comfortable, easier to get in and out. A new Economy Slant "6" engine that lies on its side to save gas (and a high-performance D-500 Ram Induction V-8*). *Automatic* Swivel Seats.* Free-Flight Power engine mountings. Vacuum Door Locks.* The "New Day at Dodge" means a *new and wider choice of better built automobiles* for America's new-car buyers.

**Optional at extra cost*

For the complete story, please turn the page ▶

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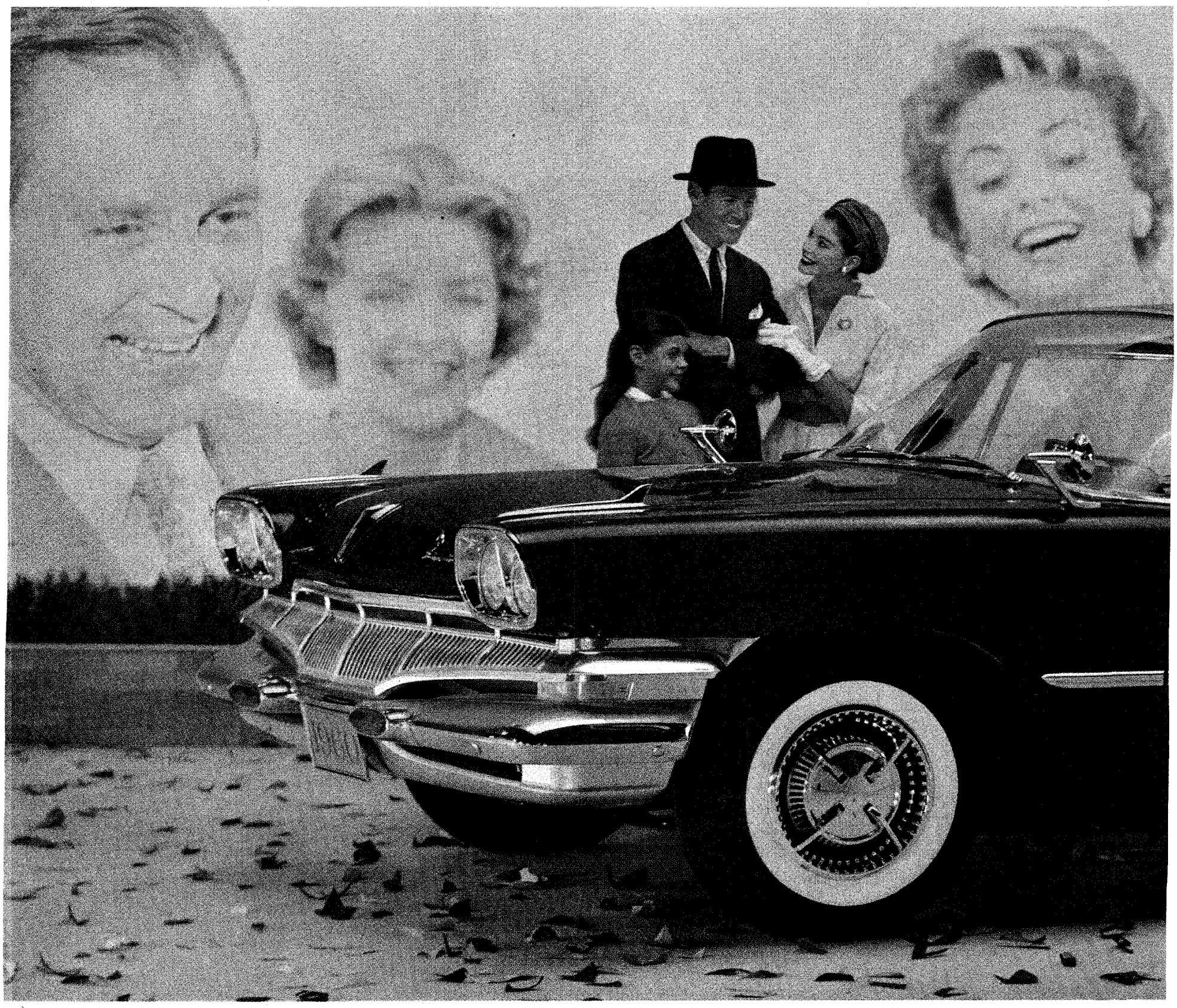
Make way for the all-new



A complete new line of economy cars in th

Meet America's fabulous new economy car! The Dodge Dart was built to deliver better performance, more room and comfort, greater all-around economy—at a price down with the lowest! 3 great series! 20 beautiful models, V-8 and "6"! A full range of body styles!

You will know right off: *There has never been a car in the low-price field like the Dodge Dart.*

There is a solid, substantial quality about the Dart that sets it apart from other low-price cars. It is more than just smart and stylish looking. It is *expensive looking.*

The Dodge Dart not only looks more solid, it is *more solidly built.* Unlike other low-price cars with separate body and frame, the Dart has a *one-piece welded body.* This Unibody is stronger and more rigid. It is roomier and more comfortable. And it virtually eliminates squeaks, rattles and rus

The Dart offers many other advanced feature: A new gas-saving Economy Slant "6" engin New Free-Flight Power that *suspends the engi in space* to soak up vibration. New Vacuum Do Locks.* Improved Torsion-Aire Ride. Pus button driving.*

All this—*and more*—you will find in the slee looking, brilliant-performing Dodge Dart, wonderfully low prices that mean you can ow a Dart—right now!

**Optional at extra c*

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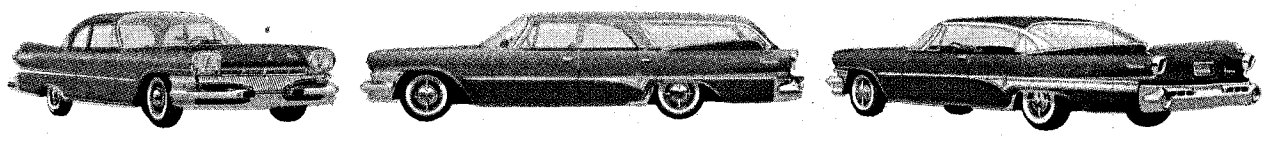
DODGE DART

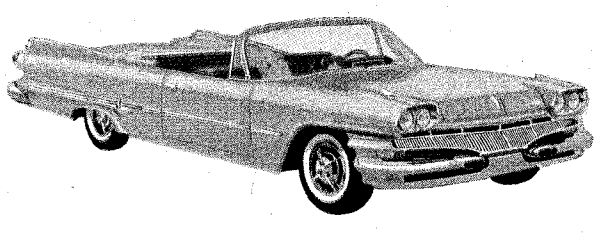
w-price field!

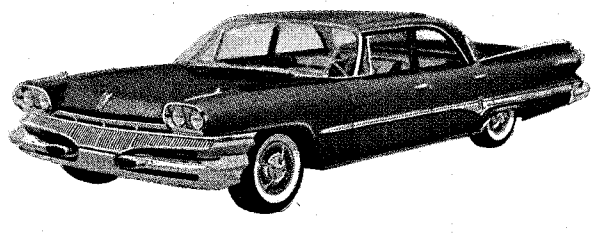
The Dodge Dart is priced model for model with other low-price cars.

DODGE DART	CAR F	CAR P	CAR C
SENECA	Fairlane	Savoy	Biscayne
PIONEER	Fairlane 500	Belvedere	Bel Air
PHOENIX	Galaxie	Fury	Impala



3 GREAT SERIES—SENECA • PIONEER • PHOENIX





On the next page, the new '60 DODGE ▶

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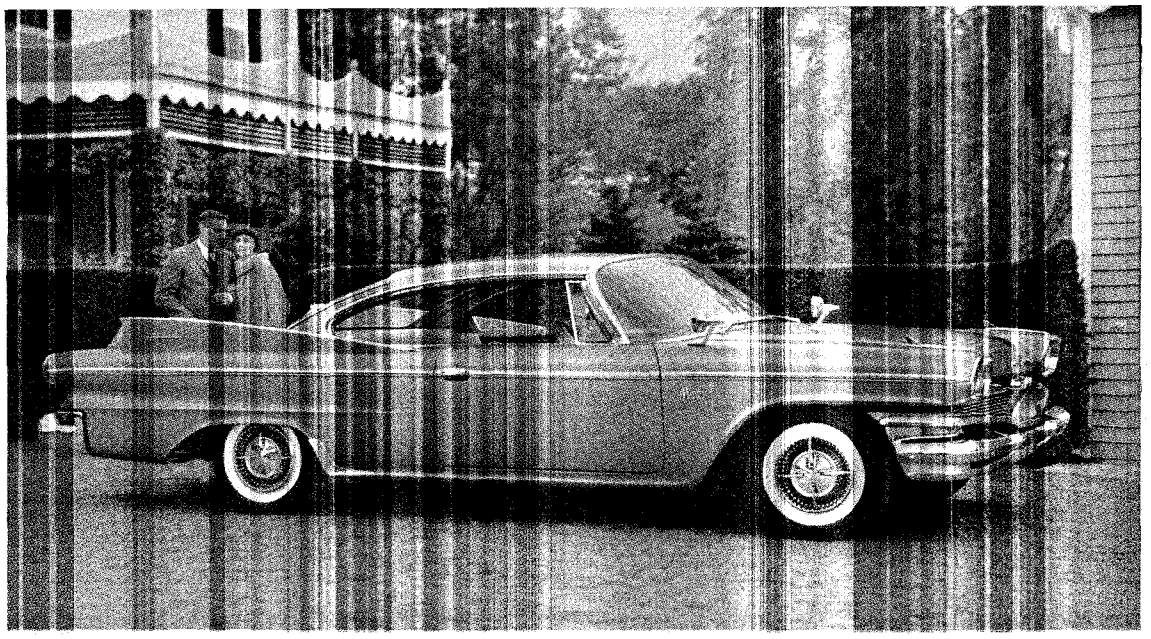

Sleek and smart looking—with the solid strength of Unibody construction! Matador 2-Door Hardtop.

Powered to please—choose from three great V-8's, two push-button transmissio

Daringly New! Dramatically Different

You can drive this Dodge *anywhere*, park it next to *anything*, with the most confident feeling in the world! Polara 4-Door Hardtop by Dodge. Costumes by Bergdorf Goodman.

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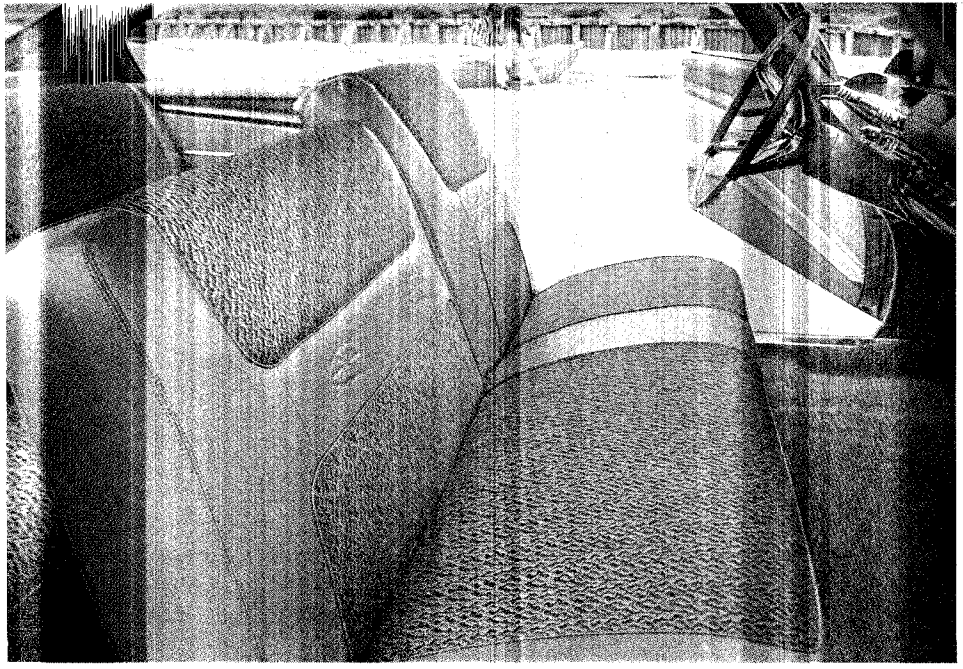
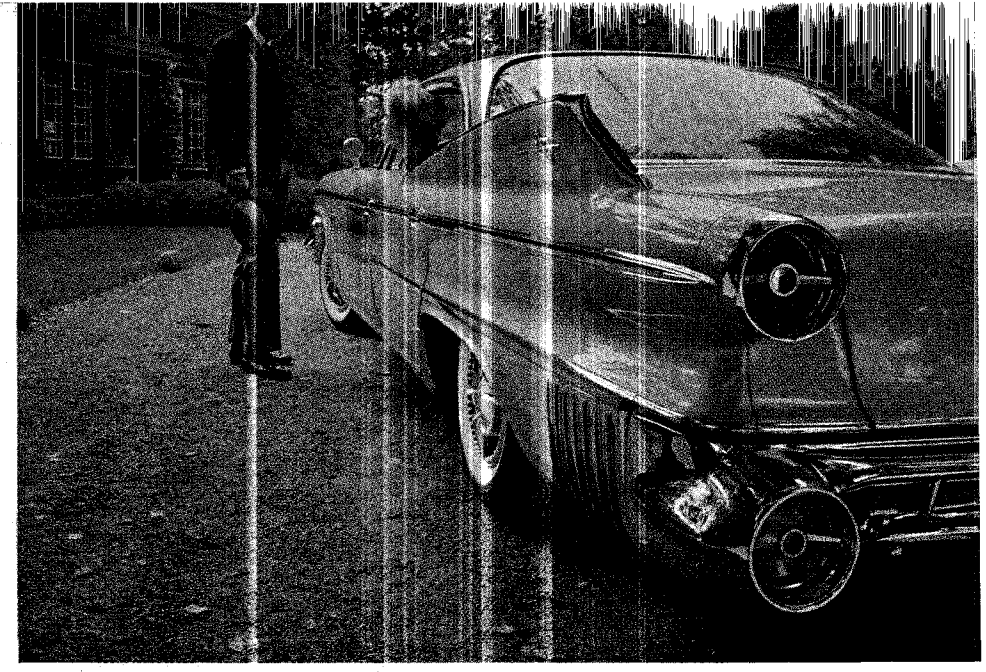
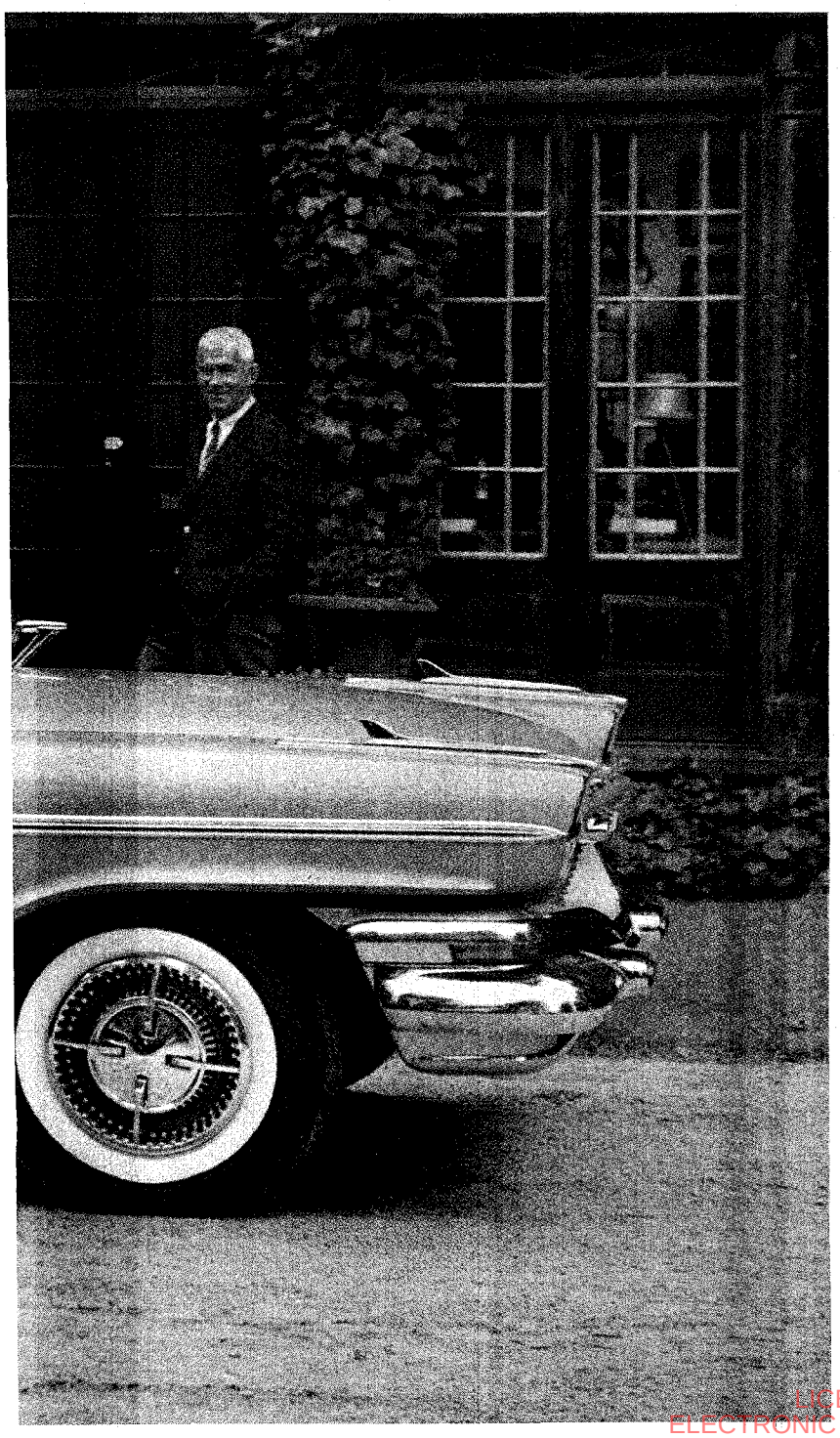


All the room and comfort you need, all the luxury you want! Matador interior.



Carries you in style—with the road-hugging mastery of Torsion-Aire Ride!

'60 DODGE



Greatest Dodge ever...
Big, Solid, Built to Command!

There have been many outstanding Dodge cars introduced in the past 46 years. Dependable cars. Well-engineered cars. Great-performing cars. Cars that ushered in new and daring driving advances.

Now on display is the new 1960 line of Dodge cars—and in every way, there has never been a Dodge to compare with them.

There has never been a Dodge that *looked* quite like this one. So sleek and solid looking, so impressive in the daring sweep of its clean and racy lines.

There has never been a Dodge *built* quite like this one. Beneath the beauty is the revolutionary new Unibody. This one-piece welded body is far stronger, far more rigid than any ever built before.

There has never been a Dodge quite as *comfortable* as this one. Thanks to Unibody construction, you stretch out in the most spacious interiors in the Dodge field, enjoy extra inches of headroom, legroom, hiproom. You relax on seats that have been completely redesigned and repositioned for maximum comfort. Doors are bigger, higher, open wider.

There has never been a Dodge that *performed* like this one. You command a brawny D-500 Ram Induction V-8 engine* that gives spectacular performance in the mid-speed driving ranges. It has a special manifold that acts like a supercharger, literally rams the fuel-air mixture into the cylinders.

Actually, there has never been a Dodge that offered *so many* wonderful and rewarding attributes. Yet for all its style and performance, all its room and comfort and exclusive features, this 1960 Dodge is still priced most reasonably. That, perhaps, is the most remarkable thing of all!

**Optional at extra cost*

Two great series **MATADOR • POLARA** *11 luxurious models*

DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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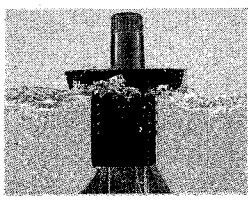
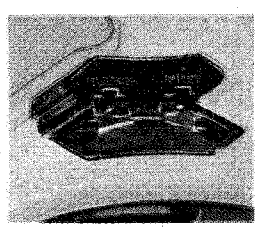
NEW! HOTPOINT WASHER WITH TOUCH COMMAND!

One touch
of your finger gives you
correct washing method
for every known
washable!



Now! "lint-free" washes! The Hotpoint Full-time Underwater Filter traps unsightly lint where it forms —under water. Ends once and for all the problem of excess lint on clothes.

New! Bleach and rinse dispenser! Adds bleach automatically at the proper time. Adds fabric conditioner automatically in the rinse period so now washes come out soft, luxurious and easier to iron.



Your best blanket, your smartest wash and wear, that party tablecloth . . . makes no difference what it is, if it's washable Hotpoint is designed to wash it *beautifully!* It's yours to command—just push a button and you have the right washing method for any kind of fabric.

Automatically, with Activated Deep Rinse, you get the right kind of wash—soft, safe and certain. Beautifully clean—whites so white and colors so bright! And cold water added during the last minutes of wash-and-rinse cools clothes and discourages wrinkles.

Unlike ordinary washers, all Hotpoint Washers are porcelain inside and out to give you positive protection against rust, stains and scratches. And the superior mechanism gives you smooth, quiet, long-time performance. At your Hotpoint Dealer's now!

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Hotpoint

(A Division of General Electric Co.), Chicago 44

LOOK FOR THAT HOTPOINT DIFFERENCE!

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Relieve Pain of Headache, Neuritis, Neuralgia

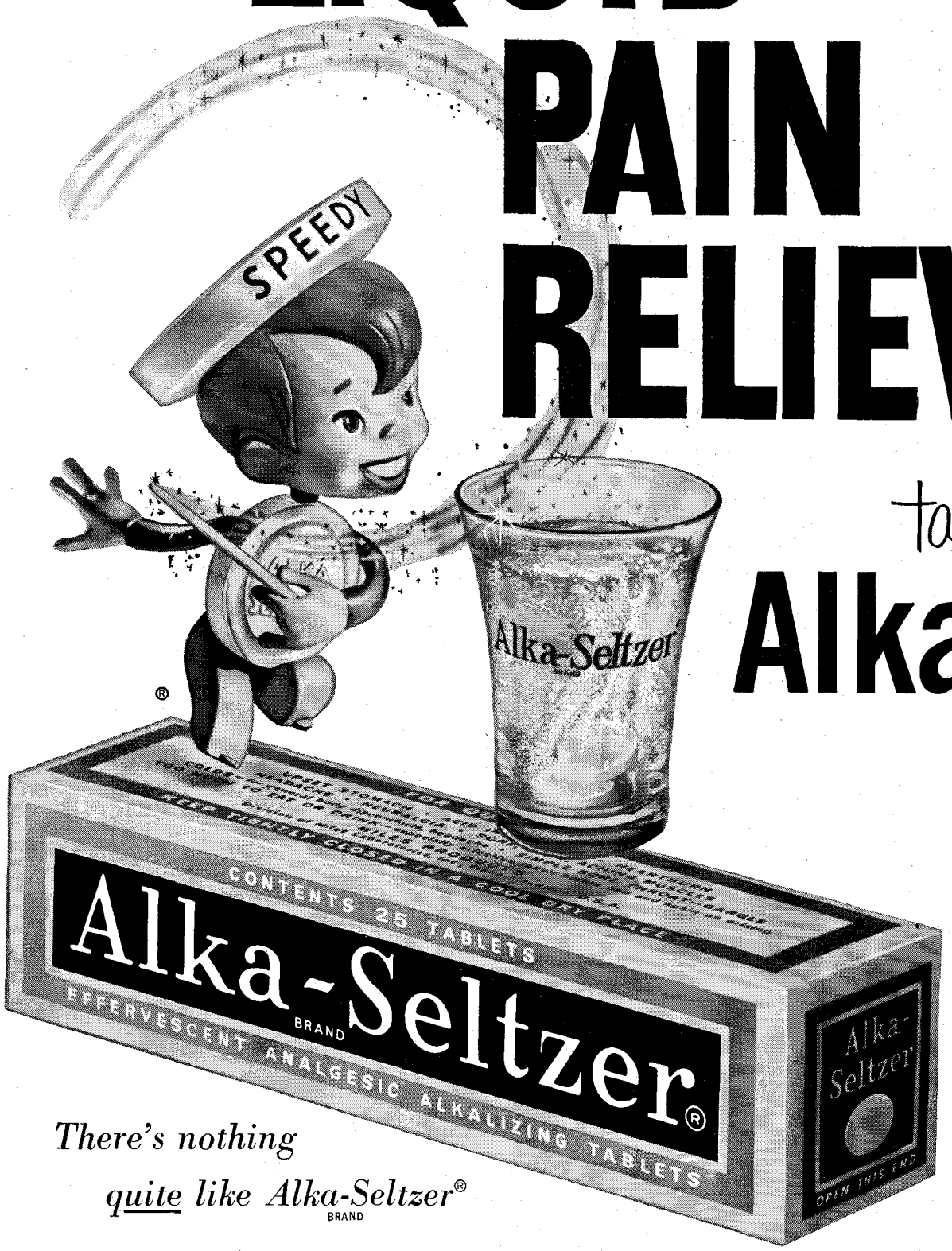
take the **QUICK-ACTING**

LIQUID PAIN RELIEVER

take

Alka-Seltzer®

BRAND



There are pills for headache, neuritis, neuralgia. But they must dissolve in the stomach. (This is sometimes a slow process and delays relief.)

But ALKA-SELTZER in a glass of water is a pleasant, easy-to-take liquid pain-reliever. It acts quickly to relieve pain of headache, neuritis, neuralgia to help you feel better all over—that's why, with ALKA-SELTZER "Relief is just a swallow away."

There's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer®
BRAND

MILES PRODUCTS *Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana*

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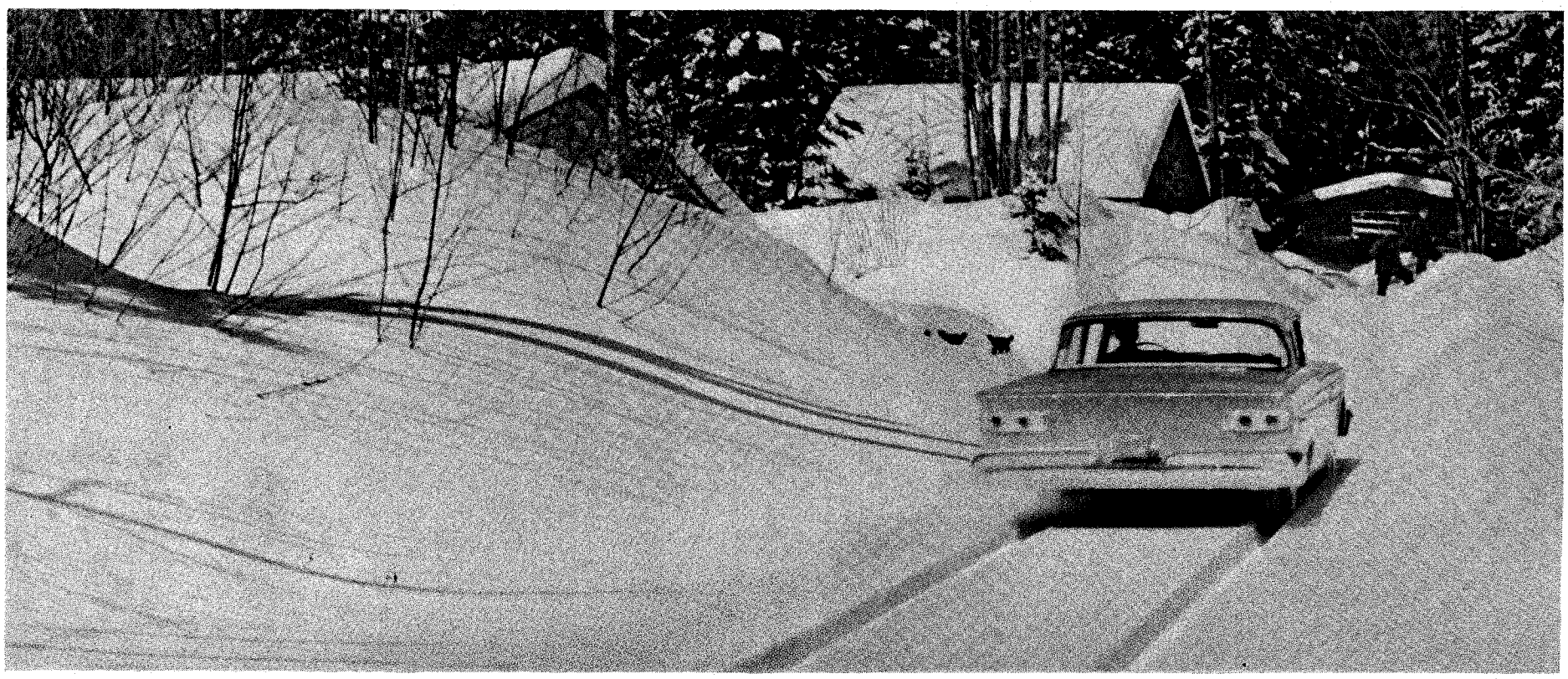
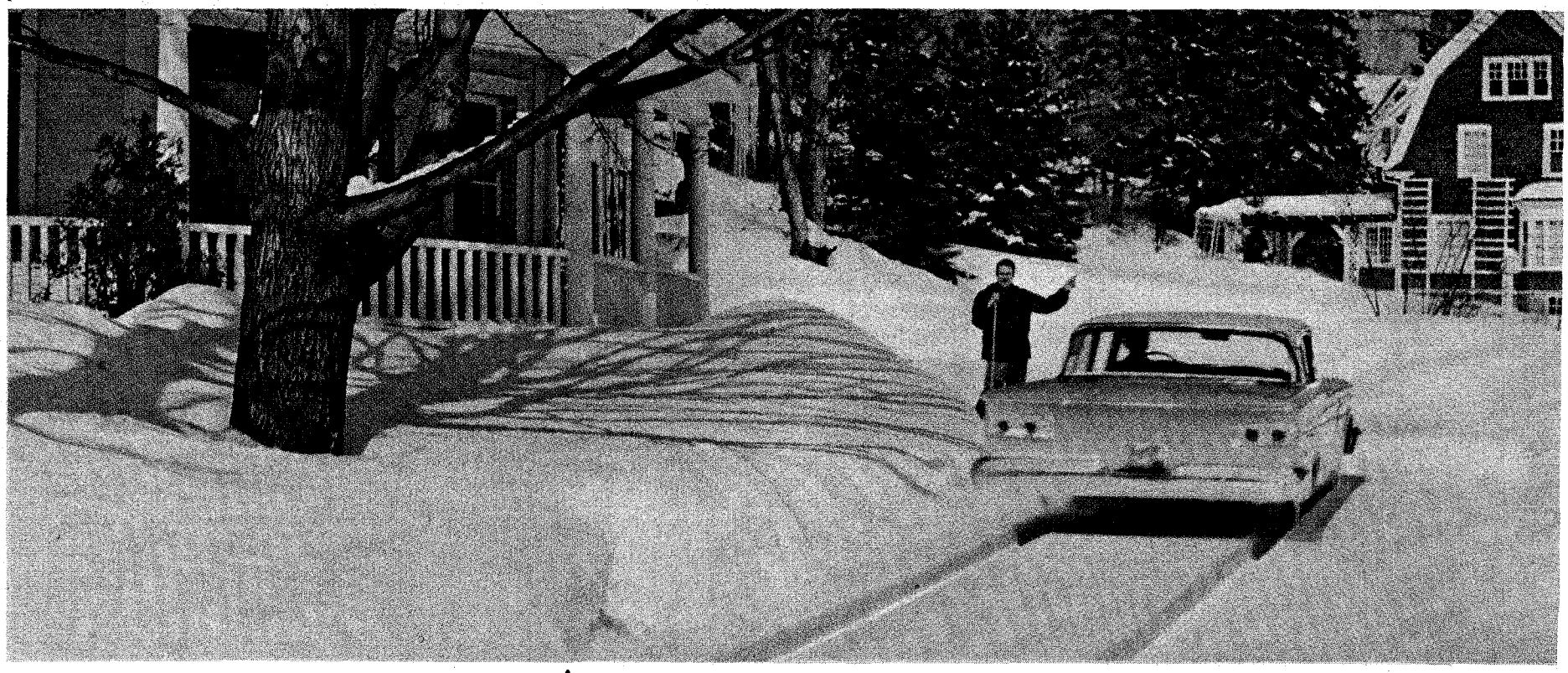
GUARANTEED TO GO THRU ICE, MUD

and unmatched for whine-free,

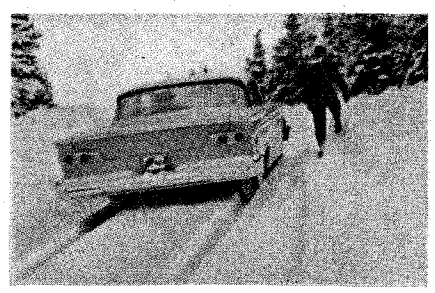


Town & Country tires will GO through country



Only Firestone gives you this Guarantee plus Triple-Action Traction

On a country road or in a city driveway, here's the pulling power you need for winter driving! Firestone Town and Country tires give you extra mileage on dry pavements too. That's because of Firestone Rubber-X, the longest-wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires. Put these Firestones on your rear wheels now. They're available in tubeless or tube-type with S/F (Safety-Fortified) nylon or rayon cord, all-black or white sidewalls, in all sizes for American and imported cars. And they're guaranteed to go through ice, mud or snow—or your Firestone Dealer or Store pays for your tow!



PULLING ACTION—No more spinning when these traction-action bars bite in and take hold! Yet on dry roads you get a whine-free ride and Firestone Rubber-X assures you extra long mileage.

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OR SNOW OR WE PAY THE TOW!

dry-pavement mileage!

drifts or driveway snow

ION-SKID ACTION—Sharp, action-angled cleats molded in the extra-width tread are powerful non-skid forces. Thousands of Skid-Resisters for extra grip on wet or icy pavements.

SELF-CLEANING ACTION—As Firestone Town and Country tires revolve, they eject snow or mud from the tread—prevent "packing up." This self-cleaning action keeps tread clean and sharp.

Firestone Town & Country Winter Treads Also Available Applied on Sound Tire Bodies or Your Tires.

Firestone

TOWN & COUNTRY TIRES

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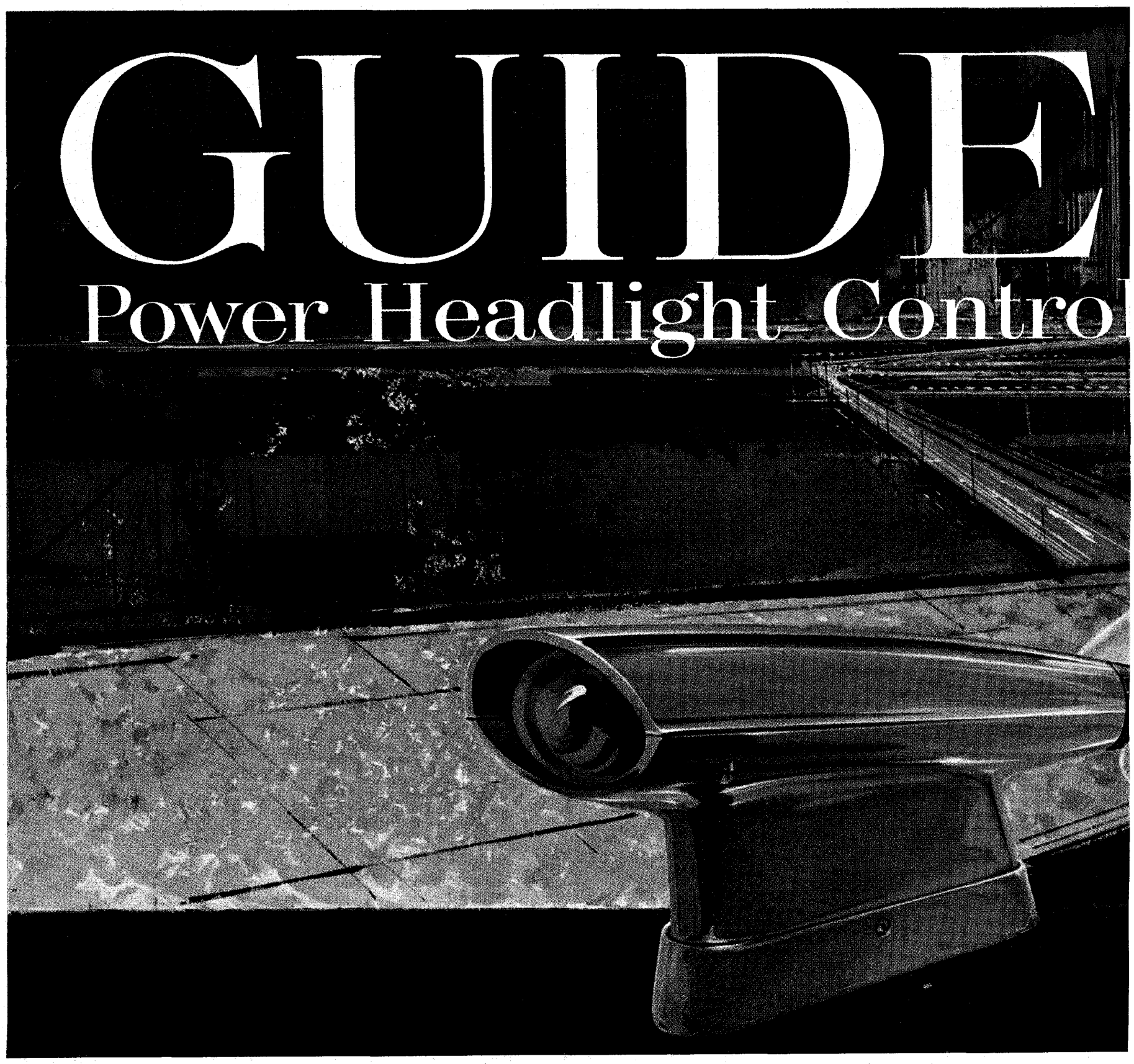

The FINAL TOUCH in safety and

SAFETY SALUTE

EXCLUSIVE NEW FEATURE TELLS OTHER NIGHT-TIME DRIVERS TO DIM DOWN, DIM DOWN THEIR BRIGHTS

That's Right! With Guide-Matic and its exclusive Safety Salute, you automatically dim your own lights . . . tell others to dim theirs, too. And, Safety Salute is the added emphasis that makes even the sleepiest oncoming driver snap wide awake. Now, you can see how . . . with a little prompting from Safety Salute . . . courtesy becomes contagious.

You'll be seeing it everywhere in 1960. Here's how Safety Salute works. Energized by the beams of an oncoming car, Guide-Matic softens the brights ○○ 1 ○○ to a glare-free glow ●● 2 ●● . Here's the first signal for oncoming drivers to dim their brights. A split second later, the inboard beams wink off ●○ 3 ○● , restating . . . with greater urgency . . . a safety message that can't be ignored. When the cars have passed, in perfect safety, Guide-Matic makes sure the brights are switched back on ○○ 4 ○○ .

Look for Safety Salute tonight . . . try Guide-Matic tomorrow!

Available on

CADILLAC • BUICK • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • CHEVROLET

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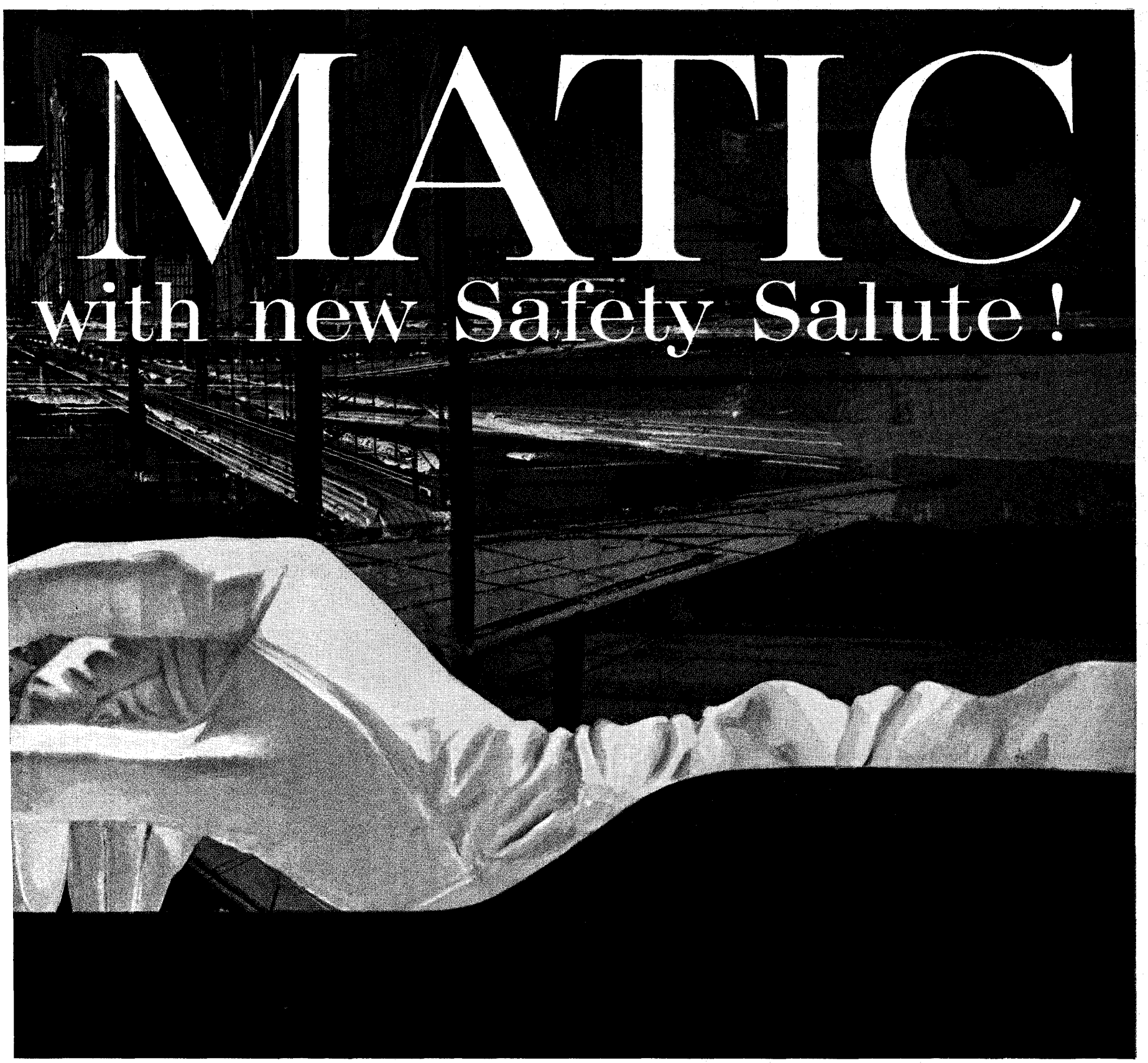

'onvenience for your 1960 GM car!

reassuring to drive with Guide-Matic beside you. For Guide-Matic 't be surprised. It's always there with the right light for every driving blem . . . at the earliest instant you need it. You can't help but become etter, more courteous, more efficient driver.

ide-Matic automatically acts on your own individualized instructions ones you've already dialed into the variable range control. Or, you take over instantly with a touch of your toe.

On the job everywhere you drive, Guide-Matic insures greater visibility. As soon as you've passed an oncoming car . . . or while you're making a turn to a dimly lit street . . . Guide-Matic electronically flicks up your brights. Each time it does it with matchless speed and precision.

Tops in safety and convenience, Guide-Matic is surprisingly low in cost. Ask about the economical price when your dealer demonstrates the exclusive Guide-Matic Safety Salute, available only on General Motors cars.

GUIDE-MATIC
POWER HEADLIGHT CONTROL

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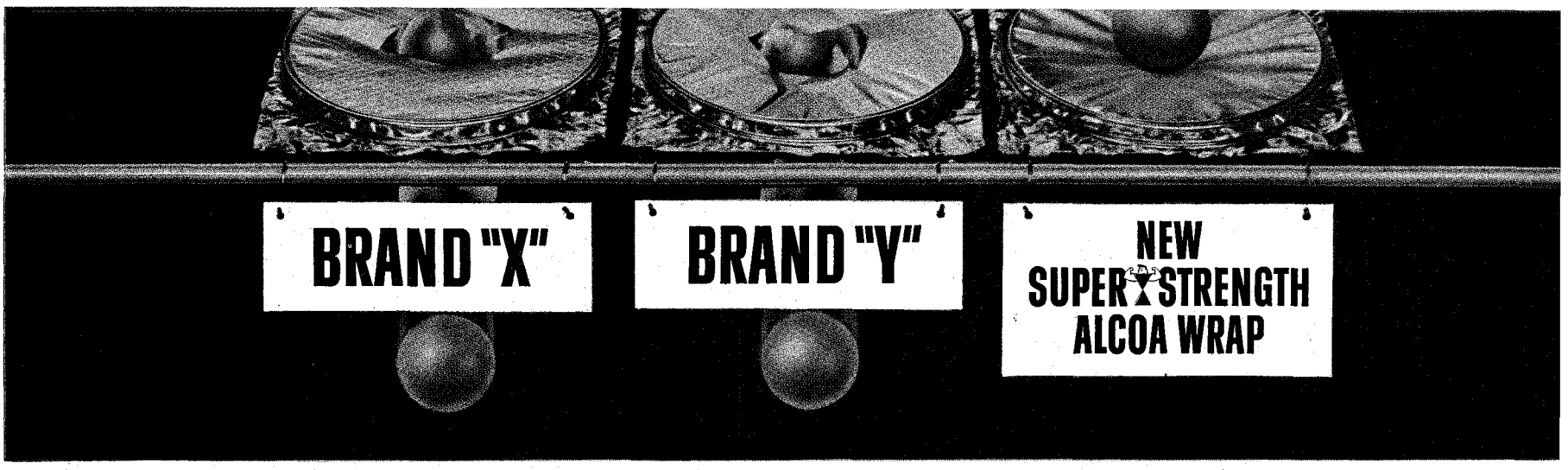


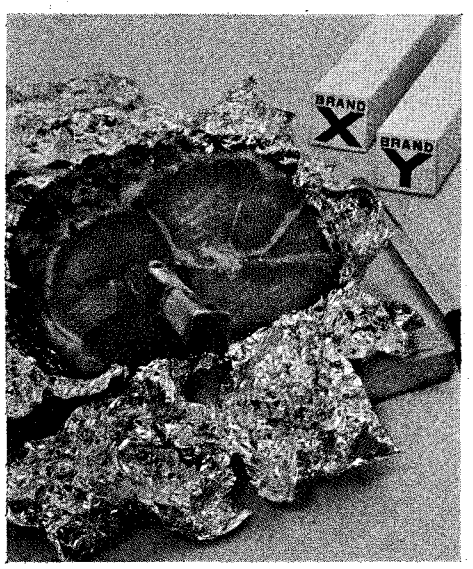
BRAND "X" RIPS, FALLS APART! You can see for yourself what happens when three metal balls of equal weight are dropped on the three leading brands of aluminum foil. This dramatic demonstration was developed in the laboratories of the United States Testing Co.

BRAND "Y" SPLITS, TOO! As you can see, this well-known brand of aluminum foil just can't take punishment. The metal ball drops right through. No wonder this foil rips so easily when you wrap it around a roast, seems to fall apart when you use it for storing leftovers.

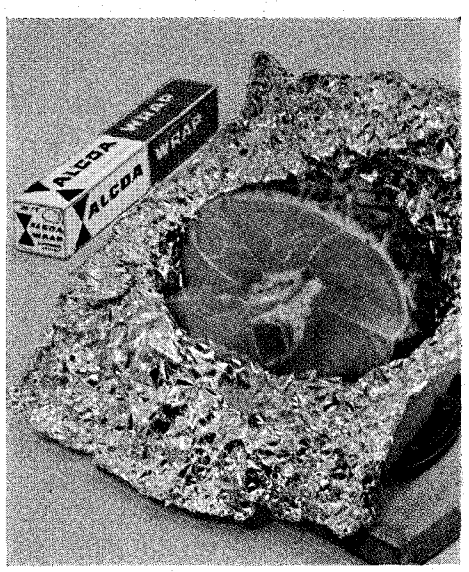
SUPER-STRENGTH ALCOA WRAP STILL INTACT. There's not a sign of a rip as the metal ball bounces harmlessly away. Thanks to a brand-new alloy, New Alcoa Wrap resists ripping and bursting as no other foil does—another outstanding example of pioneering research and development by Alcoa.

NEW SUPER STRENGTH ALCOA WRAP

up to 104% STRONGER than 2 other leading brands



ORDINARY FOIL RIPS, HAM DRIES OUT! This leftover ham was wrapped and unwrapped many times in a leading competitive brand, just the way you would do it yourself. Notice how the foil—perhaps the brand you're using now—is tattered and torn. Ham is dried out, tasteless. This foil simply couldn't take the folding and unfolding that's so much a part of refrigerator storage.



SUPER-STRENGTH ALCOA WRAP KEEPS HAM FRESH! This leftover ham was wrapped and unwrapped an equal number of times, and look at it. The aluminum foil—New Super-Strength Alcoa Wrap—is still in perfect condition, still keeping flavor in, unwanted odors out. This superior strength is the result of a brand new alloy. Try a package soon and see for yourself.

SUPER-STRENGTH PROVED BY UNITED STATES TESTING CO.

One of the country's leading independent testing organizations tested New Super-Strength Alcoa® Wrap and the two other well-known brands of aluminum foil. Here is a summary of the test results.*

Super-Strength Alcoa Wrap Regular Weight

71% STRONGER THAN BRAND "X" REGULAR WEIGHT
56% STRONGER THAN BRAND "Y" REGULAR WEIGHT

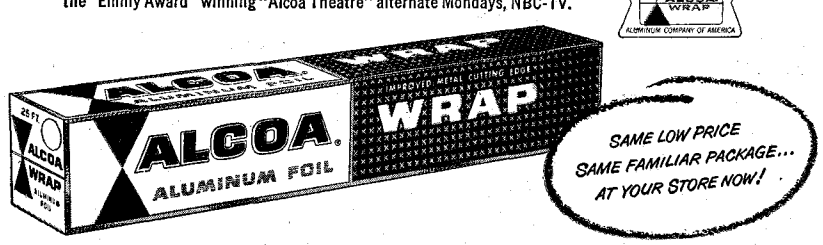
Super-Strength Alcoa Wrap Heavy Duty

104% STRONGER THAN BRAND "X" HEAVY DUTY
56% STRONGER THAN BRAND "Y" HEAVY DUTY

*Mullen Bursting Strength test, Report #A-56072, made by the United States Testing Company on packages of competitive foil taken at random from retail store shelves between April 1 and May 1, 1959.

For exciting drama watch "Alcoa Presents" every Tuesday, ABC-TV, and the "Emmy Award" winning "Alcoa Theatre" alternate Mondays, NBC-TV.

BETTER PACKAGING ALCOA WRAP ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA



STRONGER IN EVERY SIZE, EVERY WEIGHT, INCLUDING HEAVY DUTY

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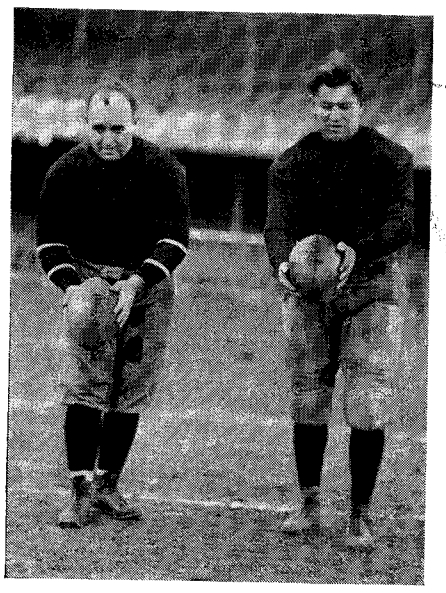
PICTURES WITH A PAST

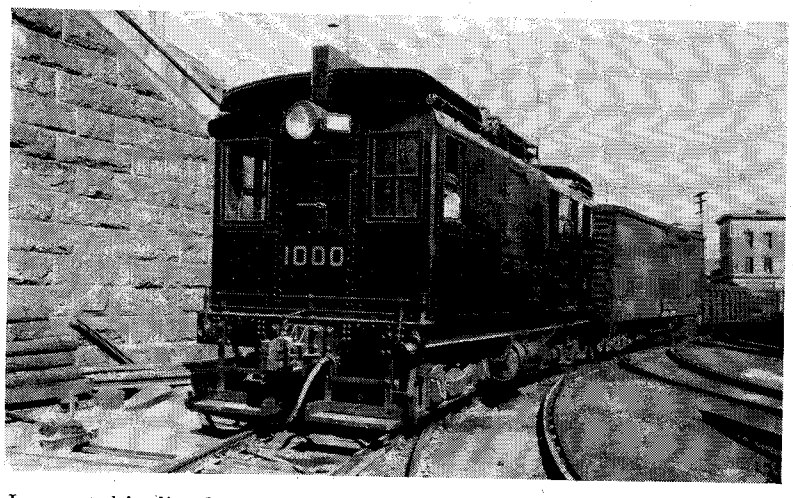
Remember When?

REMEMBER when jazz was young? This amiable violinist, fired from a San Francisco band in 1919 because he "couldn't jazz it up," developed his own sweet style. By 1923, when this photo was taken, Paul Whiteman controlled a number of orchestras and grossed $1,000,000. Here he and his musicians brave wintry winds and waves to serenade a noted dance team returning from London to New York. Later, virtually earning extra pay for sea duty, they played on a Florida lagoon to boost real-estate sales of the 1920's. Whiteman, still going strong, says defensively, "I did not invent jazz . . . all I did was to orchestrate it." As this proves, he also launched it. JAY CULVER.



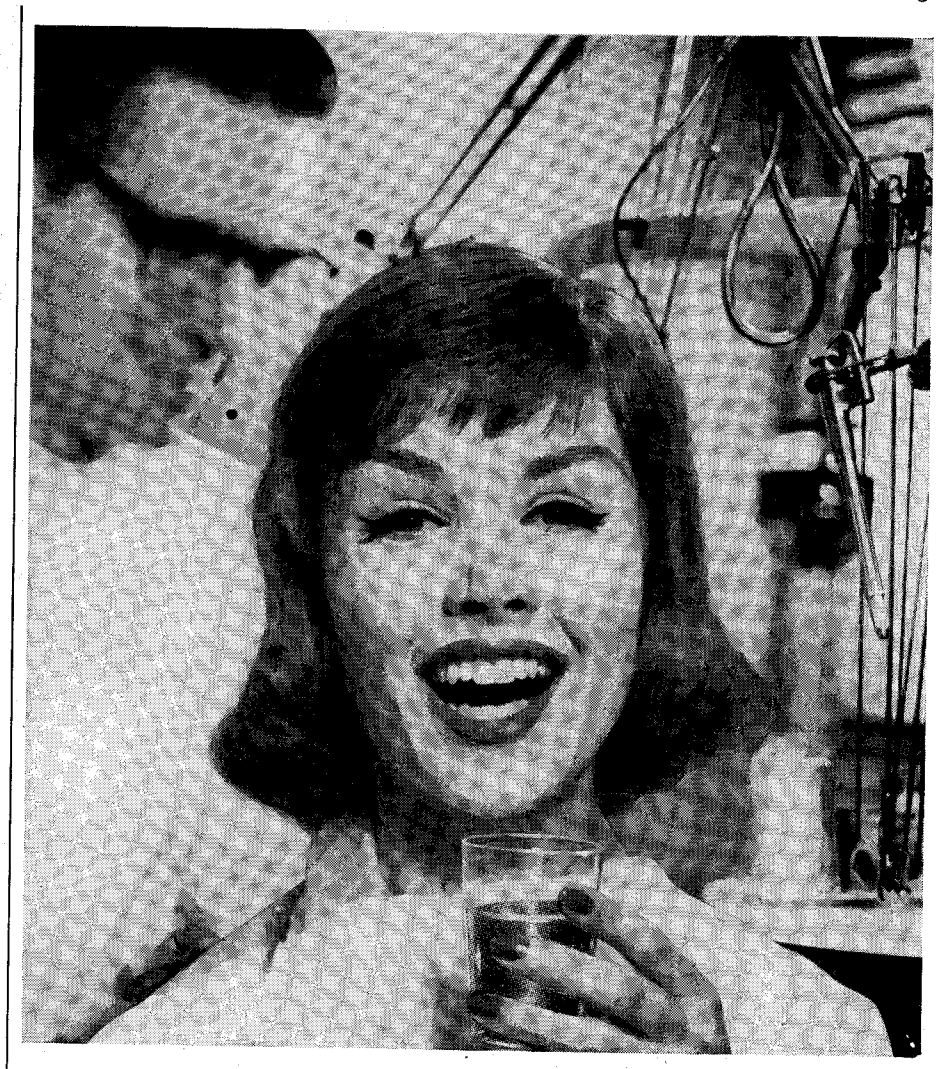
REMEMBER how the drop kick often decided close games? Here two great masters of this past art, both 1912 All-Americans, compare toes and techniques at the Polo Grounds as pros. Harvard's Charley Brickley (left), who set a college record of thirty-four field goals in 1911–12–13, held the ball lower than Jim Thorpe, fabulous Indian star. With goal posts nearly five feet farther apart this year, field goals galore are expected. But you aren't likely to see any drop kicks.

M. ED ESIGNE



In 1925 this diesel-electric became the first locomotive of its kind in use. Here it pulls into the Central of New Jersey's Bronx, New York, terminal. Crepe hangers predicted it would fly apart: Its engine, although only 600 horsepower, made 600 revolutions a minute—almost three times the steam-locomotive rate. But instead of flying to pieces, engines like this displaced steam locomotives, being cheaper to operate. This one, now a railroad relic, rests in the B. and O. museum.

E. M. MARSHALL



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Makes your mouth taste cleaner, feel healthier for hours

No Antiseptic . . . not even any other leading mouthwash . . . gives you the wonderfully refreshing feeling you get from LAVORIS.

In seconds, your mouth tastes so sparkling clean . . . LAVORIS clean! It feels so much healthier . . . and stays that way for hours.

There's no disagreeable medicine taste, no telltale medicine breath . . . yet LAVORIS kills millions of odor-causing germs on contact.

Your dentist will tell you a clean mouth is essential to good oral hygiene. And LAVORIS is a specialized formula with unique cleansing power that . . .

- Cleans food particles, impurities out of your mouth and throat.
- Kills millions of odor-causing germs on contact.
- Cleans away odors.
- Freshens your breath.
- Keeps your mouth tasting clean, feeling healthier for hours.

Try LAVORIS! You'll say . . . "No wonder more dentists use LAVORIS than all other mouthwashes combined." The best prescription for your mouth . . . see your dentist for professional care, use LAVORIS every day.

LAVORIS® Mouthwash and Gargle

Your mouth feels sparkling clean for hours

Only LAVORIS, of the 4 best selling mouthwashes, is accepted for advertising by the AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION.

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THE Changing Role OF THE Family Doctor

The old-time general practitioner, who ministered to all the ills of everyone, is acquiring a new look. A doctor tells how the change is affecting both physicians and patients.

By ALAN E. NOURSE, M.D.

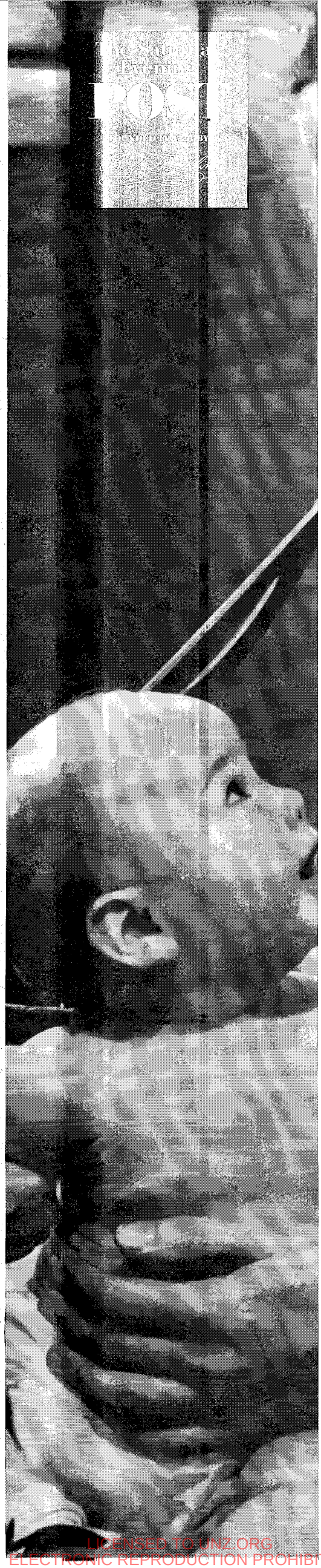
The young man was angry when he came into my office one Monday morning not long ago. He brushed past my office nurse and stalked into my consulting room without knocking. There was no mistaking the bitterness and indignation on his face as he confronted me.

Two days before, his wife had given birth to her first child. She had been my patient and was doing splendidly, but the baby had arrived almost two months early. The child, a three-pound-fourteen-ounce boy, was in excellent condition, and the mother was relaxed and cheerful in the hospital that morning.

But the father was furious. He wanted to know where I had been when his wife went into labor.

My answer was ridiculously simple. I had been out hunting ducks, a hundred miles away. All weekend I had been out of reach of the telephone. When my patient unexpectedly went into labor on Saturday afternoon, my office partner had been called, and he had been present to deliver the child.

"But *you* were supposed to be my wife's obstetrician, not your partner!" the father said indignantly. "What's wrong with you doctors, anyway? You aren't like you used to be. You don't really care what happens to your patients; you charge twice as much as you ought to, but when somebody needs you he



At North Bend, Washington, the author examines one of his younger patients. Himself a general practitioner in a group-practice clinic, he believes the "solo" GP is getting "lost in the shuffle."

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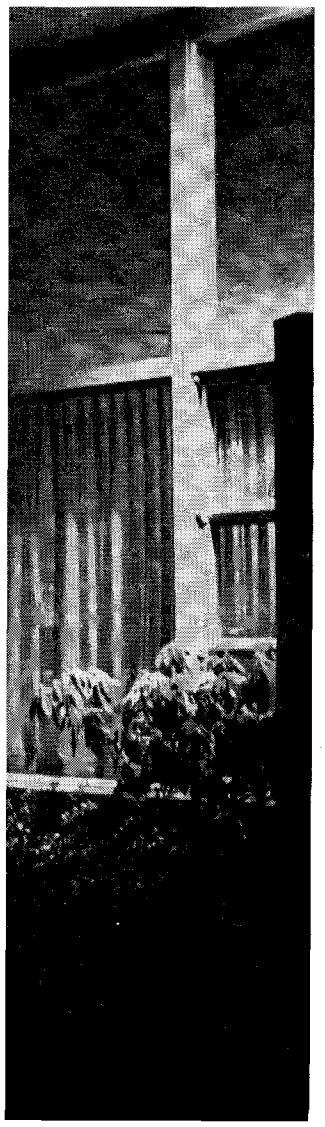
nic, which has a staff of six doctors, five of whom are specialists.



can't ever find you! What's become of the kind of family doctor we used to have?"

I tried to explain that every doctor needs to be away at times, but the young man didn't hear me. He left my office as angry as he had come in, and I felt sure that I had lost a family of patients for all time.

But the incident was far more upsetting to me for other reasons. I was comparatively new to medical practice, a general practitioner in a suburban group-practice clinic, with a bare fourteen months of experience in office practice behind me. I was still painfully aware of my inadequacies as a physician and extremely sensitive to criticism. Even so, it seemed to me that this young man had leveled some grave and fundamental charges against me and my profession—charges which doctors everywhere, young and old, have been hearing with increasing frequency.

I felt that his attack was fundamentally unfair. His wife had clearly understood that a professional partner would cover my patients during my absences, and I had taken pains that she meet him during her office visits. As a physician, I knew that she had received as good obstetrical care as was available anywhere in our community. There was no question but that her tiny premature baby had an enormously better chance to grow into a strapping youth than his cousin of forty years ago.

Yet the husband felt his wife somehow had been cheated. As I thought about the angry

Left: Night at the clinic. Three doctors are on twenty-four-hour call, through a tape-recording answering device.

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Photographs by Jack Fields

interview, I asked myself why these charges had been leveled.

What *had* become of the family doctor this young man was speaking of? That something had happened to him seemed abundantly clear.

Probably there is no figure in our society quite so firmly entrenched and close to our hearts as the traditional image of the American family doctor. We see him vividly—a quiet, comforting background figure, kindly, sometimes brusque, yet steeped in a special sort of dedicated wisdom. We picture him responding faithfully to the late-night call, or examining patients in his musty office with its book-lined walls. We imagine him delivering babies and removing appendixes, setting fractures and treating ulcers, fulfilling in our minds his time-honored role of friend, counselor, confessor and—incidentally—physician to his flock.

Indeed, over the years our picture of the family doctor has assumed an almost mythical quality. As a humanitarian he is selfless; as a physician he is faultless. We have sentimentalized him without shame and endowed him with a saintliness that few men could hope to achieve in a lifetime of good works.

But recently something has begun to go wrong with the picture. A gulf has appeared between our mental picture of the family doctor and the real, modern practitioner of medicine. Somehow our faith in the family doctor has been giving way to vague feelings of confusion, distrust and uneasiness.

Many patients, like the angry young man in my office, have expressed these feelings unmistakably. Doctors have changed, we hear. They don't really care any more about the welfare of their patients. They refuse to make house calls, we are told, and think nothing of deserting their patients at nights and on weekends.

The practicing physician hears such criticisms with increasing frequency and with growing apprehension. It seems that the very foundation stone of his practice, the warm, traditional doctor-patient relationship, is somehow subtly changing before his eyes.

My angry young father was right about one thing. Something *has* been changing in the medical profession. Doctors have been blamed for the growing public discontent with the way medicine is being practiced in recent years; yet I wonder if the real reason for this discontent has not been overlooked. In just the brief time I have been practicing, I have begun to wonder if doctors and patients alike have not been deceiving themselves, doggedly struggling to preserve the traditional image of the family doctor intact and refusing to face a painful and distressing fact—that the time-honored role of the family doctor is changing, giving way to irresistible changes in the nature of modern medicine. Slowly but surely the old kind of family doctor is passing from the scene, and in his place a new kind of "physician" is rising in the form of the group medical practice—a sort of composite "family doctor," quite different from the old; he is brisk and skillful enough, but hard to get used to, and slightly unsure of himself as he tries to find his place in medicine.

If the role of the family doctor is changing, it is not happening by accident. There are very good reasons why the changes are taking place. There are also reasons to believe that the changes, uncomfortable though they may be, are a good thing—that in his new status the family doctor is opening the door to better medical care and a longer, healthier life expectancy for all of us.

And if this is true, then it is high time we recognize it and prepare to part with the old familiar image, even at the loss of one great contribution of the traditional family doctor which may prove to be irreplaceable.

The image of the family doctor has not always been an illusion. For centuries American medical practice has centered upon the individual or "solo" general practitioner of medicine. In him (Continued on Page 110)

Above: After Dr. J. O. Borgen (left), the clinic's obstetrician, delivered Mrs. Carl Johnson's twins, Dr. Nourse (right) took over the responsibility for postnatal care.

Drs. Borgen, Nourse and Wenberg examine new instruments. By joining forces in group practice, says Nourse, doctors more easily keep up with medical advances.

Left: Nourse on a house call. The clinic doctors make such emergency visits when their specialties are required.

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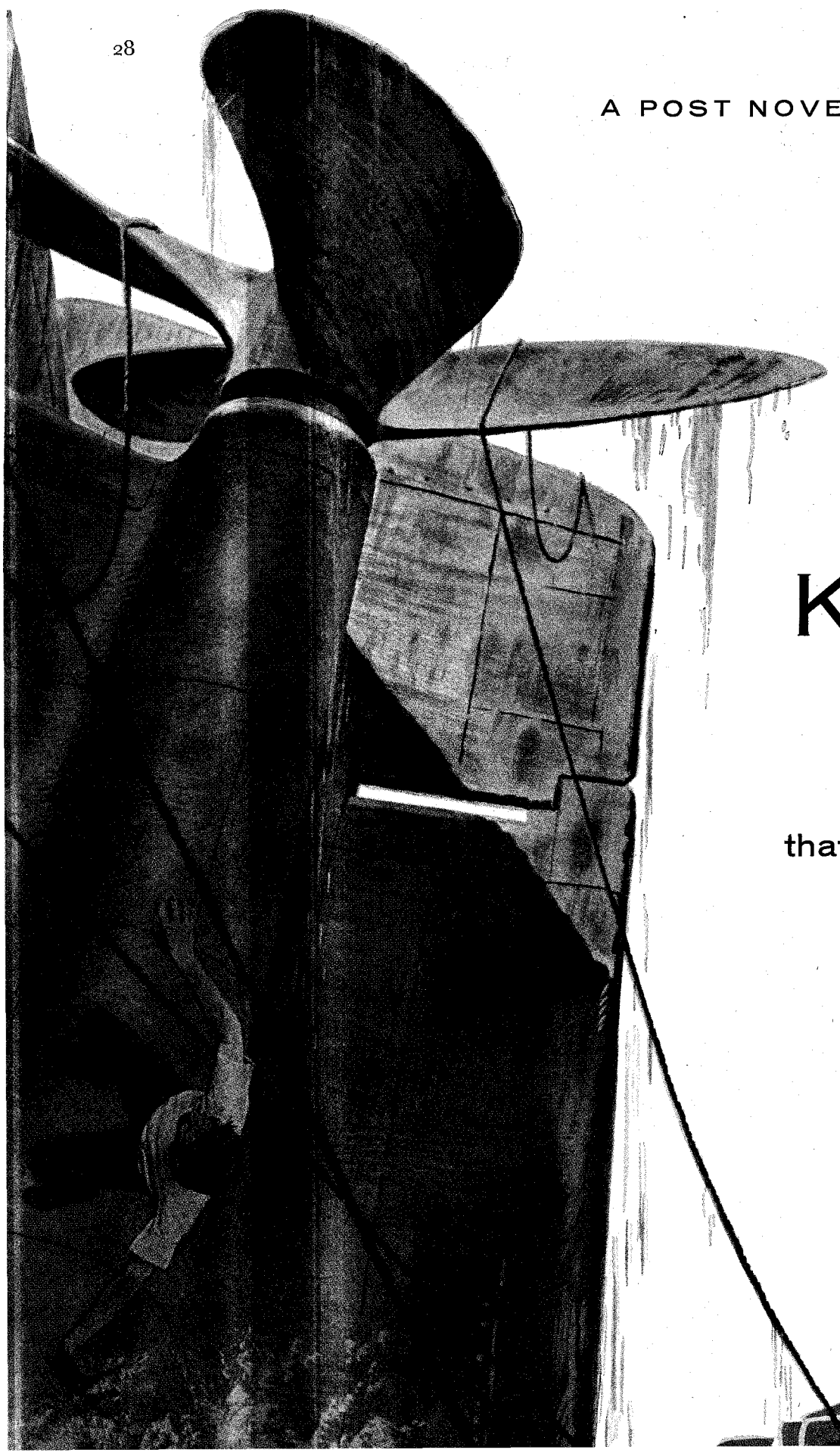
A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE



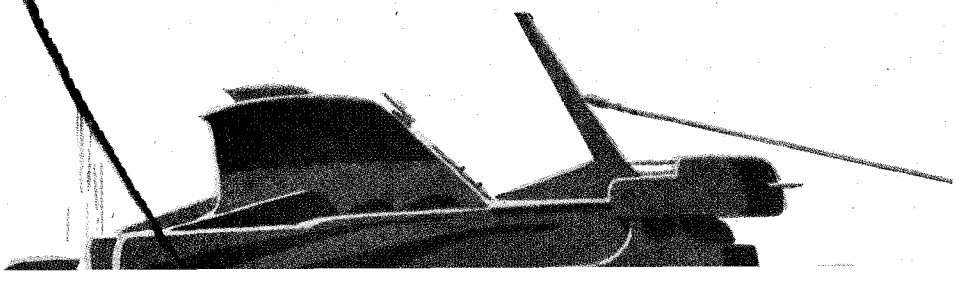
TUGBOAT ANNIE AND THE KILLER SHIP

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

What was this mysterious vessel that lured other ships to destruction?

A late-summer fog, rolling down from the frozen polar wastes and blanketing the Bering Sea south to the Aleutians, and from Attu, in the west, to north and east of Point Barrow, hid within it, like a dank, cold shroud, the busy maritime traffic carrying men and supplies for Operation Glacier—that vast new chain of radar and air bases and installations controlled by the Allied Detection and Interception Command, with headquarters at Port Tundra.

Ships moved at a crawl, with mournful barnyard hootings and radarmen alert at their scopes; and among these ships were the *S.S. Kalshan*, a three-thousand-ton cargo carrier, and the slightly larger motor vessel, *Cairngorm*. Both were moving at regulation reduced speed for fog, with sonorous, periodic whistle blasts; and though on a converging course, each



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vessel's radar was functioning perfectly, with the single blip of the other vessel clearly in view, their radarmen accurately computing and reporting distance, course, speed and other vital data.

Then, suddenly and unaccountably, there was not one blip on each scope but several, weaving, backing, turning like the erratic swarming of bugs beneath an uplifted stone; and, spreading from the radarmen's bewilderment and fright, disciplined order became confusion and ugly panic, with terrified yells and the frantic blasting of sirens, deadly close.

There was the terrific impact of collision, a shriek of tortured steel as hull and deck plates were knifed through, and amid the bubbling roar of inpouring water and the hiss of scalding steam, the *Kalshan* and the *Cairngorm* began rapidly to founder. Desperately, men jumped for the life rafts they hurled overside, but most of them drowned quickly in the freezing sea.

A few survived—one of them the *Kalshan's* competent chief officer and veteran of wartime perils.

He later related that in a freak, brief thinning of the fog he had seen, like a frightening hallucination, a third vessel lying a hundred yards beyond the stricken ships; one whose blip had not at any time, he insisted, been registered on the *Kalshan's* radarscope. And, as watch officer, he would know.

The vessel was of a type he had not seen before; ghostly gray hull with lean, fast lines and low freeboard, short funnel and stumpy single mast, the latter equipped with a strange electronic device. There was no name, nor markings, and with its bare deck and windowless midship superstructure and bridge tightly steel-enclosed, it seemed devoid of life.

Without movement it floated on the bosom of the sea as if, silently, with cynical impassiveness, it was watching the death throes of the two other ships—as if, in fact, the chief officer said, they were its victims, for it made no move to help.

Then the shocking detonation of exploding boilers drowned out all other sights and sounds, and slowly the *Kalshan* and the *Cairngorm* rose on end and rolled over—then plunged, to complete their deadly mating in the light-

"We're pretty well convinced that the vessel belongs to . . . well, to an unfriendly power," said Commander Sorenson.

less depths, six hundred fathoms down. And once more the fog closed in.

The following morning, some two hundred miles away and well south of the now-disappearing fog bank, the big Puget Sound salvage tug *Narcissus*, Tugboat Annie, master, panted north with a deep-laden barge in tow, while fairly close abeam and similarly employed was the powerful tug *Salamander*, also of Secoma register, and captained, as well as owned, by Annie's cherished enemy and business rival, Mr. Horatio Bullwinkle.

Beneath the overcast the day was clear, the sea smooth; and Peter, the *Narcissus'* phlegmatic mate, was contentedly savoring the breakfast odors rising from the galley when he became aware of a bellicose disturbance out on deck. Curious, he stuck his head out. "What ya hollerin' and bellerin' at Bullwinkle for, Annie?" he protested mildly. "He ain't botherin' you."

Annie's massive frame appeared at the open window, vivid blue eyes in her weather-beaten face snapping irritably. "I dunno; it's the monopoly o' life that's gittin' me," she growled. "Month after month, haulin' loaded barges to Alaska, towin' dumb barges back! Fro an' hither, hither an' fro! I gotta do somethin' fer fun, even if it's on'y cussin' out that donkey's orphan across the way there!"

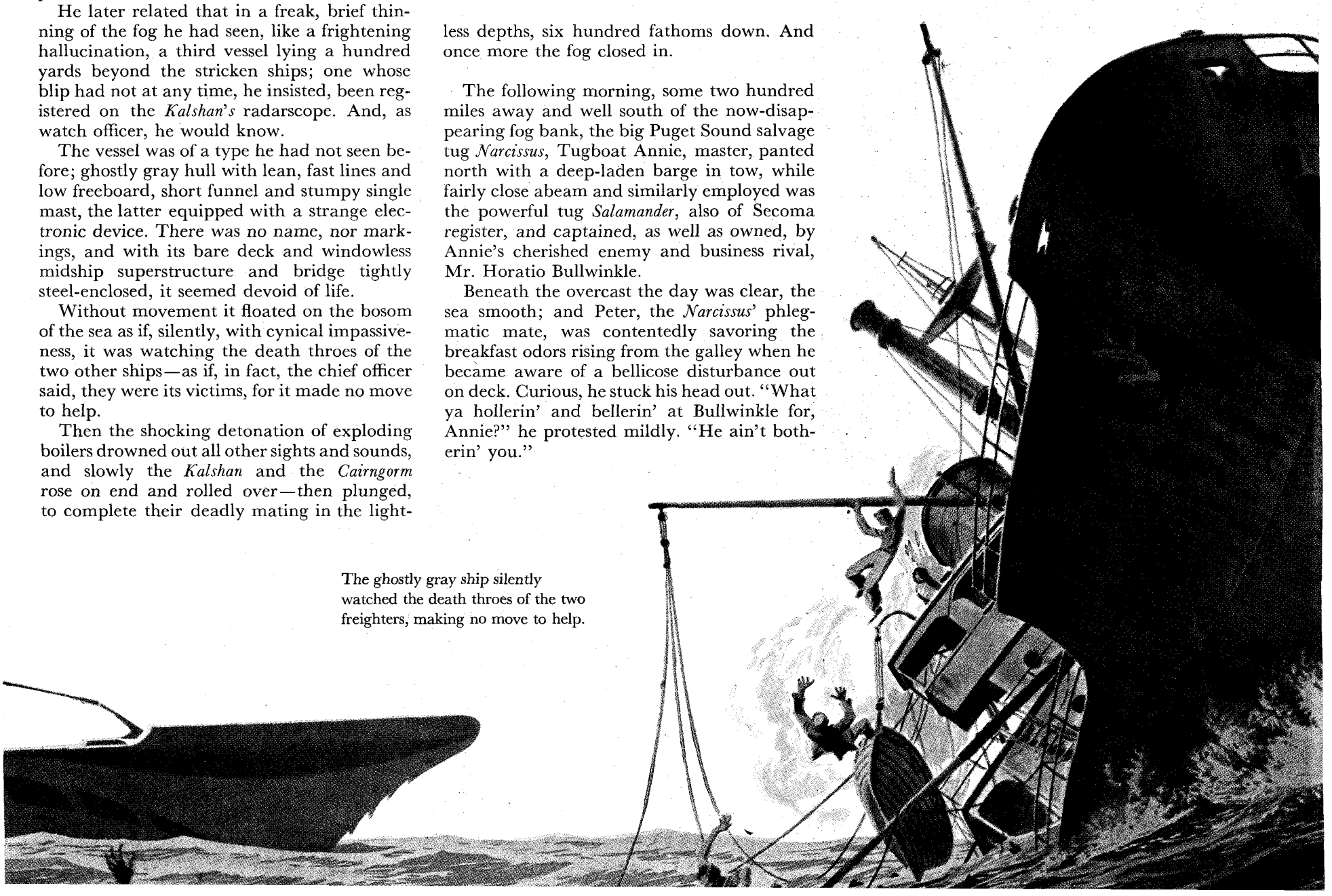
"Seems kind of silly, though, if he don't hear ya."

"He heerd me!" replied Annie indignantly. "I seen him peekin' at me. But he wasn't even gent enough to cuss me back."

Peter considered this. Then, "Mebbe he don't know no polite cuss words," he suggested.

"Well, I'll ketch him ashore at Port Tundra an' l'arn him a few!" she promised ominously. "Oh-oh! There goes the breakfast bell! Hope I kin eat a little somethin'!"

But when Annie stepped into the messroom, where her crew was already at breakfast, and inhaled the fragrance of flapjacks, grilled-ham steaks, scrambled (Continued on Page 144)



The ghostly gray ship silently watched the death throes of the two freighters, making no move to help.

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Warm Springs, Ga., 1937: F.D.R. and Jimmy in a Ford touring car. It was equipped with hand controls so that the President could operate it himself.

My Father F.D.R.

PART TWO

HE SPARED THE ROD

By JAMES ROOSEVELT
as told to Sidney Shalett

The President's eldest son tells why F.D.R. was probably "the world's worst disciplinarian" and how he taught his children the "facts of life."

France, 1918: The thirty-six-year-old Franklin Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, inspecting the American supply base at St. Nazaire.

Hyde Park, 1920: From left; F.D.R. (holding sons Franklin Jr. and John), Eleanor Roosevelt, Jean Sherwood, a Vassar student who tutored the children, and daughter Anna with the dog, Chief.

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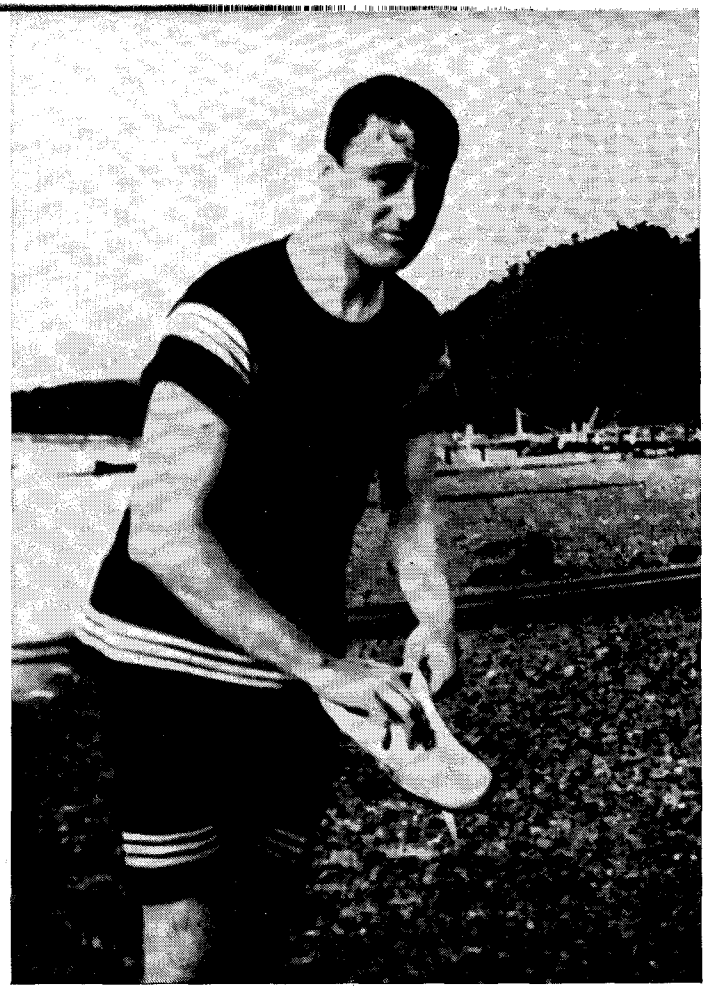
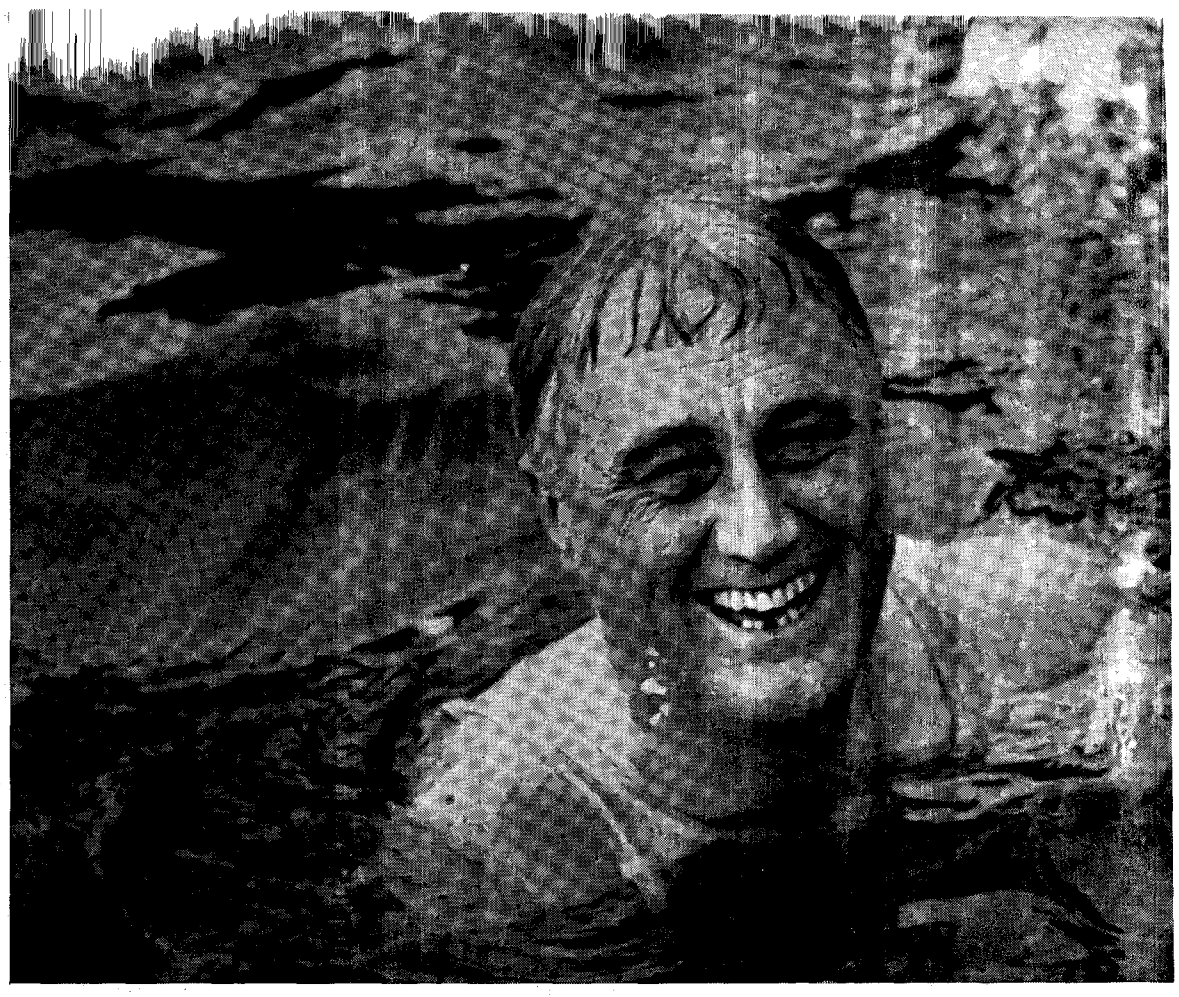


Campobello, 1920. The vigorous, strong-limbed F.D.R.; a year later he was stricken by polio.



Even after he became paralyzed from the waist down, F.D.R. kept up his swimming to help restore the muscles in his crippled limbs. He is shown above in the Hyde Park pool.

Had I not been such a callow youth during the World War I era when my father, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, was in Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, I might have been able to contribute some valuable historic footnotes on father's reactions to great events and personalities. Alas! my most persistent memory is of how father reacted when the "Bolshevikis," as we used to call them, tried to blow up our across-the-street neighbor, Atty. Gen. A. Mitchell Palmer, with a home-made bomb.

It was June, 1919. My sister and three brothers were visiting grandmother in Hyde Park and I—eleven years old—was the only one of the children in Washington. Father and mother were out to dinner, and I had gone to bed. Suddenly there was a loud bang, a crash of window panes, and I heard our superstitious cook start screaming, "The world has come to an end!" Barefooted I ran over the broken glass to the front bedroom window to see what had happened.

Just at this time father and mother were returning home—had they been a few minutes earlier they might have been blown to bits. Father told me later how he heard the blast and joked, "That souvenir shell I brought back from France must have fallen off the mantel!" Then, realizing something really had happened, he started running. Mother, hobbled by her long skirt, trailed after him.

I'll never forget how uncommonly unnerved father was when he dashed upstairs and found me standing at the window in my pajamas. He grabbed me in an embrace that almost cracked my ribs. What I did not know was that the bomb thrower, while failing to kill Attorney General Palmer, had blown himself to pieces. Parts of him were on our front steps, and father had at that moment no way of knowing that it was not I who had been blown up.

About this time, mother, her skirt hoisted above her ankles, arrived, and cold water was cast on my emotional scene with father. "What are you doing out of bed at this hour, James?" she inquired, as if bombings and dismembered anarchists on the porch were everyday occurrences. "Get yourself straight to bed!" Then she proceeded to soothe the hysterical cook.

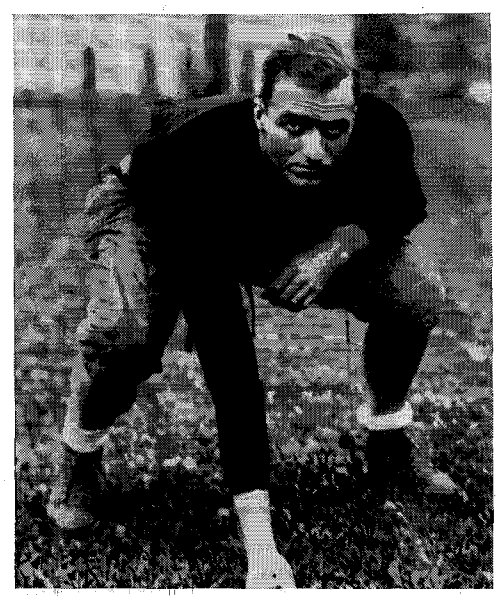
Next morning father still was feeling unusually tender and solicitious toward me. I curdled that situation quickly, however, by going outside to investigate while pa was having his breakfast. I poked around in the debris, found an interesting-looking object and brought it in to pa, asking, "What's this?" I've never seen such a reaction from father! He paled, grabbed it from me with his napkin—it was a piece of the anarchist's collar bone—and took it out to the police. He never did finish his breakfast.

Busy as he was in those Washington days, father found time to do things for and with his children. He rode and played hare-and-hounds with us in Rock Creek Park. He organized baseball games in which Anna and I once duped a young British diplomat named Ronald Lindsay—later Britain's Ambassador to the United States—by persuading him that the proper way to slide for base was face first. Father briefed us through official war maps on what was happening on the battlefronts, and he loved to bring us to his Navy Department office to see (Continued on Page 103)

© 1959 by James Roosevelt and Sidney Shalett

The scene outside the Washington residence of Attorney General Palmer after an unsuccessful anarchist bomb attack in 1919. The anarchist was killed in the explosion, which scattered parts of his body on the Roosevelts' doorstep across the street.

Above: Eleanor Roosevelt visited Elliott in 1942 at an air base in Great Britain. F.D.R., too, went to great lengths to see their sons during the war.



Right: The author in 1928 as a scrub-team end at Harvard College, which his father "influenced" him to attend.

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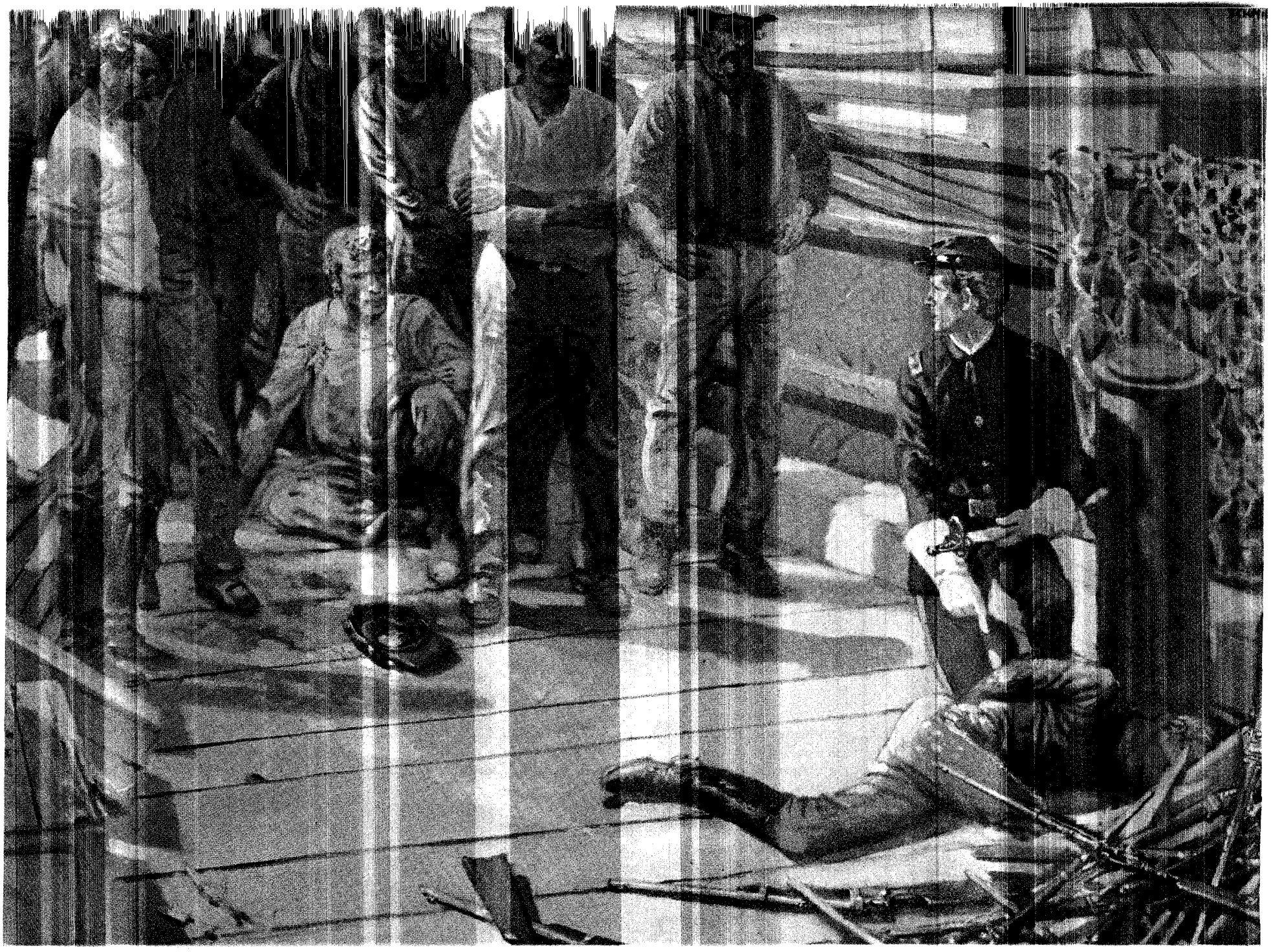

"Damn your eyes!" Cohill said. "You've killed an Army officer."

The exciting story of a young cavalry officer's grim test on the West's most violent frontier.

Ordeal on Blood River

Beginning a new serial by JAMES WARNER BELLAH

First Lt. Flintridge Cohill, 2nd Cavalry, Detached, was traveling back to civilization with the ghosts and the papers of three dead men—the final tragic report of the Columbia River Survey. That had been such a savage two-year nightmare of duty that a sense of utter unreality still shadowed his mind. In the brig *Lucy*, all the way down the Pacific Coast from Portland to San Francisco en route to rejoin his regiment at Fort Starke in the Territory, Cohill had fought himself doggedly back to humanity with the sunlight and the salt air and quiet communion with his soldier's God.

In his middle thirties, with almost a score of his years in the service of the United States, Cohill had only one well-worn silver bar to his cavalry yellow shoulder strap to show for his life. Very low-ranking in the tiny, slow-promotion Army, in spite of three wounds and four major frontier campaigns, he was little

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more than a tactical killer with an acquired instinct for self-preservation.

Off the Farallones, after five days at sea, Cohill was almost his own man again in tranquillity of mind. The next morning as the *Lucy* beat up the bay through the Golden Gate and past Fort Point toward Alcatraz Island, the reveille gun from the Presidio woke him. With his face to the porthole of his cabin, he saw the colors go up the pole over the raw barrack sheds of the post and felt warmth in his heart. There were troops there—Cohill's way of life.

Then the harbor boat came alongside the *Lucy* with mail and papers, and the headlines of last night's San Francisco *Evening Bulletin* struck Cohill like a quirt across the eyes.

Disaster on the Gila River

2nd Cavalry Detachment Wiped Out; Forts Yuma and Mojave Long Unreported

Dispatches by Central Pacific telegraph relayed east from Tucson by way of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, advise us that a force of the 2nd United States Cavalry was annihilated two weeks ago in a desert action in the Arizona country of the western New Mexico Territory. No indication of the number of casualties has as yet been received. When the Apaches began to sack the rim settlements of the Arizona country east of the Colorado River last September, the 2nd Cavalry concentrated at Tucson. It is assumed that the disastrous action took place as the result of an effort to establish contact across the desert between Tucson and the Department of California garrisons on the Colorado at Fort Yuma and Fort Mojave. The Presidio admits that routine couriers from both those outposts are overdue.

Cohill, as he read it, felt as if personal injury had been done him. Whoever those dead men in their dirty blue shirts were, he would know most of them. Flint Cohill had invested so much of his living in the 2nd Cavalry that the regiment was like an old and honored wife for whom a deep affection endures on the solid basis of the remembered ecstasies of youth.

When the brig anchored he said good-by to Hans Bendrodt, the *Lucy*'s fat Danish master, to whisky-soaked Calvinist MacIlvary, her steward and supercargo, and climbed down the side ladder to her longboat. He was in uniform, with gloves and saber belt. He drew his elk-cased saber from the straps of his horsehide field trunk and stuck it like a walking stick under his left arm—to hook it in later to report to the Presidio under arms.

Tied up alongside Meiggs Wharf were four square-rigged ships. Two on each side below the T cross of the pierhead. Down the center of the pier there was a disordered and high-stacked ridge of broken cargo with men and boom whips working it.

Even at this offshore distance and low to the water in the longboat, Cohill saw that the cargo working party on the dock was mixed military and civilian—and that there was trouble. He saw a man with a red neck rag leap upon the cargo dump and swing a roundhouse punch to flatten a soldier in blue and boot down on him to clobber his prone body.

Then suddenly above the mill of angry men on the dock there was a horse in belly slings frantically kicking against the beautiful California sky. The animal, coming up on tackle from the hold of the nearest ship, was a deep-chested, small-headed Arab, screaming in panic at his sudden footloose flight from security. Its thrashing legs half spun the horse in the hoisting gear that held it high. The faces of the scrabbling men below flashed upward in sudden fear. They shouted warning and spread out fast from the area. As the boom swung the stallion out overhead, the *Lucy*'s longboat touched hard on the hemp fenders of the dock ladder below.

For a moment, climbing the ladder, Flint Cohill could see nothing on the dock above. Then he was head and shoulders up, clinging to the ladder in stupefied amazement.

With its flailing hoofs not six feet above the dock planking, and thrashing still in the narrow space between the cargo dump and the ship's side, the stallion suddenly coupled and quivered tense to the sound of a woman's voice, "Turk!"

Her slim figure was below the suspended animal and slightly to one side; one of her arms raised in rigid signal to the winchman on the ship, her fist clenched. White-bloused, she wore her short yellow hair clubbed with a narrow ribbon. And amazingly she wore the long, black silk tights of a circus acrobat. Slowly the sling lowered away and, at the exact moment the stallion's hoofs touched down, the young woman sprang to the animal's back, her knees gripping the beast, her hands tearing the sling releases free.

Cohill stood frozen at the sight. For the break of a second the huge stallion trembled mightily, its legs stiffly thrust in the tangle of slings and guidelines. Then it gathered like a coiled spring and came streaking for the open broadway where Cohill stood. The horse pirouetted high above the scrambling men, striking at them with its forehoofs.

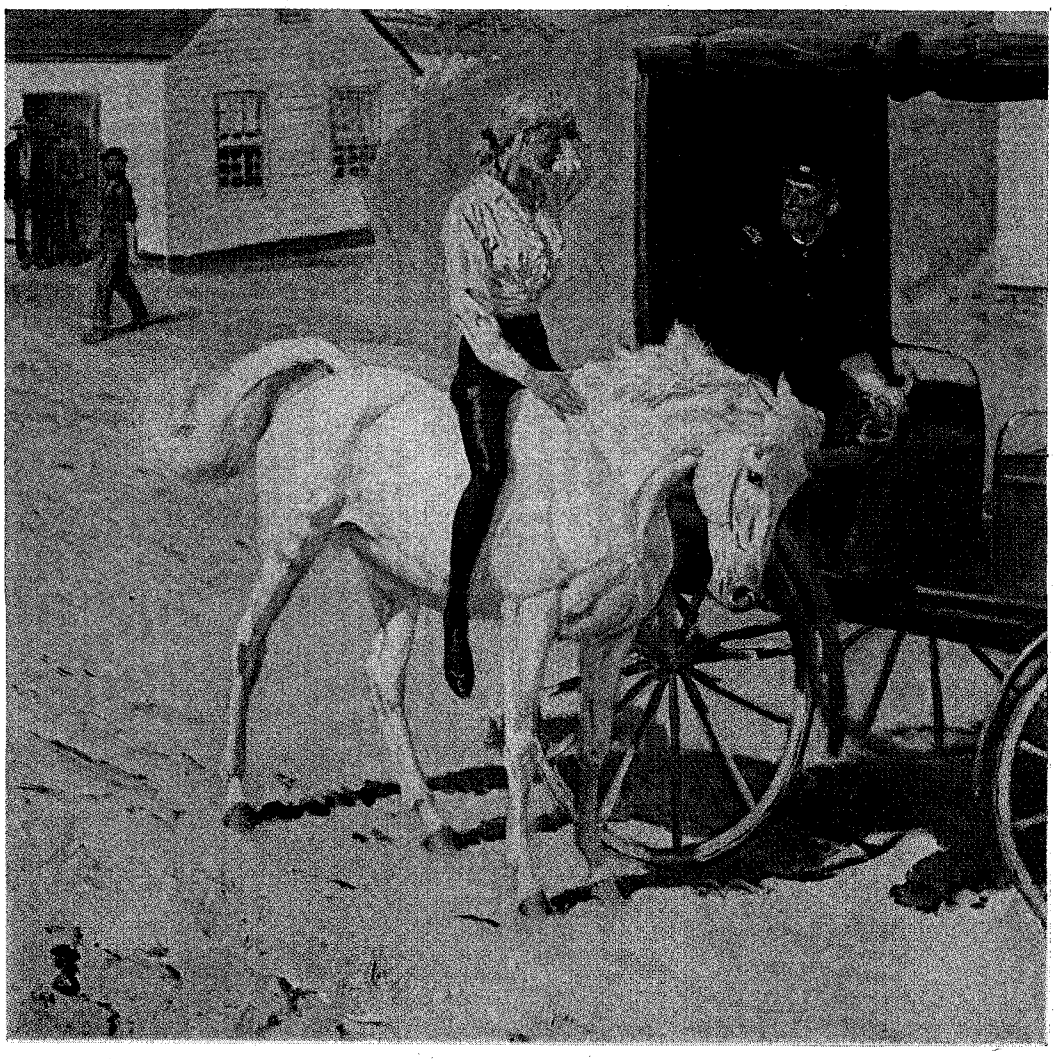
Cohill leaped out of the way onto the pile of stores, landing high, and half turned around as the Arab tore past him. The girl was riding the beast in wild exultation, her hands twisted into its wind-torn mane, her lips drawn back over white teeth. As she thundered by, Flint heard the soft keen of her voice—half ecstasy, half goading the Arab to its full head for the ultimate exhaustion to which she must force the animal to bring it down.

In the open space of the dockhead the stallion circled close, spun on its own shadow and came tearing back past Cohill again.

Let alone the insanity of a woman upon a stallion at all, Cohill had never seen a man, not even a Pawnee, more a part of a mount. No bridle, no saddle, no girth—nothing but the will to control. Down the dock to the shore end raced the horse in a long roll of hoofs and out across the open flat at the base of the town.

Cohill was halfway up the heap of broken cargo, where his spring had landed him. He reached with a gloved hand to the cluttered pile to lever himself down to the dock planking again. He climbed over blanket bales dusted white from burst flour barrels, uncrated McClellan saddles and sacked coffee mounded in with ordnance cases of Sharps carbines. The coffee spilled from broken sacks in an ankle-deep cascade of pungent black beans.

The rioting crowd, thrown back under the stallion's threat, was clotting in again, shouting in deep-throated anger. A civilian workman grabbed the (Continued on Page 160)



"That was not done for your benefit, sir," she said. "I thought Turk and I were alone."

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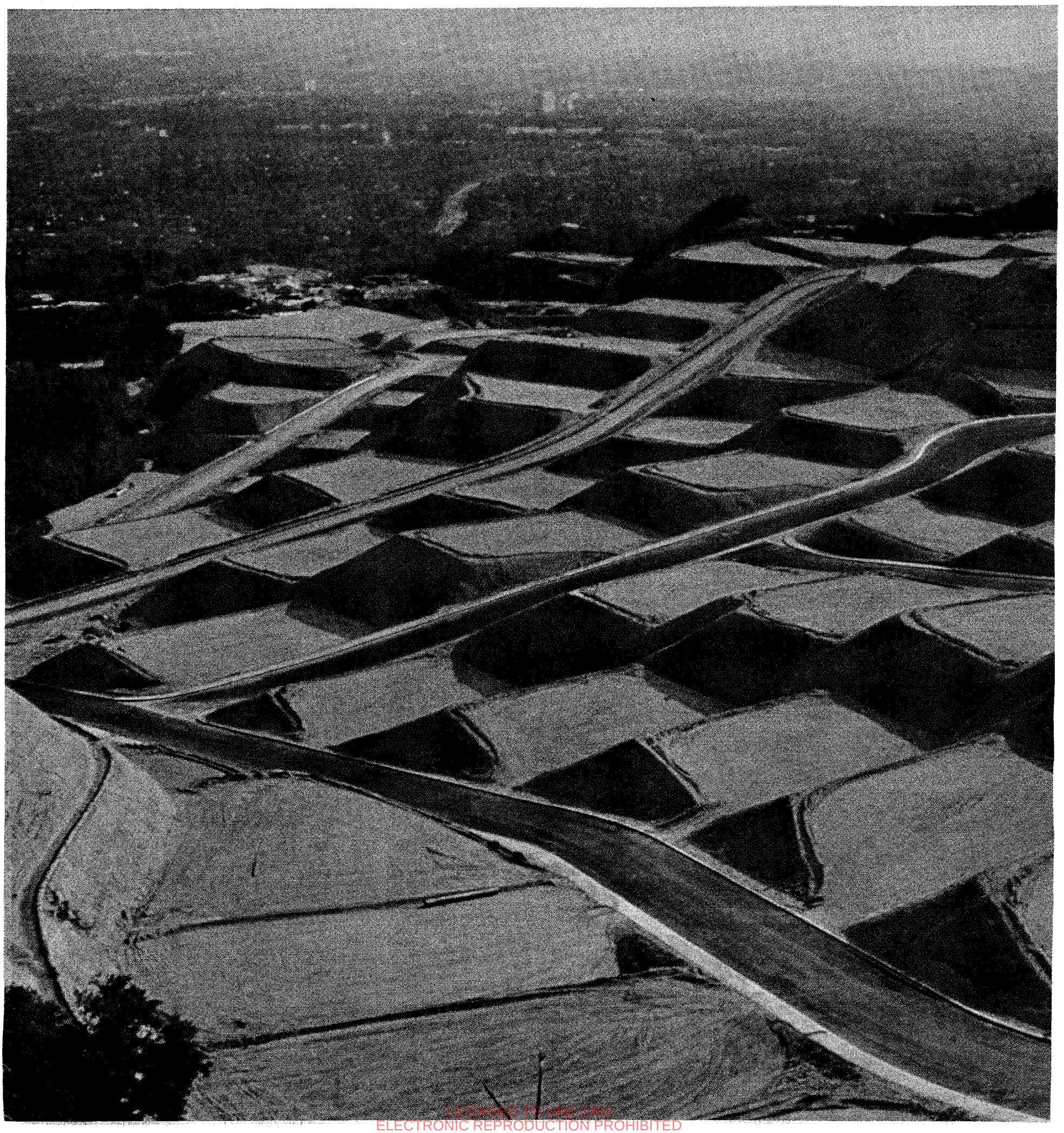
The Face of AMERICA

Hills of Gold



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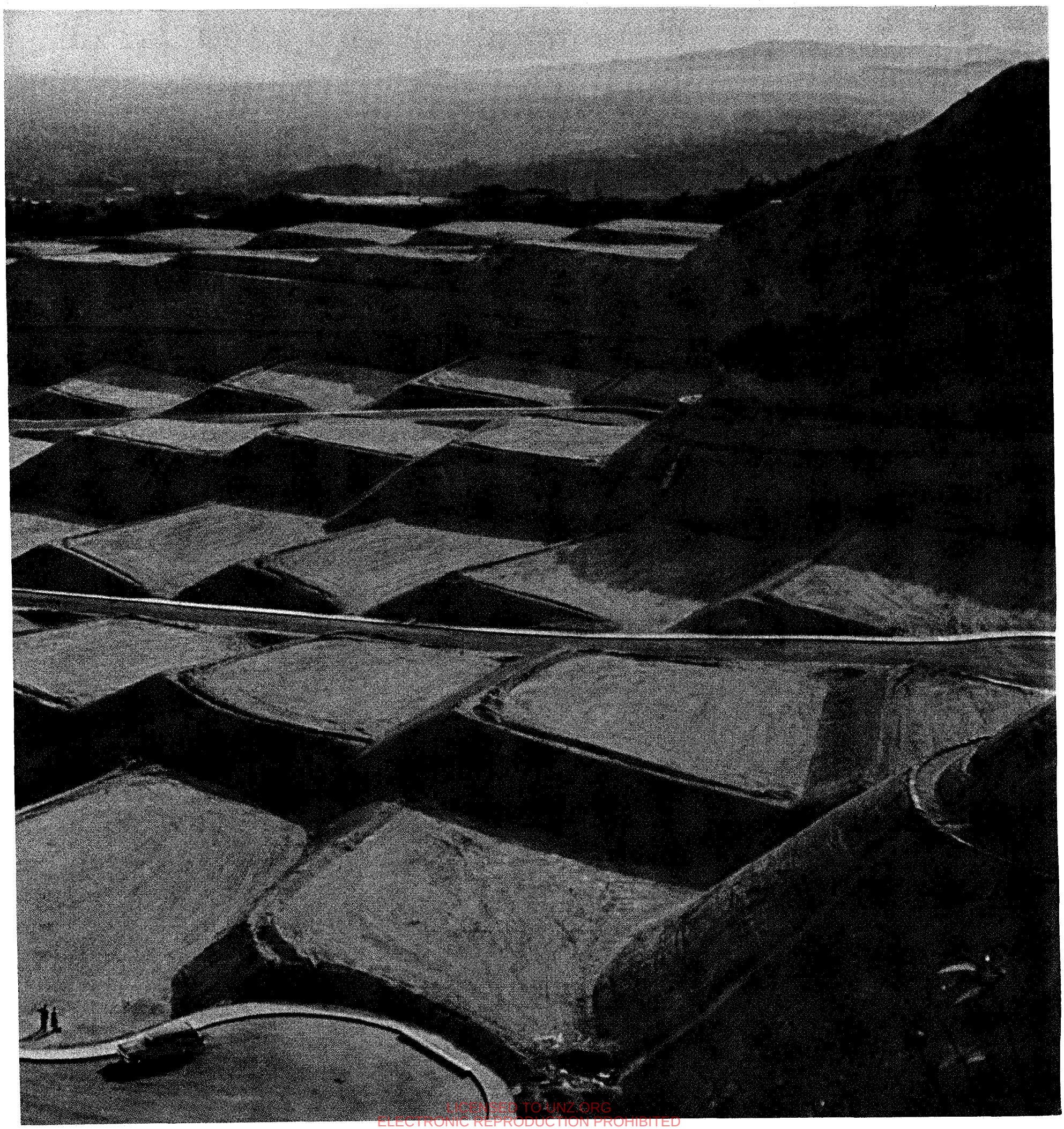
Carved from the flanks of the Santa Monica mountains in the suburbs of Los Angeles, these "rice paddy" house lots are truly as golden as they appear here. There are 103 of them and they are being sold for $20,000 to $75,000 apiece, the price tag depending on size—they average about one fourth of an acre—and the quality of the view. Choicest locations overlook famous Sunset Boulevard, Beverly Hills and blue horizon of the Pacific—on a smogless day, that is. To fashion these luxury homesites, bulldozers have roared and grunted for a year and a half, scraping and terracing the sides of a once-wild canyon. Roads, sidewalks, water mains and sewers have been installed. During the next year or so the developer, the Midwood Signature Corporation, confidently expects individual buyers to sign on the dotted line and to begin transforming this pattern of raw, yellow soil to a softer scheme of beautiful homes, green lawns, flower gardens and, of course, swimming pools. There is reason for confidence, even at these prices: Los Angeles continues to burst at the seams as more than 2000 new citizens arrive each week. The rising tide of housing developments, having covered the flat valley lands and gentle slopes, now climbs higher and higher into the mountains on man-made steps such as these. ● Photograph by Wilburn Rich and Robert O'Shaughnessy



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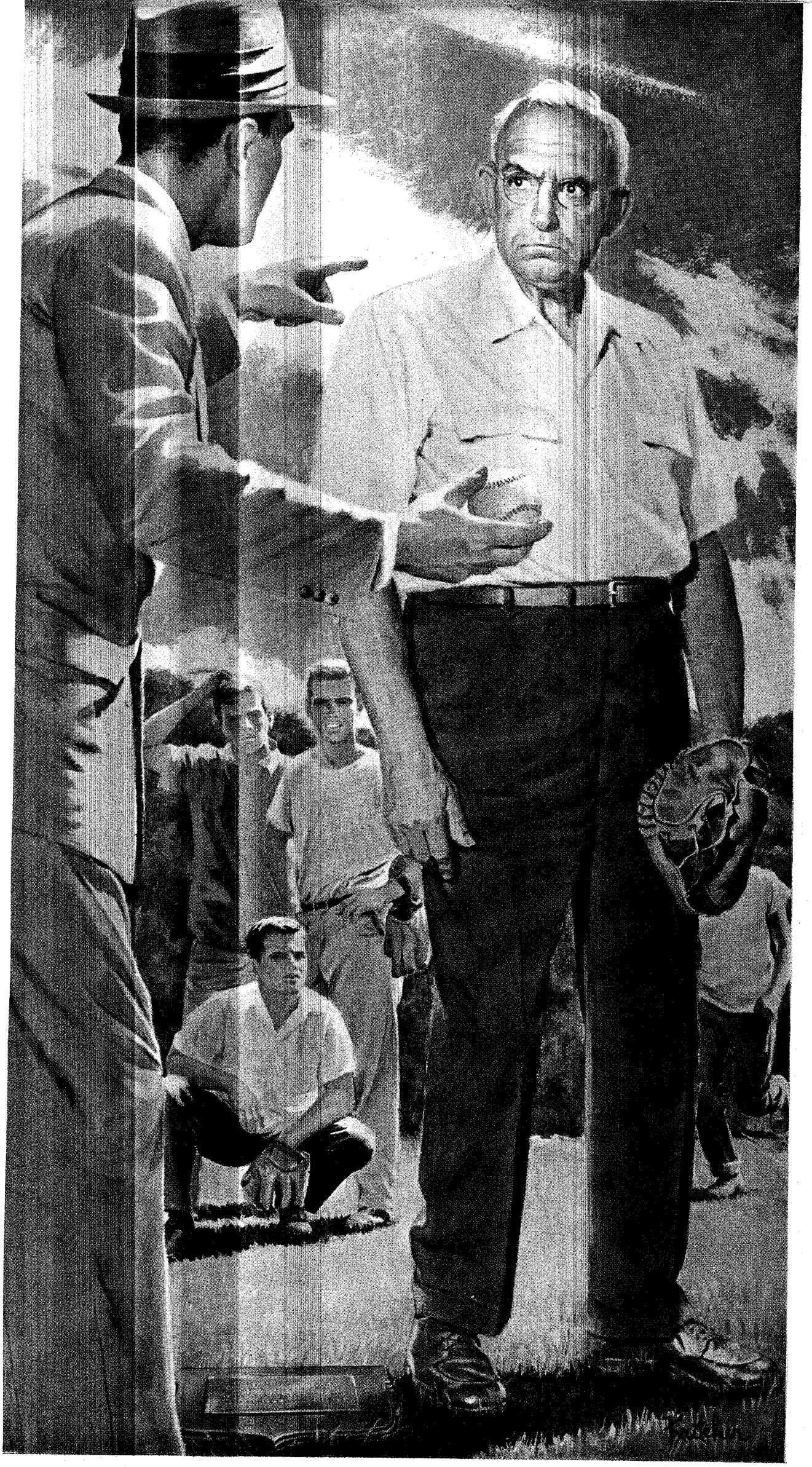

"What do you expect, Rube—to stay in the big leagues for the rest of your life?" Mr. Underhill said harshly.

THE SQUEEZE PLAY

By JOHN REESE

What can a man do when the younger generation starts easing him out of things?

Please sit down, young man."

No youthful employee ever heard these firm, fatherly words from his boss without a twinge of real fear. Don Story knew why Mr. Ed Underhill had sent for him. None of this was his fault. There was nothing he could do about it, yet here he was, in the middle. He sat down.

"Mr. Story," said Mr. Underhill, "what are we going to do about old Rube?"

"I don't think anything can be done, sir," said Don.

"Oh, come now! When an old, respected employee who is being retired refuses to attend his own farewell testimonial dinner, there's a reason," said Mr. Underhill. "Rube Tillman is your wife's uncle. You live with him. Man to man, now, what has got into the old gentleman?"

"I don't really know, sir," Don equivocated. He was a tall man of twenty-six who today looked and felt older. He had straight black hair, black eyes, and a serious, big-featured face. He had been with the company five years, married three, and a father one. And through no fault of his own, all of it was in jeopardy.

"Is Rube ill?" said Mr. Underhill. "These old-timers hate to admit they're failing sometimes."

"No, sir. For a man of seventy he's very healthy."

"I see!" Mr. Underhill thought it over a moment. Then he went on, "Mr. Story, I feel you owe this company at least as much loyalty as you owe your wife's uncle. I'm going to have to ask you to tell me frankly what's wrong."

At forty-two Ed Underhill was first vice president of Charter Freight Casualty Corporation. The job of West Coast branch manager, which he had assumed only two months ago, would be a short tour of duty for him. Next year Mr. Underhill was scheduled to go back to Hartford again, this time as president of the firm.

He had proved that he knew the truck-liability insurance (Continued on Page 155)

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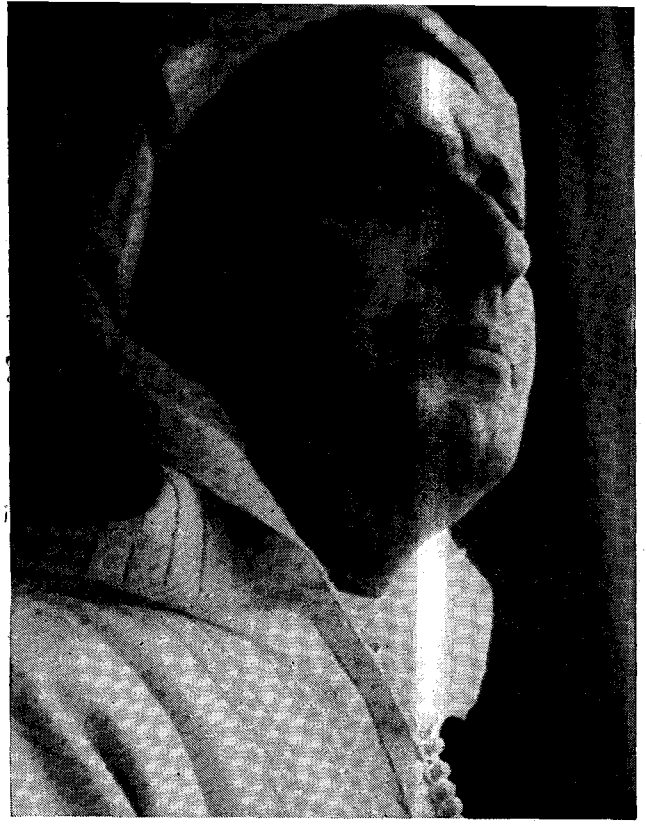
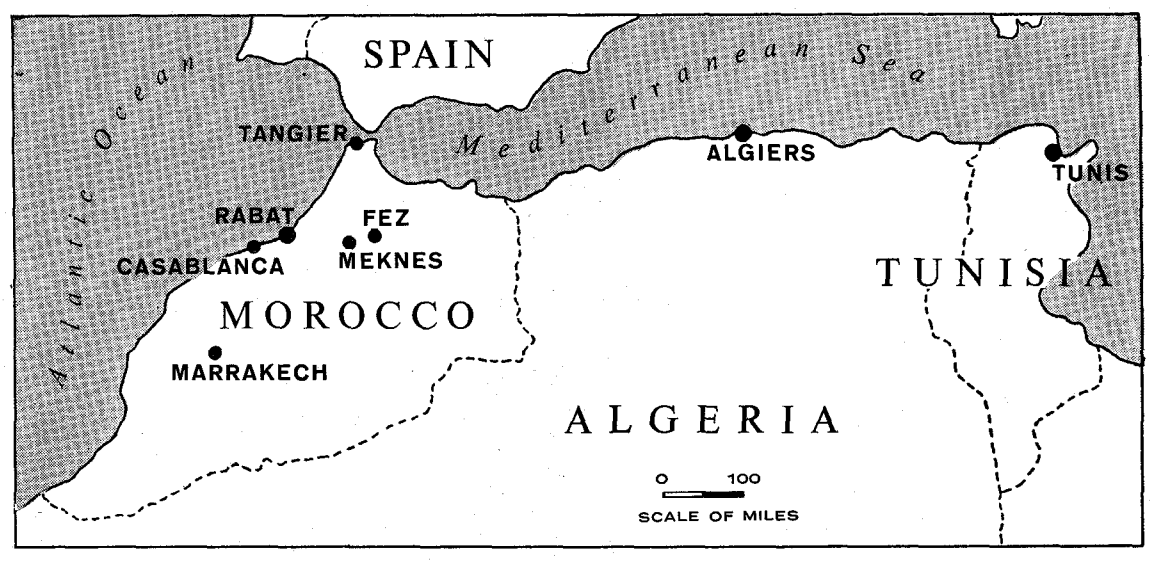


Mohammed V, king of Morocco. Although he favors the West, says Hauser, he is burdened with a government whose "views and policies are not his own."



Morocco, westernmost nation of the Arab world, is as large as California. Raging beyond its eastern border is Algeria's war for independence, which Moroccans view as their concern.

We're on the Spot In Morocco

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

The U.S. has sunk more than $500,000,000 into military bases in this strategic, newly independent North African country which resents being a pawn in the cold war.

RABAT, MOROCCO.

Three great Moslem communities bestride the 1000-mile-long shelf that Africa thrusts northward toward Europe—Moroccans, Algerians and Tunisians, reading from left to right on our map. Two of the three, Tunisia and Morocco, recently have emerged from France's tutelage and now are independent nations—war-torn Algeria, in the middle, remains for the time being French.

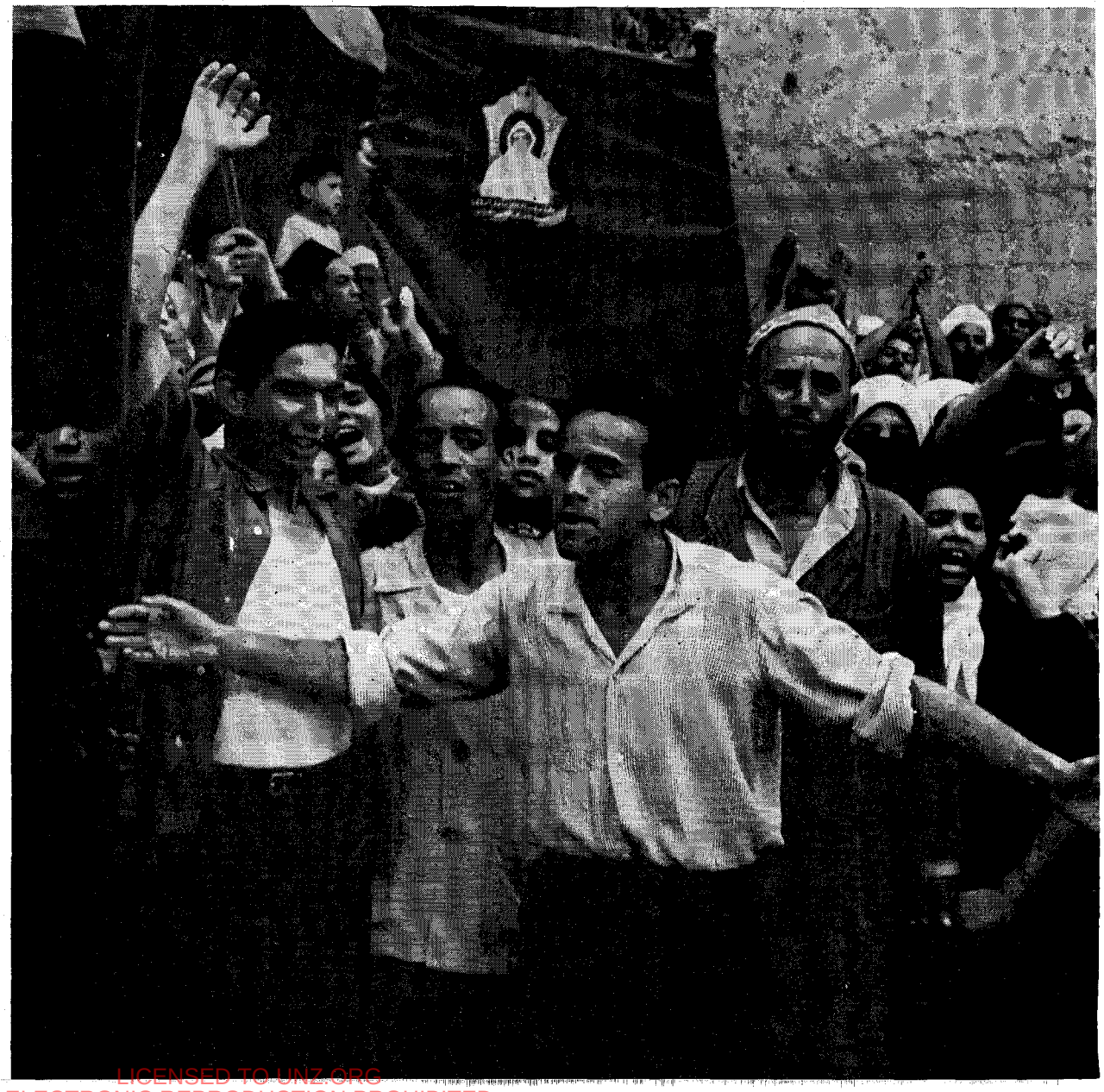
These are the facts of life the visitor does well to bear in mind when trying to make sense out of what is happening in this part of the world. The bitter fight for independence has left a heavy mortgage on North Africa. To those engaged in it, it was a common struggle, and even the two successful members of the trio cannot feel really free as long as their embattled neighbor remains a part of France. Their thoughts, their deeds, their whole political behavior continue to reflect a lingering resentment.

This state of mind goes a long way toward explaining the current low in our relations with Morocco, where we maintain a string of air bases that make this recently freed country, willy-nilly, a pawn in the cold war. Laid out eight years ago at a cost of some $500,000,000, these bases have of late become the subject of a controversy whose outcome may affect our dealings with the entire Arab world.

The reasons for our presence here are obvious. Anchored directly opposite Gibraltar, guarding the narrow water gate to Southern Europe and the Middle East, and looking out over both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean Sea, Morocco is endowed—or cursed—with a strategical position that is hard to match. Allied landings

(Continued on Page 177)

July, 1955: Anti-French demonstrators clamoring for the return of Mohammed from exile. Today their outcry is directed against the presence of U.S. bases in Morocco.



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The Railroads Are Fighting Back

Here is what the nation's railroads, plagued for years by passenger deficits, tax burdens and new competition, are doing to woo traveling Americans.

By MILTON MacKAYE

Biggest competitor of the passenger train is the private automobile. At left is U.S. Route 40, as it cuts across the Baltimore & Ohio right of way near Edgewood, Md.

There is no doubt that recent years have been dank, dreary and red-inked for many American railroads. In the newspapers, before congressional committees, at stockholders' meetings, woebegone executives have knocked their foreheads against the wall and bewailed their fate. As a result of this corporate keening, this anguish in high places, the ordinary, sentimental citizen of today is sometimes tempted to tip his hat reverently whenever he passes a railroad terminal.

Is the terminal of today the tomb of tomorrow? The problems of the railroads are difficult and their grievances are real. But the gloomy predictions of high-powered executives themselves and the funereal atmosphere which has surrounded their public appearances have had their public effect. What they sought by dramatizing their troubles, it can be assumed, was relief from onerous governmental regulations. What they seem to have achieved is general acceptance of a doubtful premise—that, in our future economy, railroads will be as extinct as the dinosaur.

Russell L. Dearmont, silver-haired president of the Missouri Pacific, is an outspoken critic of the leaders in his own industry who have espoused the gloom-and-doom approach. The methods used by major Eastern railroads and a few Western railroads to divest themselves of passenger-train deficits strike him as sheer folly.

"We in the industry," he told me in St. Louis recently, "have overworked-the crying-towel technique. We're in trouble and we need help. A negative approach is not the way to get it. You know, you visit a sick friend and listen to a sad story, and you are impressed. You listen to it a second time, and you are patient. The third time you don't listen. What the public wants to know is—what are the railroads doing to help themselves? Out here we are doing plenty."

Deficits occasioned by passenger traffic have been a heavy burden since the end of the Korean War. Under the Interstate Commerce Commission formula for apportioning costs, the loss last year was estimated at $610,400,000. This formula has often been criticized as unrealistic, but there seems to be no disagreement that losses today are punishingly heavy. Pres. A. K. Atkinson of the Wabash said in a speech last April twenty-ninth that the rail-

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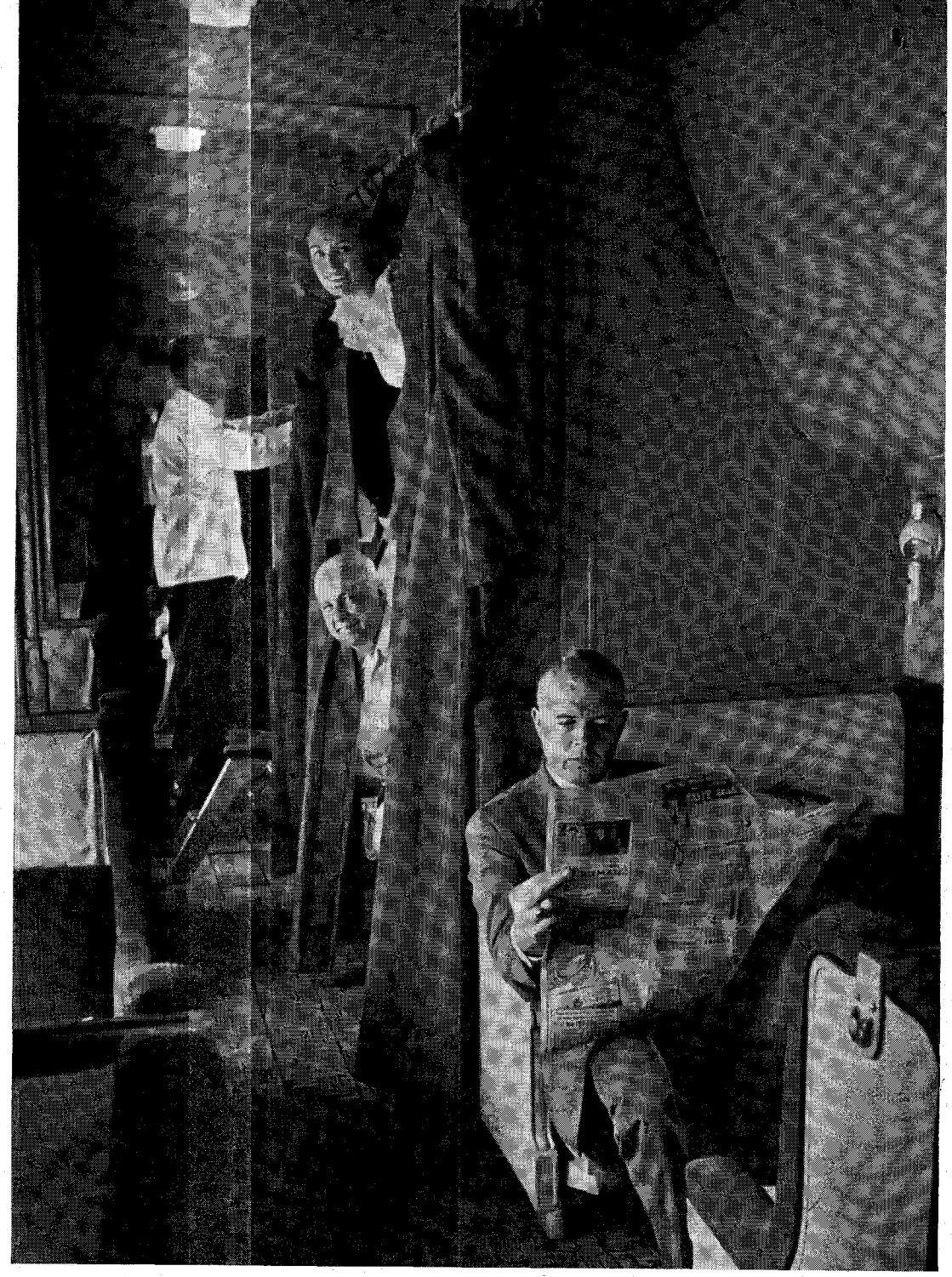
Russell Dearmont, head of the Missouri Pacific. His line serves low-cost "Travel Tray" meals (above) to coach riders allergic to high prices in the dining car.

roads in 1957 spent $1.62 for each dollar grossed by passenger business.

The national recession struck in that year and continued into 1958. Revenues began to show recovery in August last year, and the upward trend continued during the first six months of 1959. Nevertheless the crisis persists. Illustrative of the general ten-year slump are statistics furnished by one busy road, the Rock Island. In 1949 the Rock Island carried 11,930,935 passengers and revenues were $21,132,533. In 1958 it carried 9,318,346 passengers and revenues were $16,585,843.

The No. 1 enemy of the passenger train, as most of us know, is not the airplane or the overland bus, but the passenger automobile. About 90 per cent of all intercity travel in the United States (Continued on Page 140)



On the "Thrift-T-Sleeper" (above), another Missouri Pacific innovation designed to lure customers, holders of coach tickets can get a lower berth for only six dollars, or an upper for $2.50, without paying Pullman fare.

Above: Dome car of the Great Northern's *Empire Builder* in Washington's Cascade Mountains. Despite increased airline competition, "name" trains such as this continue to pay their way.

Left: On the Seaboard's New York-Florida streamliners, registered nurses are on hand to dispense sedatives, baby-sit and comfort the elderly. At center, talking to an expectant mother, is nurse Betty Jo Boyles.

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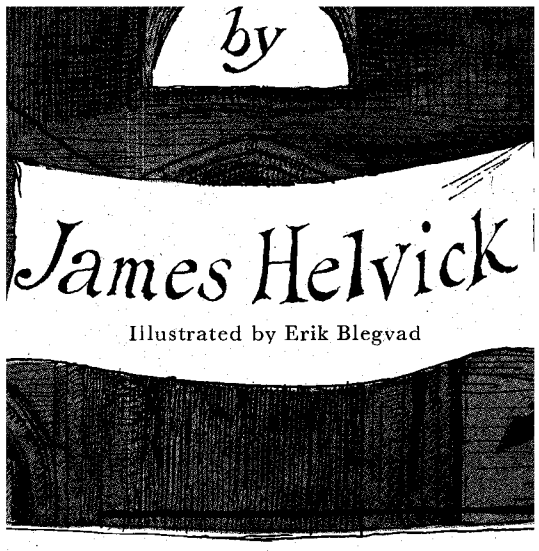

Arthur was living in the
: he found a wonderful w
make it pay.

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A couple of ounces of pure, unblended English rain slid off the extended leaves of a wizened oak tree and struck Francis Manning just above the back of his collar.

"To think," he said, "that that tree has been waiting to do that to me since the time of William the Conqueror."

Nancy Manning said, "Hush, you'll disturb the game."

Francis Manning said, "Did you say game?" He looked at his wife sternly, but she continued to focus on the cricketers. Her expression was one of reverent attention. She was thinking about Sir Arthur Ludd.

Francis thought about him, too, with mingled awe, resentment and censure. He was irritably aware that it was this Ludd who, by remote control, had guided them and their daughter Francesca to the position in which they now found themselves—that is to say, England, inside a ruin, beside a lawn, on a bench, watching a cricket match.

During one of those regularly recurrent pauses—between what are called "overs"—which, as in Oriental music, are the very essence of cricket, Francis Manning said: "I yield to no man in my respect for Sir Arthur Ludd. I accept that he had the highest mind you or anyone else ever saw. I just want to say that there are times when I could wish you had never met him."

He knew that this remark was unworthy of him, that he should no more criticize Nancy's relationship with Sir Arthur Ludd than he would attack her for being moved by St. George, Sir Isaac Newton or the Charge of the Light Brigade. No fair-minded man could dare say that it was Sir Arthur Ludd's fault that he had made such an impression upon Nancy all those years ago in blitztime England, where, by crude overstatements of her age and experience, she had promoted herself a tiny uniformed job ministering to the American Forces at Rainbow Corner and other relief points. Nor could you fault Nancy on account of the deep and lasting emotions aroused in her by this dedicated baronet, wounded at Dunkirk, invalided, an occasional lecturer to troops on technical aspects of warfare. It was in this capacity that he had first met Nancy. But he had also been immediately welcomed to the laboratories and back rooms of the Ministries of Aviation and Supply, where the brightest and most profound of Britain's technicians were winning the war. Knowledgeable people said he was the brightest and most profound of them all. He also knew the work of the Restoration Dramatists by heart, and for relaxation used to translate them into Aristophanic Greek.

Nancy looked at her husband, saying nothing, for fear of disturbing the hush of the cricket field, but telling him with her beautiful eyes that he had said a coarse and hurtful thing. She had never concealed her feelings about Sir Arthur Ludd. Her memories of him during those months in England were not guilty but ennobling. She had made it clear when she married Francis that she intended to bring these memories along, together with a few pieces of fine furniture and glassware from her old family home in Vermont. Far from cluttering their Manhattan apartment, they would all serve to lend it a note of dignity.

And indeed the wraith of Sir Arthur had in one sense behaved itself unobtrusively. He was rarely spoken of. But one was made sharply aware that from time to time Nancy pursued one train of thought or course of action, rather than another, because she felt it to be in line with the ideals of Ludd. And sometimes when she criticized Francis, and later their daughter Francesca, Francis and Francesca instinctively knew that they must have done something or expressed some thought of a definitely un-Ludd nature.

It was unquestionably "Luddism"—as Francis referred to it when vexed—which had made up Nancy's mind that this year they would go to England for the summer. At seventeen, Francesca did not seem always apt to appreciate the sort of things Sir Arthur Ludd "stood for."

He stood for the real England. Not, as Nancy emphasized, that he had been narrow-minded. He had stood, as she recalled, for the real France and the real America too. These were all hard to find. You needed rigorous mental and spiritual training to get to them.

A determined trek to the real England would, Nancy said, do Francesca, and indeed all of them, a world of good. It would lift them, she implied, up toward the Ludd standard. It would be a gesture toward the higher values. Because Francis and Francesca had both chanced to be thinking in terms of Maine, the intervention of the unseen hand of Ludd in their holiday plans seemed particularly irksome.

To Jay Porter, who found himself sitting here damply with the three Mannings watching this cricket, the ghostly presence of Sir Arthur Ludd was even more oppressive. This youth Porter, from Indianapolis, being exposed temporarily to an Oxford education, had latched onto the Mannings while they were viewing Oxford at the end of the summer term. He had rejoiced to find himself at a table with fellow Americans in an

(Continued on Page 97)

e visitors surveyed the instruments of torture,
h with a notice luridly describing its uses.

The astounding
Sir Arthur Ludd.

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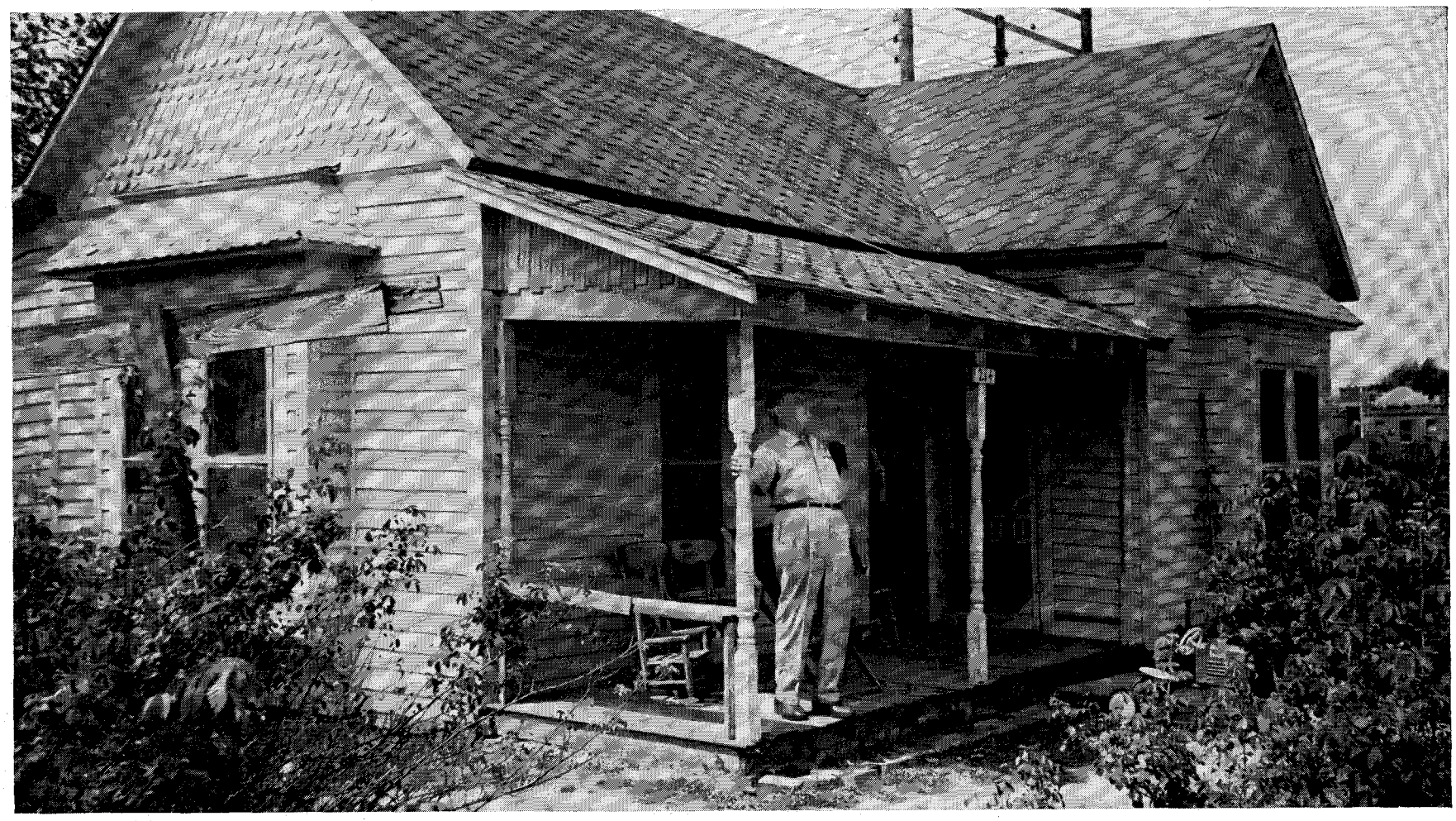


Sapulpa, Oklahoma. The author's father Max on the porch of "the little white house" he couldn't bear to see demolished. It is no longer in the family.

Papa's Preposterous Project

A son recounts the true story of his imperturbable parent, whose do-it-yourself house-moving project once threw an entire town into turmoil.

By LEWIS MEYER

Papa is pushing eighty now, and could rightly call himself a pioneer. In 1906, when he left Texas to live in the nearby Territories, the region was full of red Indians and hopes for statehood. Papa settled in Sapulpa, Oklahoma, a raw boom town which has since become a pleasant community nestling in the shadow of metropolitan Tulsa. His first venture was a clothing store, with a huge banner out front reading, MAX MEYER, OUTFITTER TO MANKIND.

"I had my pick of towns in Oklahoma," papa says, "and Sapulpa looked like the winner. Why, in 1906 Sapulpa was bigger than Tulsa. We built a big electric sign over the highway boasting that Sapulpa was THE OIL CITY OF THE SOUTHWEST. While we were putting up this sign, Tulsa was building a five-story luxury hotel. That's when Tulsa started passing us. But when it comes to memories, we've got 'em licked."

One memory we cherish in particular goes back twenty-five years, maybe thirty; papa isn't sure and I'm not either. It began on an October day, when I was in my office with nothing better to do than look out the window to see who was going into the post office.

© 1959 by Lewis Meyer

I heard papa coming down the hall. He didn't just walk when he was bursting with an idea; he reverberated. You could hear him half a floor away. The glass panes in my lawbook cases trembled as he stamped into the room.

He kissed me—he still kisses all his children—and said, "Sonny, you oughta be wearin' a jacket. It's too cool for shirt sleeves."

"Papa," I said, "you're wearing a short-sleeved shirt yourself."

He made a face, sat down at my desk and started drawing squares and triangles on a sheet of foolscap.

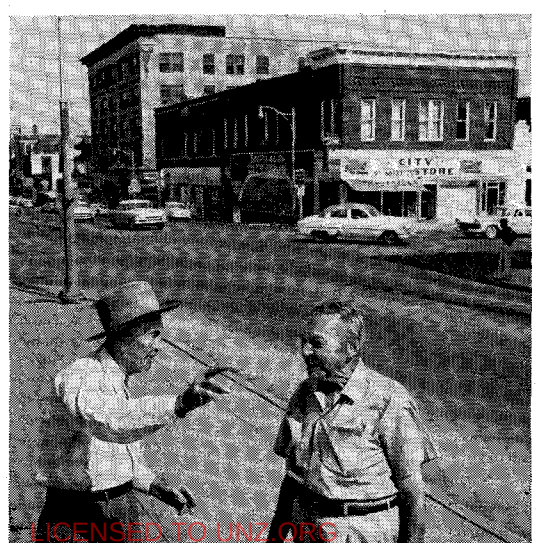
"It's like this," he began, intent on his doodling. "All you have to do is give me twelve hundred dollars now. I'll give you four times that much as soon as we get the house moved and sold."

"What house?" I asked.

"Why," papa said patiently, as though I should have known all the time, "that little white house on Cedar Street. The house your mamma and I lived in when we first moved to Sapulpa."

"What about it?"

"What about it? Why, they were gonna tear it down, that's (Continued on Page 171)



At left are papa and former police sergeant U. J. Jones (wearing hat). It was Jones who had to get the town's main intersection (at rear) untangled after the house stalled there.

This article is taken from a book by Lewis Meyer titled *Preposterous Papa*, to be published this week by The World Publishing Co.

—THE EDITORS

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The Mountain Murderess

By GEORGES CAROUSSO

He had come to bring her out, dead or alive. Now he was at her mercy.

I used to think there was nothing as exciting as men gathering at dawn to plan a hunt. I didn't think so now, sitting in the sheriff's office. Hunting deer is one thing; hunting a murderer is another. It didn't help any that the killer was a woman. I'd never hunted a woman before.

Instead of excitement it felt like a sickness inside of me. Everyone was too matter-of-fact—too concerned with the details to think of the end result of the hunt. And I thought maybe I wasn't cut out to be a state trooper after all—that I should have tied up with my brother Alf and built the camps and gone on guiding fishermen and hunters.

The potbelly stove made the sheriff's office insufferably hot. I don't know how he stood it with his tremendous bulk of fat, but his bloated face and chins were as dry as a rubber mask.

I felt the heat and the hunt and the end result of the hunt, and I was sweating and wanted to be sick.

"I still think you oughta send for dogs," the sheriff said. "Ain't nothin' but dogs will ever flush that gal out of them woods. Ain't a man, be he guide or poacher, as knows these here mountains like Bessie Colvin does. Ask Homer."

Homer Smith, the game warden, nodded. He was tall, but age-shrunken, so that only by the width of his wrists could you tell that once he must have been a strong and vigorous man.

"Best woodsman I ever did know," Homer said. "Except her pa."

"I don't like using dogs," my lieutenant said. "I'm darned if I'm going to turn them loose on a girl."

The sheriff shrugged those incredibly fat shoulders of his. The man must have weighed three hundred and fifty pounds—maybe more. He said, "Well, there ain't a man in town will go on a posse with you and help hunt her. The man she killed wasn't a native, so it ain't none of their business. Also, if they went in the woods after her, she could pick off a dozen of 'em before they got her. Believe me, Lieutenant Ithan, that crazy witch can shoot!"

"Well, we can't just leave her out there!" the lieutenant snapped, and (Continued on Page 127)

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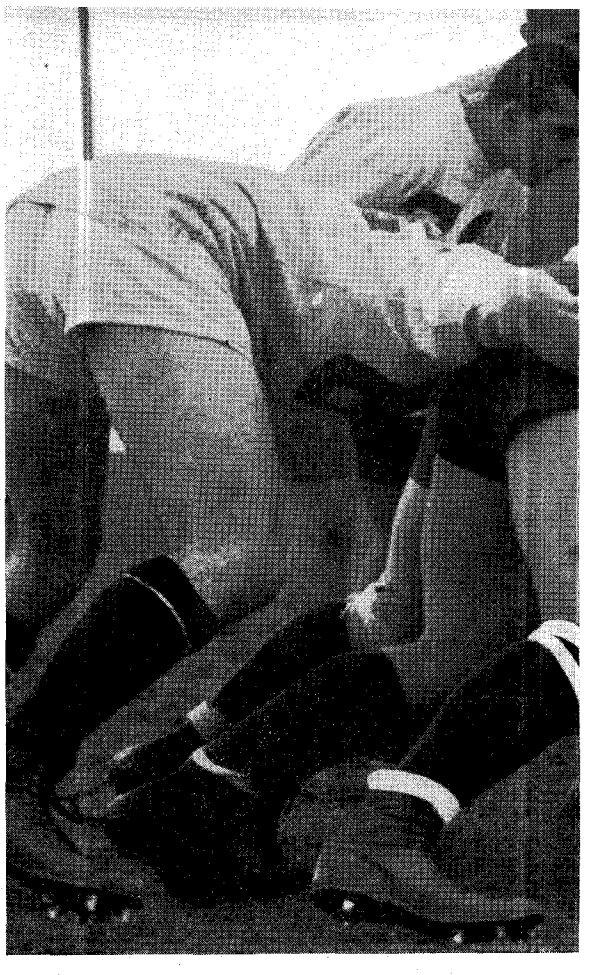
Ruggers and their dates with coach Ford at a traditional post-game celebration on his lawn near the campus.

FOOTBALL FOR FUN



At a growing number of colleges, the students are taking up the English sport of Rugby in preference to the big-time U.S. game with its grueling schedules and highly paid coaches.

By Corey Ford

Dartmouth forward Art Cockburn (striped jersey) leaping high after the ball during a fix—game—with a Montreal Rugby club at Hanover, N.H., last May.

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Yale-Dartmouth scrum: To get the ball into play, the eight forwards of each team form a tight huddle. Then a scrum-half rolls the ball in at their feet.

You may be surprised, as I'll admit I was myself, to learn that I am the coach of the Dartmouth College Rugby team. The most surprising part of it is that I don't understand the first thing about the game. My own playing experience is limited to a few scrums in the New York subway at rush hour, and frankly I wouldn't know a Rugby ball if it hit me in the face, an experience which, as an avid side-line spectator, I have enjoyed on numerous occasions.

Perhaps you wonder how I came to take up Rugby. Well, the fact is that Rugby took up me. My home in Hanover, New Hampshire, adjoins the college playing fields; and so in the course of time it has been adopted as headquarters of the local Rugby Club, an independent organization which has no home of its own, and I am hailed as "Coach" for want of a better title. The secret of my success—and I might point out that during the past year my Ruggers topped the Ivy League, staged a triumphant tour of England, won the Carling Challenge Cup in Quebec, and wound up with the Eastern national championship—is very simple. Since the players are so much more familiar with the game than I am, I never bother them with advice. In the locker room before a match I sit in owlish silence, sucking on my pipe and occasionally nodding my head up and down sagely, but under no circumstances asking any questions. For instance, I've heard that the team has a secret maneuver which is called the Corey Ford play. I haven't the foggiest idea what it is, and nobody will tell me. Probably I wouldn't understand it anyway.

But my interest in Rugby goes deeper. For I happen to think that here is the answer to the creeping professionalism which threatens college sport today. Rugby is strictly a game of the players, by the players, and for the players. The members of the team handle their own training, arrange their own schedules, and run their own matches. The college's limited budget can offer no financial assistance, and between halves of a game the mud-smeared contestants stroll up and down the side lines, passing the hat to help defray costs. Their shoes are cast-off football cleats. Their playing gear is donated by friends. They do not even have the use of the regular stadium, but are relegated to a remote lower forty without scoreboard or bleachers, marked at either end by a pair of towering fifty-foot spruces which the club hacked out of the nearby woods, cleared of their branches, and painted white to serve as goal posts. And still the popularity of this athletic stepchild increases each year, as more and more players desert the rigid regimentation of other sports for Rugger's more informal green pastures:

Why? What is the appeal of this new game? Al Krutsch, who was captain of Dartmouth's Ivy League champion football team last year and also a veteran member of the Rugby Club, summed it up after his return from England: "Football is a great game, of course, but Rugby is more like an athletic fraternity. Here's the difference: In football I might play opposite the same man on the other team for four years, and never get to meet him. When the game's over, he leaves from one side of the field, and I leave from the other. But after our Rugger match with

(Continued on Page 136)

After tying Dartmouth, 3–3, the visiting Canadian side formed the customary double line and applauded their hosts off the field.

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Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

Every Bride Is Beautiful

By KATHRYN FORBES

She called him an emotional deadhead.

And this is how he replied.

"Compliments of the bride and the groom," the waiter said. With a flourish he handed Mr. and Mrs. Wallace each a glass of champagne.

"Oh, how nice of them!" Mrs. Wallace looked over to the corner of the restaurant where the small wedding party was assembled. "When they don't even know us." She stood up and beamed at the happy couple.

"Andrew," she prompted softly, "stand up. Toast them."

Mr. Wallace grumbled faintly, but he stood up. He held his glass high. "Cheers," he said, "cheers." Then he sat down and began to eat.

"We wish you great happiness," Mrs. Wallace called out to the radiant bride. "And romance, always!"

The bride bestowed a brilliant, if abstracted, smile, and turned back to gaze into her groom's eyes.

"They're madly in love," Mrs. Wallace whispered. "You can tell. Such a dear young couple—to want to share their happy time with us."

"Polite," Mr. Wallace said, "since we're the only other patrons here."

"Look. Now he's kissing her. Ah ——"

"Marge, do sit down," Mr. Wallace said. "And pass the pepper, please."

Mrs. Wallace complied. Then she asked, "Aren't you going to drink your nice champagne?"

"At eleven o'clock in the morning?" Mr. Wallace demanded. "With soft-boiled eggs?"

"I told you it was an awkward time to stop to eat." Comfortably Mrs. Wallace appropriated his champagne glass and began to sip from it. "Too late for breakfast, too early for a proper lunch."

Mr. Wallace looked pained. "You're the one who pointed out that this is the last restaurant the auto club starred. Marge, you're the one who wants to get into San Francisco and find a motel before the traffic rush on the freeway. Furthermore," he concluded, with the marital logic that was usually his wife's special accomplishment, "if I hadn't stopped here, you wouldn't have gotten to see your bride and groom. Right?"

"Right." She imitated his firm enunciation.

"And you never go wrong ordering soft-boiled eggs," Mr. Wallace added. Mr. Wallace almost always said that in almost any untried restaurant. "Here," he offered, "let me break those eggs for you. You always get shells ——"

"You do it so neatly," she admired.

"I've been doing it now for years and years," he reminded her. . . . "There. Put some butter on them. And here's the pepper."

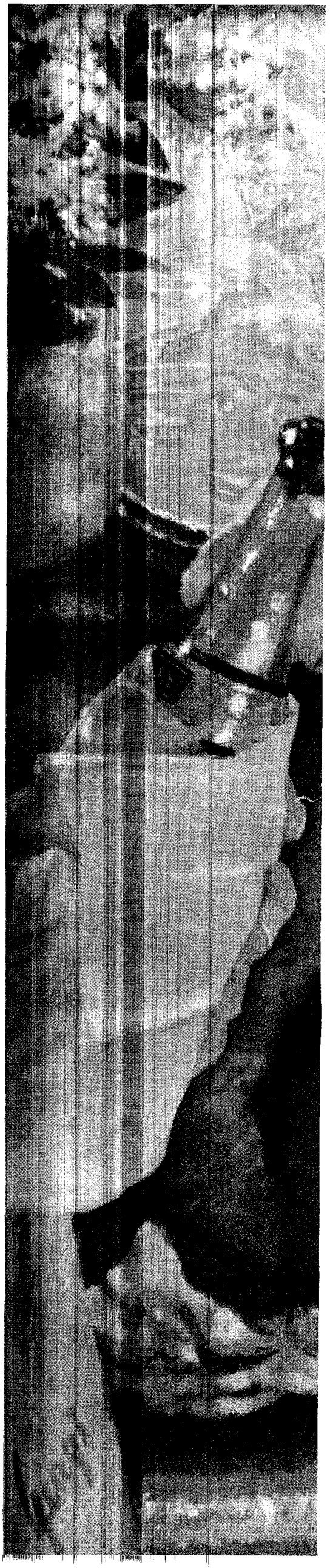
"You're bossy," Mrs. Wallace observed gently, "bossy."

"Well, someone has to take care of you. Now eat your breakfast, Marge."

"But I don't feel hungry." Mrs. Wallace smiled at him dreamily. "I feel—oh, happy-sad, inside. Because they're so beautiful, the little bride and groom."

"A nice couple," Mr. Wallace said, "but not beautiful."

(Continued on Page 166)



"You just don't have romantic feelings," she said.

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Francis Reed, head meatcutter for Waldoboro Lockers, Inc., inspects a loin from a butchered deer. The Waldoboro, Maine, plant specializes in hanging, butchery and packaging for home freezing.

HUNTER'S REWARD

Each fall U.S. sportsmen bag enough deer to make venison our fourth-ranking source of red meat, and the supply is more plentiful than in pioneer days. Here are some of the tricks of venison cookery.

By CHARLES RAWLINGS

Hunters Eynd, left, and Alan Knapp of Cranford, N.J., hauling their 8-point, 170-lb. deer out of the Maine woods. Last year 183,000,000-odd pounds of dressed, edible meat came from the national legal kill of venison.

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Wrapping deer steaks. Here the various cuts of venison are packaged and stamped with a date and identifying label, then placed in wire baskets for freezer storage.

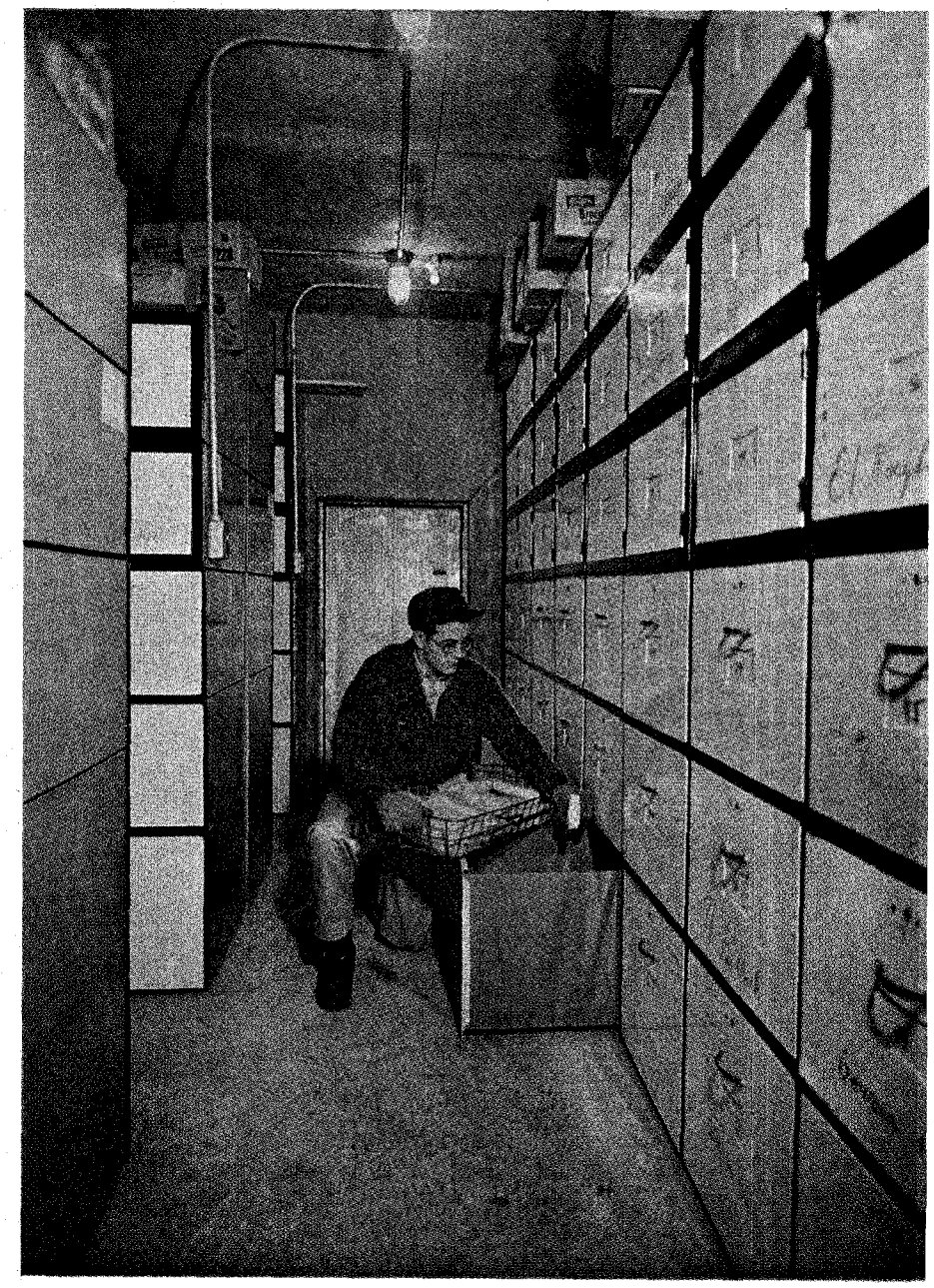
Photographs by
George Burns

Venison is America's great amateur protein. It has been since the first settler came out of the woods with a spikehorn white-tailed buck draped across his shoulders and eased it down before his wife's linsey-woolsey skirt as she said, "Mercy, what can we do with all that meat?"

She never did completely know until just a little while ago. But now that she does, venison's age-old role in the romance and adventure of man struggling to feed his belly is as assured as it has ever been. In this crowded day of cities and noise and food in packets and cans, that fact is by way of a miracle for a game meat living wild in the woods. Venison, you might say, engineered the miracle itself.

For it was a chunk of it that started Clarence Birdseye, a Brooklyn boy, off on his wonderful idea of the food freezer. He sat down in Labrador to a dinner of roast moose that had been killed and dressed out in a bitter spell of weather and then woods-hung in steady cold for many weeks. To his amazement it was prime, and he came home and duplicated the Labrador climatic conditions inside an insulated box with refrigerants and an electrically driven compressor. A revolution in victualing the American home resulted. The storage of practically all perishables for upward of a year in a neat, white-enameled freezer chest within a few steps of the kitchen stove has done wonders for Americans' home-cooked chow and the gal who has to think it up and cook it.

But the pleasantest feat the home freezer accomplished was the salvage of the very meat Birdseye started out with, venison. Venison is a French word from the Latin *venatio*, meaning "game," or (Continued on Page 119)



In the Waldoboro "zero-degree room" the packaged meat is stored in individual hunters' lockers until the owners are ready to take it home.

Dinner at Deer Farm, a lodge near Kingfield, Me., after a day of hunting. The three ways to prepare venison, says author Rawlings, are coal- or pan-broiling, marinating before cooking, and stewing "the bejabers out of it."

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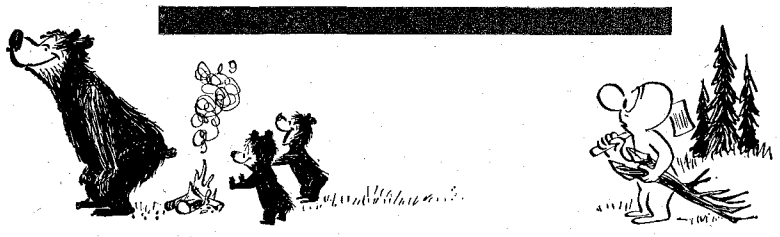
Post Scripts



CHICAGO—A fast blow on the chest may start a heart beating after it has suddenly stopped, an Oregon physician said today—News release from the American Medical Association.

You Always Love the One You Hurt

1:30 A.M.

Dear Irene: They allowed me only one phone call, and you weren't in when I tried you a while ago. Which is why I'm writing this Special Delivery to the shop so you'll be sure to get it today.

You know I wouldn't hurt you for the world. It's just that when the drink spilled and you carried on like that, I figured your heart was acting up again. Remember how you always used to complain about the heartburn after five Martinis at Frankie's Place?

So you see, hon, I wasn't really mad at you when I belted you three times. For your own good I did it. Just plain luck that I saved the newspaper story and have it on me. And how was I to explain to Frankie when he called the police? It did look bad, and you know he's always getting the wrong idea about me—like when I very gently laid the jukebox on its side to get my quarter back.

Please don't take it out on the guy who adores you so much that he saves your life. The bail is fifty dollars and I can't stand this place.

Love and kisses,

MILTON GOLIN

Kind Words From Uncle

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has instructed agents to use tact and diplomacy in their contacts with the public. As an old supporter of the Internal Revenue Service, I suggest four typical communications which exemplify the new, firm, but friendly policy.

To Mr. X, who underpaid by nearly $1000:

"What are you doing on the afternoon of October fifteenth? If you're free, we'd love to have you visit our office and view the new electronic computers just installed. One of our girls has a tasty new cooky recipe and promises to bring in a batch. When you come, kindly bring along your personal records for 1957 so we can audit what seems to be an underpayment of $988.76. Just check the 'I'll Be There' square on the enclosed postage-paid INVITATION TO AN EXAMINATION card and drop it in the nearest mailbox."

To Mr. Y, whose check bounced:

"I never had much of a head for figures until I joined the Internal Revenue Service. When I was at school I could never learn the difference between a multiplicand and a subtrahend, and even now I sometimes have trouble balancing my checkbook each month. Looks like you're having the same problem, because your check for $473.29 came back from your bank marked NO FUNDS. Won't you send us a certified check or, better yet, drop by some afternoon with the cash?"

To Mr. Z, who hasn't filed a return in years:

"We haven't heard from you in quite some time and want you to know that we miss the old familiar handwriting. We sincerely hope that your failure to file returns for the years 1954, 1955, 1956 and 1957 implies no dissatisfaction with your Internal Revenue Service. Please write us a frank letter and give us any comments or criticisms, and at the same time possibly you can help us to solve The Mystery of the Missing Returns."

Quatrain to accompany the annual mailing of new income-tax forms:

With happiness beyond recall,
This form to you we've sped.
We hope it finds you, one and all,
In the pink—not in the red!

ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

Stage Fright

Yes, all the world's a stage,
As Avon's Bard was certain;
And this the present age
Could be the final curtain!

RICHARD WHEELER

One and Nine Sixty-Fourths Baths

"You'll like this plan," said our realtor, Joe Martin. "Big kitchen and one and three-fourths baths."

"How do you take three fourths of a bath?" my wife murmured. I guess Joe didn't hear her.

Anyway I said, "What's a three-fourths bath?"

Joe looked amazed. "Why, that's one with a—well, *you* know, a washbasin, and shower."

"So each—er—fixture counts a fourth?"

"Right."

"Even the shower?" my wife asked. "It's bigger than a washbasin or a you-know-what. But then, a shower isn't always as essential as ——"

I said hastily, "Then two washbasins, one you-know-what and one shower make a full bath."

"Of course not," said Joe. "Got to have a tub for a full bath. Two fourths plus a half."

"I like a tub with a shower in it," I said. "A tub counts a half. Then a tub-shower's a fourth more, say; it isn't really separate. Three fourths, then, for a tub-with-shower."

"So," said my wife, "a you-know-what, basin, and tub-shower is a one-and-a-fourth bath?"

"Right," said Joe, then, "no. No."

"Those little basins trains have," said my wife. "For teeth brushing. They're not big enough to wash your hands in. How about something like that in our new house?"

"It certainly would be *handy*," I said. "Junior always wants to brush right when I'm shaving."

"It should count two thirds of a fourth," my wife mused, "if a regular basin is a fourth."

"Let's convert to decimals," I said. "Basin, you-know-what, or shower: point two five each. Tub, point five oh. Tub-with-shower, point seven five."

"And tooth-brushing basin," said my wife, a whiz at figures, "point one six six six ——"

"*Who's* sick, sick, sick?" cried Joe Martin.

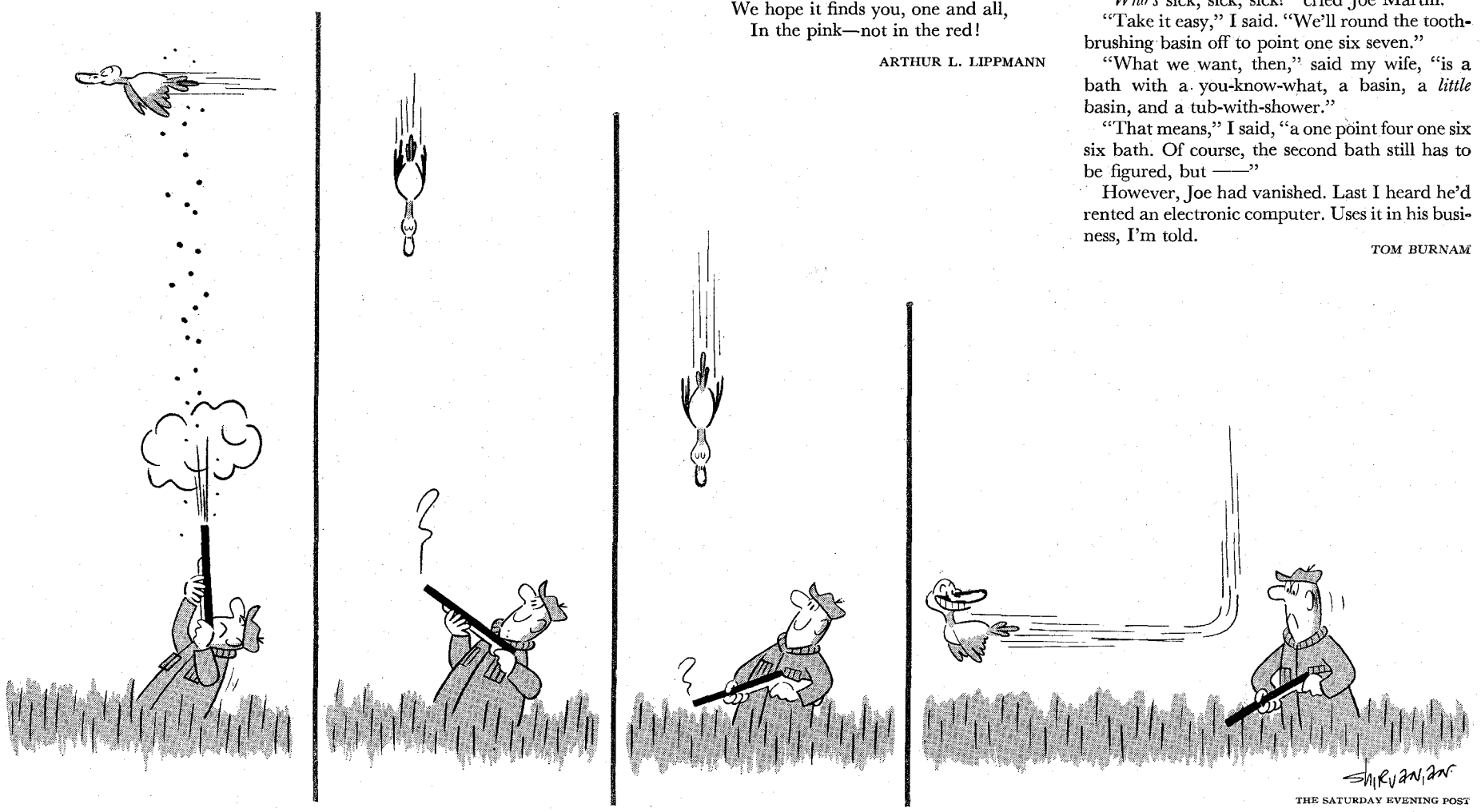
"Take it easy," I said. "We'll round the tooth-brushing basin off to point one six seven."

"What we want, then," said my wife, "is a bath with a you-know-what, a basin, a *little* basin, and a tub-with-shower."

"That means," I said, "a one point four one six six bath. Of course, the second bath still has to be figured, but ——"

However, Joe had vanished. Last I heard he'd rented an electronic computer. Uses it in his business, I'm told.

TOM BURNAM



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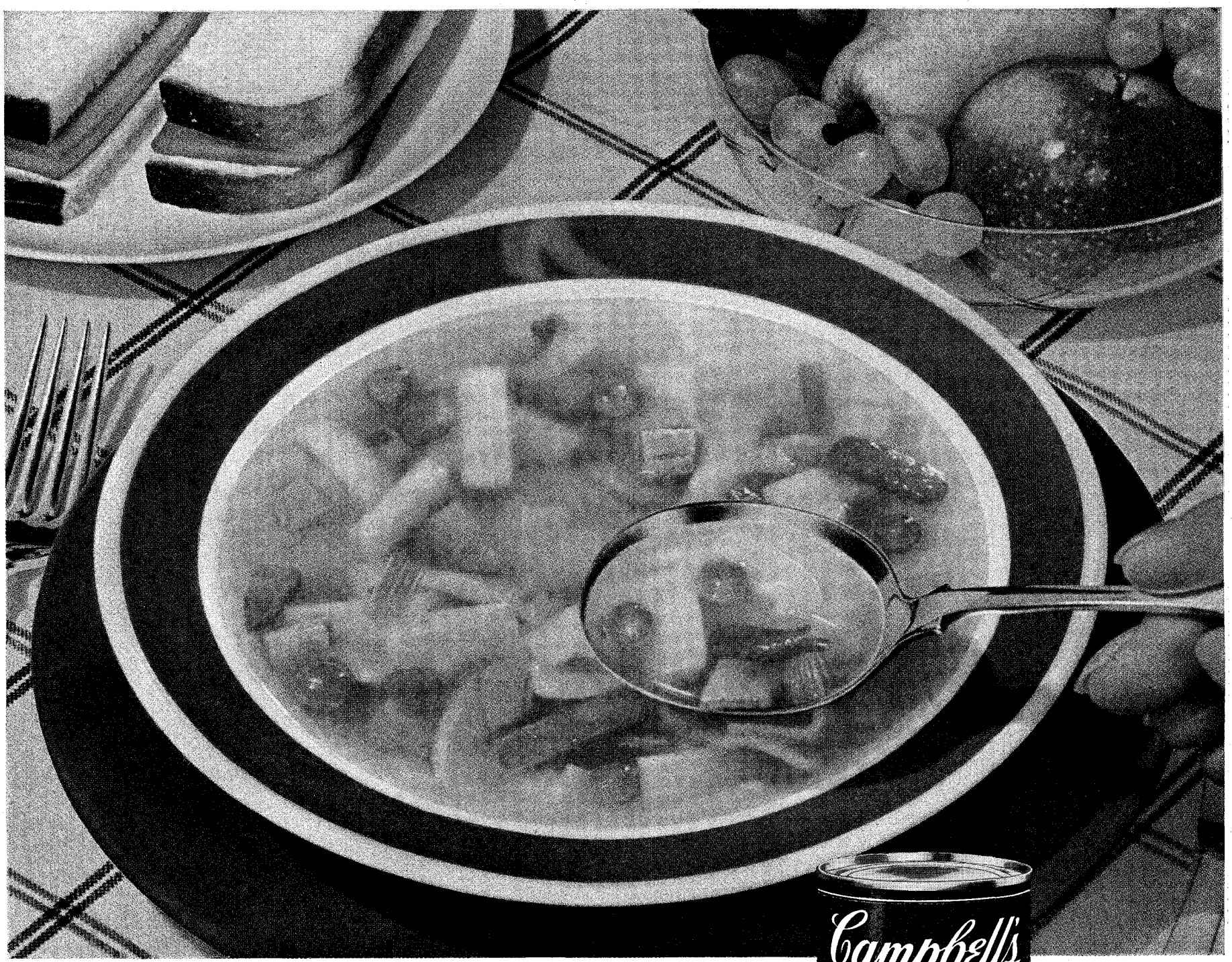
GOOD THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN

when...



...everybody has soup for lunch

Got a hungry family to feed? Good things happen when you make lunch easy, make lunch delicious, make lunch nourishing with good, hot Campbell's Soup.

For soup's the hot dish that's ready in 4 minutes, yet gives your family proteins, vitamins and minerals from wholesome foods... foods that are good for everyone.

Campbell's Chicken Vegetable Soup, for instance. There's a soup that gives you tender chicken, golden egg noodles, and garden-ripened vegetables in a chicken-vegetable broth that's M'm! Delicious!

Have a different soup for lunch every single day, why don't you. It's easy to do. There are 21 kinds of Campbell's!

Campbell's Soups are made from a wide variety of good foods —meats, fish, poultry, vegetables, cereals, and dairy products. Soups belong on your daily diet, because soups taste so good, are so good for you.

Once a day... every day... enjoy *Campbell's Soup*

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Don't get stuck, get B.F.Goodrich Trailmakers. Oversize tread (none wider!) walks sure-footed up snow-clogged grades, stops quicker on ice. Quiet, too! Yet they now cost no more than regular tires. Get Trailmaker Smileage—2 tires only $2 down!

See your B.F.Goodrich Smileage dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages. The B.F.Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio

B.F.Goodrich *Trailmaker tires*

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NOW SHOWING OLD TIME MELODRAMA
SHOW NIGHTLY 8:30 GA 1-8675
TONIGHT LITTLE NELL IS STILL ALIVE
HISS THE VILLAIN
CHEER THE HERO

Capt. Bill Menke, who once toured towns from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, in front of his venerable *Goldenrod* at its permanent mooring in St. Louis.

The Last Showboat

A survivor of one of the most picturesque eras in show business is the *Goldenrod,* which still plays the rousing, teary melodramas of yesterday to enthusiastic audiences the year round.

By JAMES A. MAXWELL

In a scene from *Little Nell Is Still Alive*, the villain (Bob Winters) casts his evil spell upon the heroine (Emmy Gardiner).

Capt. J. W. (Bill) Menke, of the showboat *Goldenrod*, once performed a feat surpassing even that of the fabled Dutch boy who plugged the hole in the dike with his finger. In 1925 on the Bayou Teche in Louisiana, another of Menke's showboats, the *New Sensation*, struck a submerged piling. A hole as big as a barrel was punched in the hull. The captain realized that sinking was inevitable unless drastic measures were taken, and he took them. He hastily wrapped himself in blankets and jumped feet first into the gap. Fortunately, he is a man of considerable girth, and he fitted the opening as snugly as a stopper in a sink.

While a leakproof box was being built around the man-filled hole to a height above the water line—a task which took several hours—crew members kept the captain reasonably comfortable with nourishing draughts of bourbon and hot coffee. Thus was the *New Sensation* saved to continue its mission of bringing floating culture to the hinterlands. (Continued on Page 61)

Part of the cast backstage after a performance: in foreground, Emmy Gardiner and Dick Critchfield. At rear (from left) director Vida Fletcher, Bob Winters, Bill Rowley and Carl Traynor.

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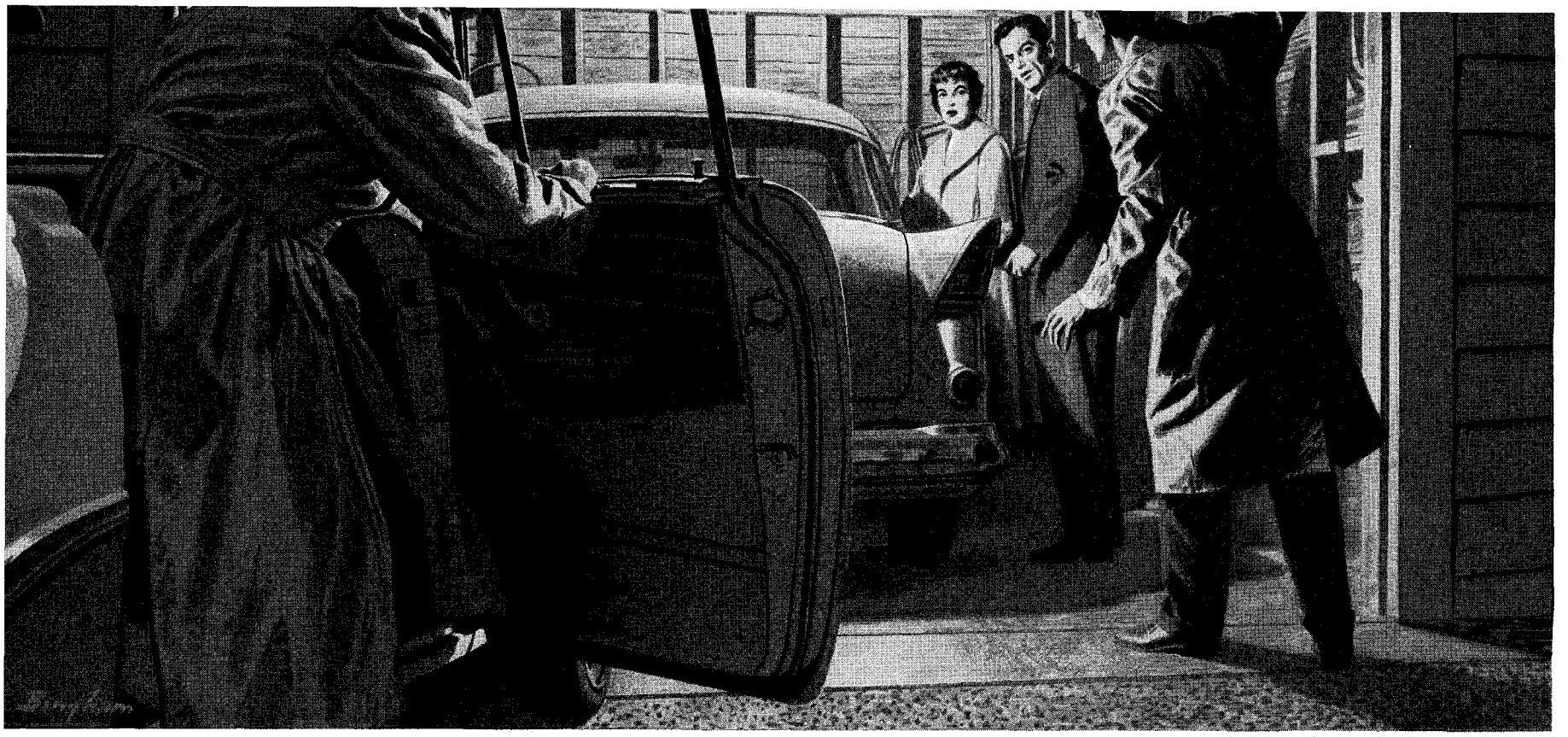

"Well, well," Lieutenant Tragg said, "we seem to have stumbled on something of a jack pot."

The Case of THE WAYLAID WOLF

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Mason took a terrible risk—and was caught in the act.

"You're covering up, both of you!" Perry Mason snapped.

Searching for evidence to absolve Arlene Ferris of the murder of Loring Lamont, Perry went to see Edith Bristol, private secretary to wealthy Jarvis P. Lamont, the victim's father, and Office Manager George Albert. Under pressure, Albert disclosed that both Arlene and her friend Madge Elwood had been given jobs at Loring's request.

At the preliminary hearing Perry questioned Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide about the cryptic initials "O.K." that had been found on a check stub at the scene of the crime and also about the victim's clothing, which bore no signs of the chase through the woods that Arlene described. Perry also wanted to cross-examine Peter Lyons, the police officer who ticketed Lamont's car after Arlene, in her escape from Loring, parked it near a fire hydrant. But the prosecution was stalling.

Next, when Madge Elwood failed to appear in court, Perry discovered she had disappeared from her apartment. Hurrying to Madge's bank, Perry hoped to find out who had financed her trip.

VII

After a moment the phone rang. The manager picked up the phone, gave his name and position and said, "I am inquiring about a check which was cashed this afternoon by Madge Elwood. The check is rather large and I would like to verify it."

The banker was silent, listening for a few minutes, then abruptly the look of worry left his face. He hung up the phone and smiled at Mason. "No, Mr. Mason," he said, "the check was quite all right, so there's nothing for either of us to worry about. I talked with the personal secretary of the man who signed the check, and it's good as gold. She knows all about it."

"Thanks a lot," Mason said, shaking hands. "I'm sorry I bothered you and, under the circumstances, I'd appreciate it if you didn't mention this to anyone."

"Indeed I won't," the banker said as he escorted them to the door of his office.

Outside in the street Della Street and Perry Mason exchanged glances. "Well," Mason said, as he walked back to the place where he had parked his car, "the plot begins to thicken."

"I'll say it thickens," Della Street said. "That double-crossing Edith Bristol! She knew all along about that check, and—but why was it given?" (Continued on Page 69)

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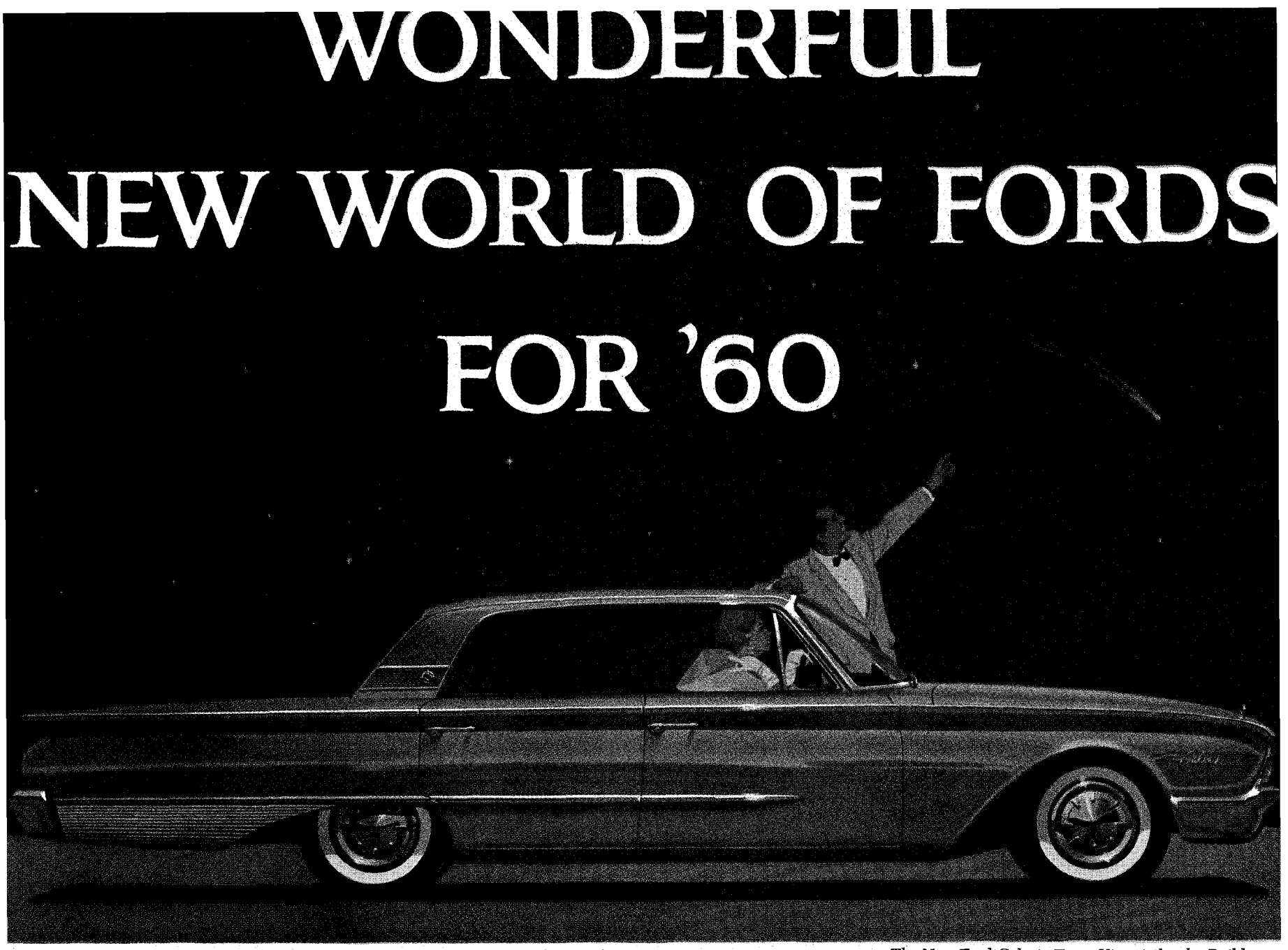
WONDERFUL NEW WORLD OF FORDS FOR '60



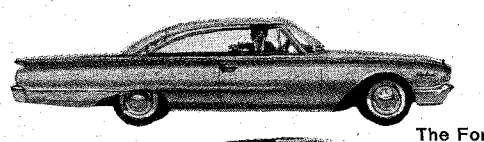
The New Ford Galaxie Town Victoria by the Builder of the World's Most Beautifully Proportioned Cars

In 1960, for the first time in history, your Ford Dealer presents, not one, not two, but *three new lines* of Ford cars...The new 1960 Fords—*Finest Fords of a Lifetime, from any Point of View, from every Point of Value*...The new Falcon—*the New-Size Ford, easiest car in the world to own*...The new 1960 Thunderbird—*the World's Most Wanted Car.*

Here's something for everybody—a wonderful world of choice in which beauty, economy and comfort reign supreme! The Finest Fords of a Lifetime—the luxurious Galaxies, the dashing new Starliner and Sunliner, the value-packed Fairlanes, a new world of Ford Station Wagon Living—all combine to offer you 15 glittering variations on the world's newest, most elegant styling theme. And this wonderful harmony of design is reflected in the performance of these Finest Fords; exciting new Thunderbird V-8 engines achieve a new balance of blazing power and superb economy.

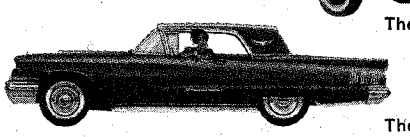
The Falcon is a New-size Ford for the American Road and the world's most experienced new car. Sized to handle and park like a "small" car, powered to pass, climb and travel like a "big" car, it's built like no other car to save you money.

The 1960 Thunderbird—a glittering refinement of America's favorite fine car—is the only car of its charm in the world.



The Ford Starliner

The new Ford Falcon



The 1960 Thunderbird

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

FORD—*The Finest Fords of a Lifetime* FALCON—*The New-Size Ford* THUNDERBIRD—*The World's Most Wanted Car*

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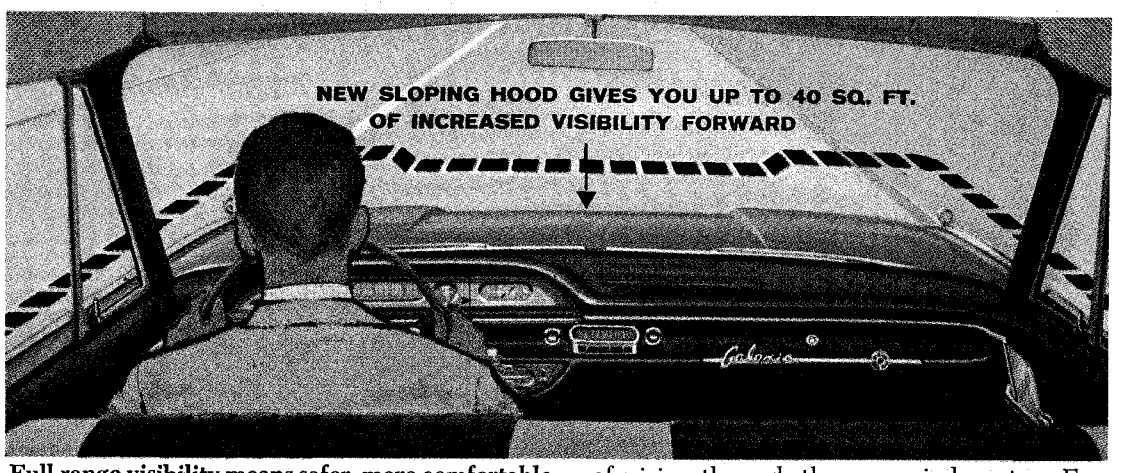
Easier to get in and out! No projecting dog-legs! Windshield posts sweep forward out of the way for easy entry and exit.



Full-range visibility means safer, more comfortable driving. There's 31% more windshield glass area and a gracefully sloping hood to give the most commanding view of the road. There's a wider angle of vision through the rear window, too. Ford's greater glass area all around means greater, safer visibility . . . it's not overhead where it causes passenger discomfort from sun glare and heat.

A wonderful new world of elegance

Beautiful from any *Point of View* . . . Worth more from every *Point of Value* . .

The 1960 Fords bring you a new Viewpoint in Styling. Here is a refined, restrained new kind of styling elegance that is so very reminiscent of the fabulous Thunderbird. Classic, sculptured lines are united into a flowing harmony in steel.

Gracefully sloping hood, sweeping side contours, Thunderbird roofline, airy picture windows . . . every beautiful proportion proclaims the new spirit in advanced automotive design.

Ford, for 1960, presents a new Viewpoint on Comfort. The ri new Ford interiors give the driver and his passengers the ki of room that is the mark of the true luxury car. Here's shoulc room, leg room, headroom, hip room and hat room to spa And Ford's greatly increased glass area is placed where it ac wonderful new visibility . . . not overhead where it would in the sun's glare and heat.

The new Ford Starliner, with its racy roofline and optional Thunderbird 352 Special V-8, is one of the most distinctive, liveliest cars on the American Road. And it gives you luxurious 6-passenger comfort!

See "FORD STARTIME" in living color Tuesdays on NBC

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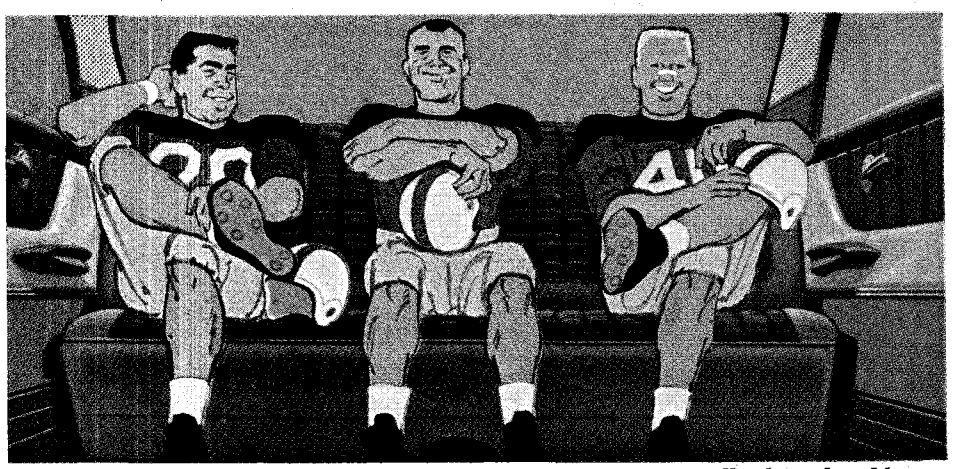
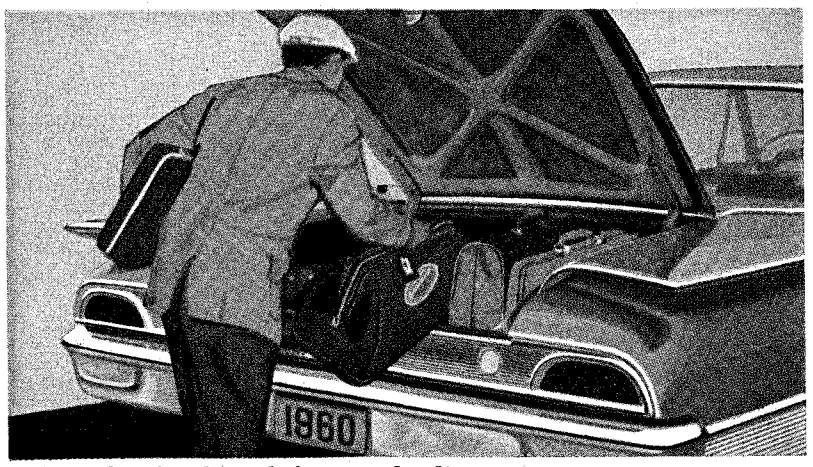


ll-width comfort! Greater shoulder, hip l leg room. Ford's built-for-people design ngs you *full* room for six in the finest ıousine tradition. Chair-high seats are posture-perfect, specially shaped and beautifully, lastingly upholstered. And even the man-in-the-middle, front seat or rear, has plenty of stretch-out room.



Roomy, low-level trunk for easy loading. Ford's big trunk is extra easy to load and unload. Its low-lift opening is only 27" from the ground (just over "knee-high").

..and built-for-people comfort

'HESE ARE THE FINEST FORDS OF A LIFETIME

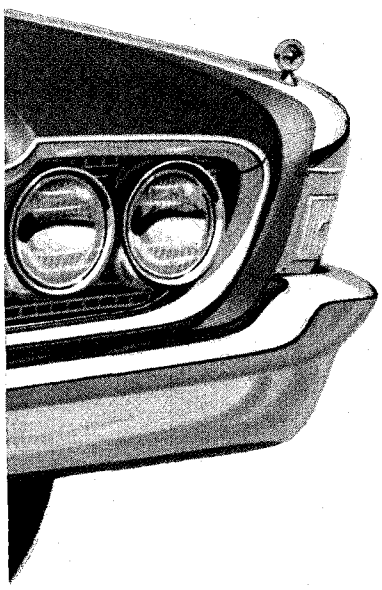
ınd leave it to the world's most experienced builder of V-8's ɔ blaze the way in power. Ford's new Thunderbird V-8's pen up an exciting new world of smooth, quiet, economical ction. They're built by Ford engine specialists, the world's ıaster builders of modern, short-stroke, deep-block V-8's. Both tandard Ford engines—Thunderbird 292 V-8 and Mileage Maker Six—perform beautifully on regular gasoline.

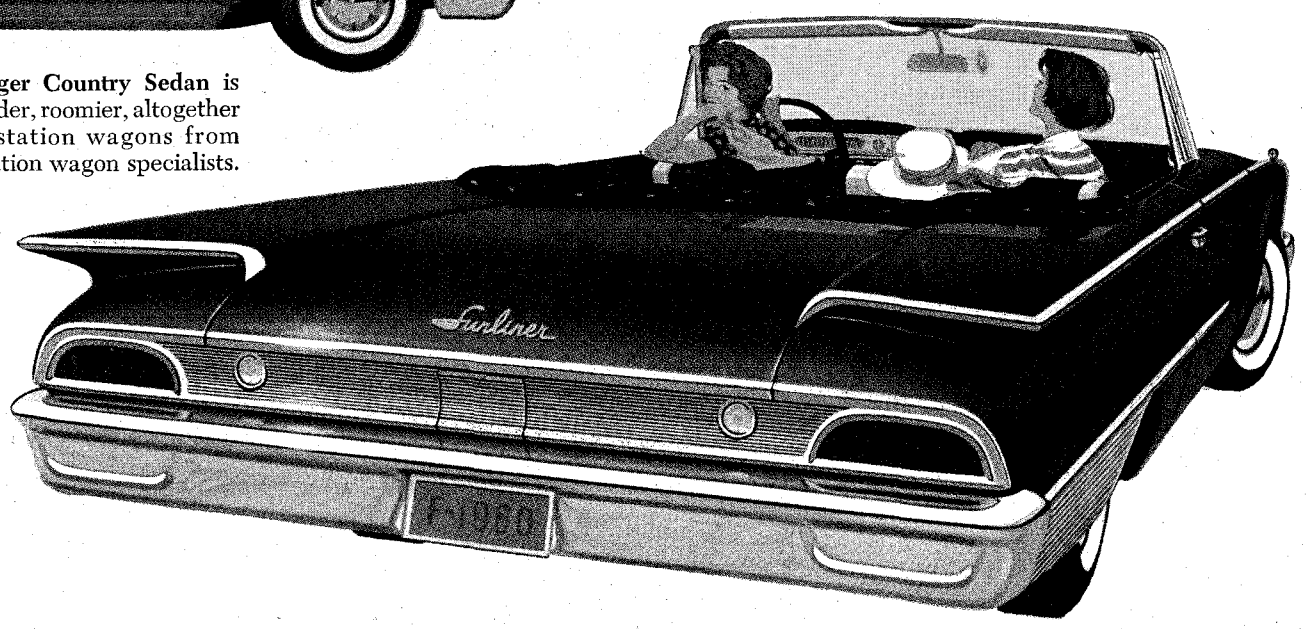
Economy is one of Ford's biggest value points. You *start* saving with the low Ford price. New truck-size brakes last longer. Fords go 4000 miles without oil changes, have standard, double-life aluminized mufflers, and a finish that needs no waxing.

Let your Ford dealer introduce you to the beautifully proportioned, beautifully economical 1960 Fords today.

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

The new 9-passenger Country Sedan is one of 5 all-new, wider, roomier, altogether wonderful 1960 station wagons from Ford, America's station wagon specialists.





'60 FORDS

The new 1960 Ford Sunliner is the exciting new concept in sport-loving, lively living cars . . . combining sizzling performance with rakish style lines for a new world of sunshine elegance.

FORD—*The Finest Fords of a Lifetime* FALCON—*The New-Size Ford* THUNDERBIRD—*The World's Most Wanted Car*

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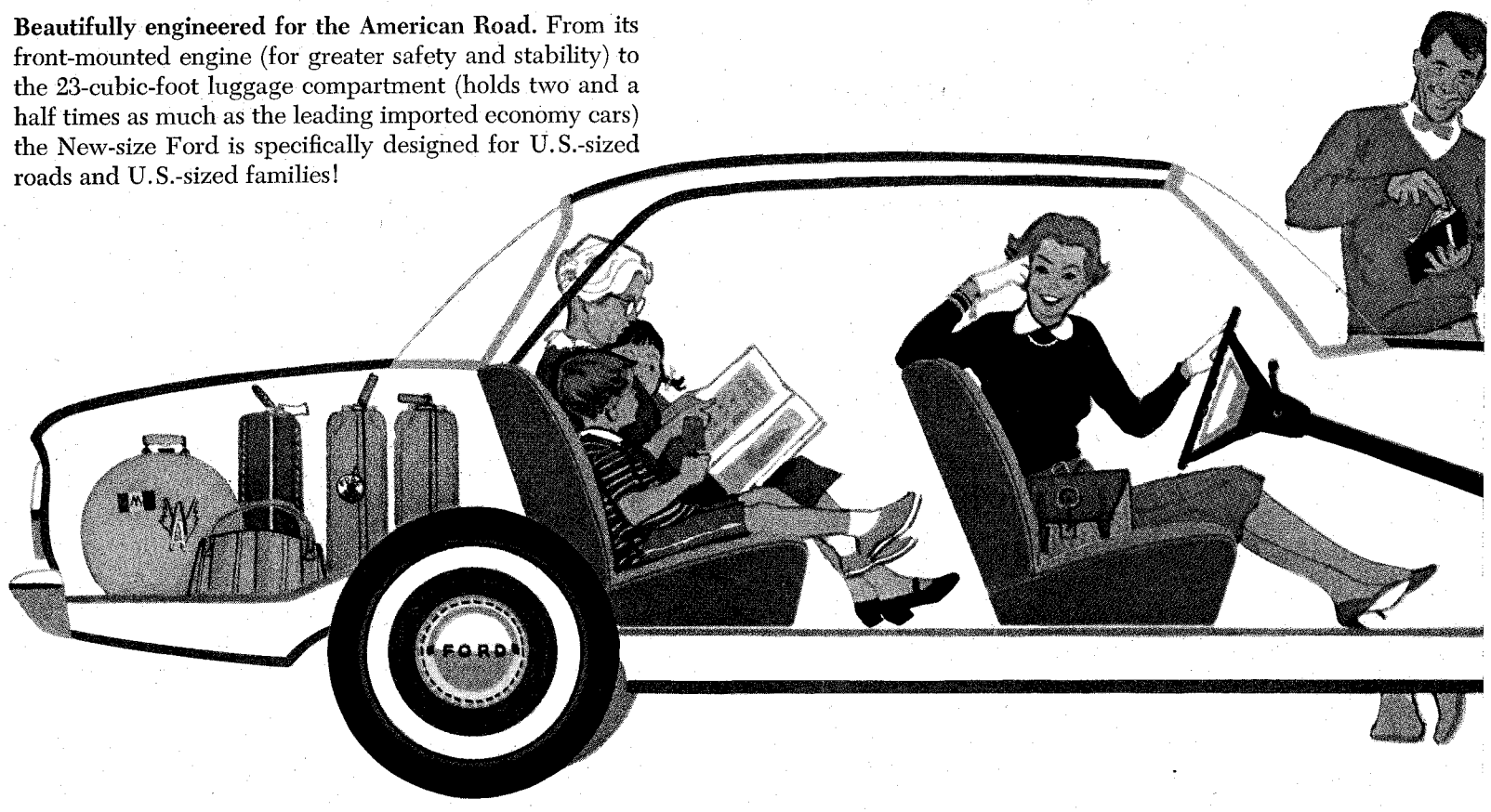
Beautifully engineered for the American Road. From its front-mounted engine (for greater safety and stability) to the 23-cubic-foot luggage compartment (holds two and a half times as much as the leading imported economy cars) the New-size Ford is specifically designed for U.S.-sized roads and U.S.-sized families!



A wonderful new world of savings ir

Easiest car in the world to own. The new Ford Falcon is that easy on the wallet . . . that easy to drive . . . and that easy to look at. Here's the one new-sized car with beautifully proportioned Ford styling *and* proven six-passenger comfort, proven gasoline and oil economy, proven performance and handling, and proven ability to meet all U.S.A. driving needs.

FORD—*The Finest Fords of a Lifetime* FALCON—*The New-Size Ford* THUNDERBIRD—*The World's Most Wanted*

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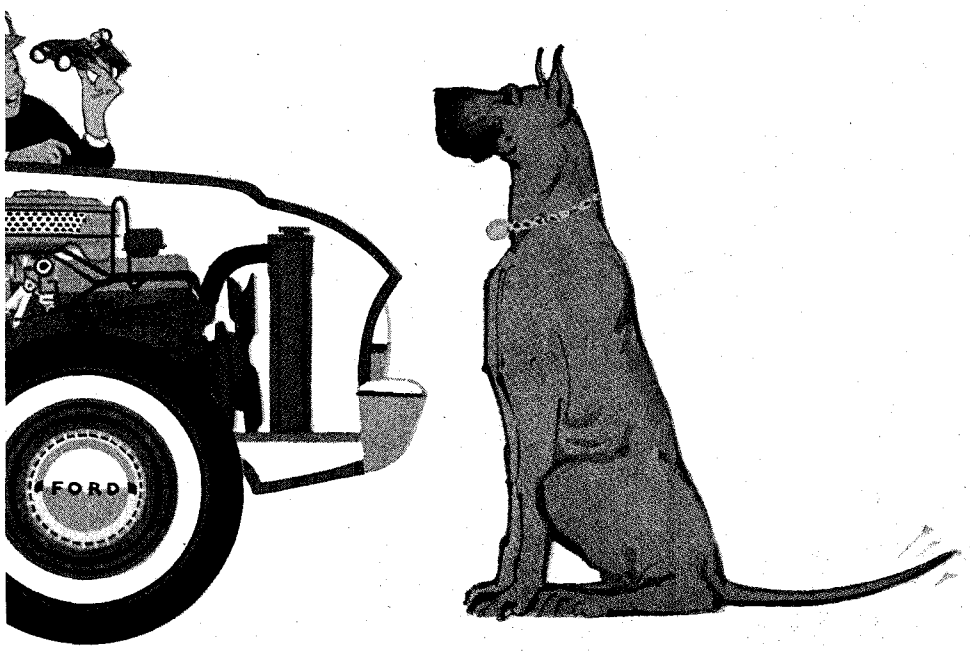

he New-size FORD

The world's most experienced new car. After 3 years and 3 million miles of testing and development, the New-size Ford gave an amazing demonstration of its quality and fitness in exhaustive road tests over every last mile of numbered U.S. Federal Highway.

Up to 30 miles a gallon on regular gas. Experience Run, U.S.A., *proved* the Ford Falcon gives you amazing performance and exceptional mileage on *regular* gas! It went cross-country without adding oil, too.

Honest-to-goodness six-passenger comfort. Not four, not five, but *six* big people fit just fine in the New-size Ford. The compact Falcon is a nimble, handy size outside . . . has full-size six-passenger room inside.

The big news is in the price tag. For all its big-car comfort, luxury-car styling, American-car power and safety, the Falcon delivers for *less* than many imported economy cars. The Falcon is in a price class and a value class all by itself. And it handles and performs so magically you can forget about expensive extra-cost power options! You simply don't need power brakes and power steering in the easygoing Ford Falcon.

New 6-cylinder engine . . . up front for greater safety and stability. Here's an all-new, six-cylinder engine specifically designed to give the Falcon powerhouse performance over America's modern superhighways or the most rugged country roads.

Beautifully proportioned styling. Created in the classic tradition of Ford fine-car design! Crisp, clean-cut, uniquely beautiful, the Falcon swoops over the American road with an elegant ease that leaves old-fashioned designs far behind.

Made in U.S.A. . . . serviced everywhere. The Falcon is a product of Dearborn, Michigan, automotive capital of the world. It's engineered for maximum durability, minimum maintenance, and for easier, quicker, lower cost servicing. And over 7,000 Ford Dealers across the country offer complete Falcon service.

FORD BUILDS THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED CARS

See "FORD STARTIME" in living color Tuesdays on NBC

THE NEW 1960 *Ford Falcon*

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

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$10,000 makes a big splash

(BUT A PRETTY SMALL TRICKLE)

You're off to a good start towards taking care of your family if you have $10,000 worth of life insurance.

But how much does that $10,000 amount to when it's called on to stretch across, say, 15 years? Less than $70 a month . . . that's all!

Fortunately, Travelers' new More-for-Less discount system makes it easier than ever for you to build the solid, adequate program you want—and need—for your family.

ALTHOUGH THE AVERAGE U.S. family owns less than $10,000 of life insurance, surveys tell us most men think they have enough. Have you enough—*really?*

Talk it over with your wife. How much money would she need to meet monthly bills, to see the children through school, to live independently?

Write down your Social Security benefits. Add your life insurance benefits *in terms of monthly income.* How much of a gap remains between what you have and what you need?

Then call in your Travelers agent or broker and let him show you just how The Travelers More-for-Less discounts work—how you can buy exactly the amount of insurance you need and enjoy a maximum discount on every single dollar's worth over $2,500.

You'll find that there's never been a better time than right now to bring your life insurance program in line with today's *cost* of living and the *standard* of living you want for your family.

See your local Travelers agent for all the details. You will find him listed under the "Insurance" section in the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory—or, simply fill out the coupon below.

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Please send me your booklet explaining the "More-for-Less" discount plan. I understand there is no obligation.

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The Last Showboat (Continued from Page 53)

In one way or another, Bill Menke has been saving showboats for well over half a century. The *Goldenrod*, which he now operates, is the last professional, year-round showboat in the nation. From time to time, drama departments of various colleges rent boats, but these groups play only during the summer. The *Goldenrod* has performances every night in the week from about April through October and, during the remainder of the year, from Thursday through Sunday.

Unhappily for the great showboat tradition, even the *Goldenrod* no longer cruises up and down the rivers of the Mississippi Valley. In 1937 she tied up at the foot of Locust Street in St. Louis, ostensibly for a two weeks' stay. Twenty-two years later she is still there.

St. Louisans, it seems, became deeply enamored of the *Goldenrod* when she first docked at the city in those mid-depression days, and their affection has been great ever since. Captain Menke saw no reason for depriving these paying customers of his art form, and somehow, he never quite got around to casting off again. Today, the showboat is as much a part of St. Louis as Shaw's Garden. In addition to local patronage, few conventions now come to town without scheduling at least one visit to the *Goldenrod*.

Captain Menke admits that he occasionally becomes nostalgic for the days when he played all the towns from Pittsburgh to Cairo up to Minneapolis and down to New Orleans. "But a man gets lazy," he says, "and besides I can make more money buying and selling boats here in St. Louis." The captain, who was once a horse-trader in his salad days, has lost none of his professional guile. An expert craftsman, he buys used boats, puts them in good repair and then sells them for a handsome profit.

The captain's use of the word "lazy," however, would not have general acceptance. At age eighty, he is white-haired, rotund and hearty and he has the vigor of a man half his years. He still shovels coal, shoves heavy pieces of machinery around with the ease of a powerful, young deck hand and has a workday that is usually sixteen hours long.

On the first day I visited him, I asked to use his telephone and started to look for the number in the book. Unfortunately, I had forgotten my glasses, and the listings were nothing more than a gray blur. "Let me give you a hand," the captain said as he took the book. Then without glasses—this near-octogenarian doesn't even own a pair—he easily found the number for me.

The captain is no repressed actor, director or specialty performer. In his fifty-some years on showboats he has never appeared on stage. For him, the most rewarding drama is played at the box office when the customer exchanges legal tender for a ticket. The tab is a modest seventy-five cents, which yields an average weekly gross around $500 in the winter months, and at least $2000 the rest of the year. The captain, while deeply attached to river life, does not maintain the *Goldenrod* for sentiment. The boat, he insists, must show a profit each year.

When the show begins, the captain seats himself in the back of the house, where he keeps a benign but watchful eye on his actors and audience. If a Thespian begins to show boredom with a part or elects to increase the ham content of the performance unduly—a moderate amount of "ham" acting is deliberately included during rehearsals—the captain is likely to administer a keel-hauling.

He is also ready to spring into action when he feels that the audience is getting out of hand. Moderate responsiveness and even participation on the part of the customers is not only tolerated but encouraged. A "Hiss the Villain" sign greets the patron as he comes aboard. Such melodramas as *The Drunkard*, *The Convict's Daughter*, *East Lynne*, *Ten Nights in a Bar Room* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* are standard in the *Goldenrod's* repertoire—the bill is changed about every three weeks—and the patrons find great joy in booing the scoundrels, cheering the heroes, shouting warning cries to endangered ingénues and engaging in brief bouts of repartee with the actors.

From time to time, however, a party will come to the show after, perhaps, an overlong cocktail hour, or a group of highly charged college students will arrive, and then a brief period of chaos may result. The period is always brief because the amiable, cheerful Captain Menke suddenly becomes transformed into a cold, forbidding, righteously angry Captain Bligh as he strides down the aisle to quiet the offenders. Only rarely is a second warning necessary.

One result of the new superhighways is wider traffic jams.

HUGH BURR

Youngstown Kitchens New Stain-Resistant Laminate Revolutionizes Kitchens

When the world's largest kitchen manufacturer decides to take a fresh look at today's kitchen equipment, something BIG is bound to happen... and it has!

Wood's Style or Steel's Cleanness?

Home furnishings editors and consumer polls told Youngstown Kitchens that women preferred the living room look of wood in their kitchens yet they discovered that today's homemakers have graduated from the old-fashioned wood kitchen. Women had learned about durable easy-to-clean steel and loved it, too. They knew that kitchen steam caused wood cabinets to warp, swell and splinter. Modern standards of cleanliness would not permit the damp shelf corners that were almost impossible to keep clean and that could harbor vermin and lingering odors. Also, wood could be easily stained with ordinary kitchen spills, grease and food acids.

Modern Science Solves Kitchen Problems

Youngstown Kitchens, always a style leader, decided to give women the living room look they wanted with none of wood's disadvantages. After intensive research, their design laboratories developed a kitchen using a new polyester laminate that is highly resistant to wear, impervious to stains, odors, and food acids.

New Laminate Material Amazes Women!

Fashioned in doors and fronts on Youngstown Kitchens famous steel cabinets, the new laminate was presented this spring in two new woodgrain styles in the "Woodcharm" line. Women saw it, felt it, and still couldn't tell the laminate from wood. To their amazement they learned this wonderful new material would resist mars and stains! Lipstick and children's crayons would wipe right off...alcohol or fruit juice left no mark...warping and swelling were a thing of the past...and this amazing new surface polished itself as they washed it clean with soap and water! Wood was never like this!

Other Kitchen Advances

This new "Woodcharm" kitchen material is just one of the many revolutionary advances that Youngstown Kitchens has brought to modern kitchens. Developed through creative engineering, these new "Woodcharm" kitchens present the largest variety of kitchen components available in the market today, with finest wood styling on Youngstown's famous steel storage cabinets...as easy to keep clean and sanitary as a porcelain dish.

No Remodeling Headaches

It is no wonder that thousands of homemakers flock to Youngstown Kitchens Remodeling Centers all over the nation, where trained Youngstown Kitchens experts save them money, time and problems. Youngstown Kitchens offers free kitchen plans and complete services that take all remodeling worries off your hands. In these centers everything required for a modern kitchen is available...from food waste disposers to dishwashers and cabinets of every size and shape, plus sinks, wall ovens and built-in cooking units. Easy payment terms are so readily arranged, it's surprising every home in the land doesn't have a new "Woodcharm" kitchen by Youngstown Kitchens. Prices for complete kitchens start as low as $275.00.

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YOUNGSTOWN KITCHENS DIVISION

American-Standard, Youngstown Kitchens Div.
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Please send me samples of your amazing new stain-resistant laminate in Honeywood for my kitchen.

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There was an evening last year, however, when a visiting university football team came to the *Goldenrod* and created more dialogue and action in the audience than on the stage. The captain made two trips to the section where the young athletes were seated, but he was only temporarily effective.

"The third time I went with him," a member of the crew told me with a certain awe in his voice, "I was only along for moral support because I had no desire to tangle with a whole football team. But the captain wasn't impressed. That white-haired old goat glared at those kids and said that if they didn't behave themselves, he was going to drag them out of their seats one at a time and toss them in the river. So help me, there wasn't a peep out of them for the rest of the show."

"Never had to call a cop in all the years I've been on showboats," the captain says complacently.

W. R. Markle, the original owner of the *Goldenrod*, would undoubtedly be shocked by the jocular attitude of the present-day showboat audience. In the early days of this century, when the *Goldenrod* was built, showboats were at the peak of their popularity and prosperity. To the river towns on the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, the distant sound of the calliope was as meaningful and exciting as the tinkling bell of the ice-cream vendor on a summer night.

For most of these small communities, the showboat was the only kind of theatrical entertainment they had. The bright lights, the band, the singing and dancing, the simple melodramas in which virtue is always rewarded and evil punished had a special kind of magic. Showboat owners competed for this rich market by building bigger and more ornate floating theaters and by presenting increasingly elaborate productions.

At the height of this auspicious era, in 1909, Markle launched the *Goldenrod*, the largest showboat ever constructed. Her hull was 200 by forty-five feet. Seating capacity was 1400. There were boxes draped with velours for the gentry, the seats were covered with red plush and the floor expensively carpeted. The stage was large for a showboat, and the lighting equipment was the latest and best. There were two decks, the upper one used to house the cast.

The *Goldenrod*, since Menke bought her in 1922, has not changed much. The five-man crew and one member of the cast of ten live on the upper deck. He has reduced the number of seats inside to slightly less than 1000. Her flat-bottom, scowlike wooden hull, typical of shallow-draft river boats, was encased in steel a few years ago. Menke bought an oil barge a few feet longer and wider than the *Goldenrod* and cut the sides down to fit the hull of the showboat, and then lowered her down the ways into her new metal skin.

The decline of the showboats began in the 1920's. By then motion-picture houses were going up in even the smallest towns, radio was supplying supplementary entertainment, and automobiles were making the theatrical attractions in large cities easily available.

Inevitably there was a change in public taste. Audiences were becoming more sophisticated, and the simple dramas, which were the staple fare of showboats, began evoking laughter instead of tears. Capt. Billy Bryant, a veteran of the boats and a canny showman, was the first to recognize the new attitude and to capitalize on it.

Bryant continued to produce the old melodramas, but now they were burlesqued. Villains sneered, twirled their waxed mustaches and leered at the virginal heroines with the rapacity of hungry wolves in a sheepcote. Heroes became impossibly heroic and elderly widows, about to be dispossessed by arrogant bankers, wrung their hands piteously. This became the standard method of playing on the river. Both audience and actors joined in the derision.

Although the present cast of the *Goldenrod* has grown accustomed to the mock hisses and cheers of the audience, the younger actors, at least, sometimes become wistful for plays which would be treated seriously on both sides of the footlights.

Bill Rowley, for example, a thoughtful young man in his late twenties, was once a student of the Stanislavsky method of acting at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theater in New York. On the *Goldenrod*, Bill is usually the "blue-shirt lead," the kind of role—nice young man who doesn't get the girl—which Ralph Bellamy played in the movies for years. Bill also sings comedy songs between acts. He confesses to a vague yearning to do something by Tennessee Williams or Arthur Miller. "But I have a wife and three kids," he says, "and the uncertainty of New York show business isn't for me. Anyway, not right now," he adds dreamily.

Emmy Gardiner, the attractive, dark-haired, blue-eyed ingénue; Joe Gyaki, leading man and character actor; Carl Traynor, who also plays character parts; and Robert Winters, the handsome leading man—all take their jobs and the theater itself with intense seriousness and have a New York-Hollywood glint in their eyes.

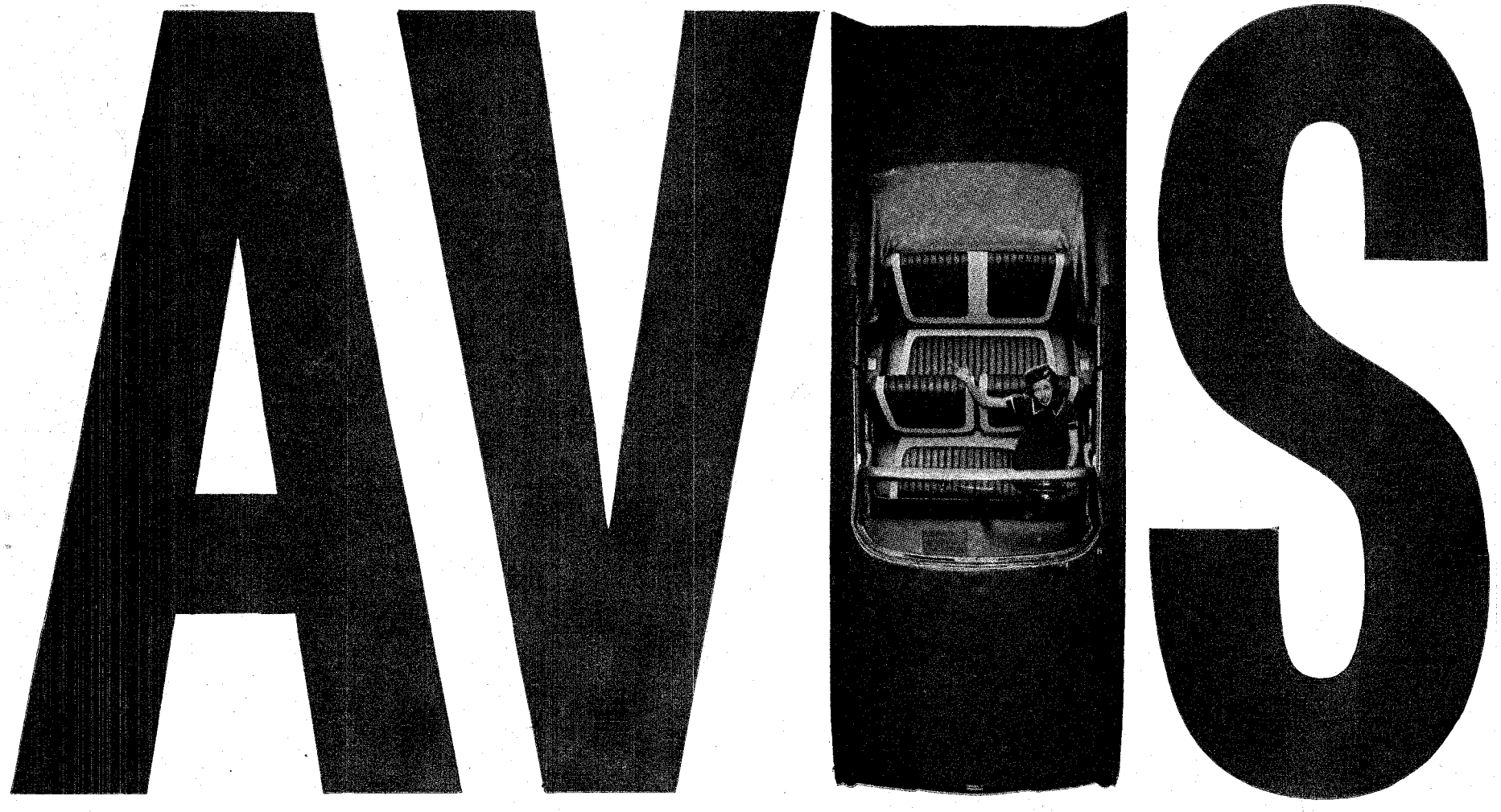
On the other hand, Blanche Forbes, a character actress and between-acts violinist, and Vida Fletcher, who doubles as director and actress, seem to be quite happy to make the showboat a career in itself. They are veterans of either Chautauqua tent shows or stock companies and have been with the *Goldenrod* for more than twenty years.

There is no doubt that the *Goldenrod* has been an excellent school for a number of performers. Among the graduates are Red Skelton, who worked for Captain Menke for several years during the early stages of his career, and Kathy Nolan, the pretty Wendy in Mary Martin's production of *Peter Pan*. Kathy has since made several pictures and is presently costarring with Walter Brennan in the television series *The Real McCoys*.

Charles Hohman, who replaced Andy Griffith as the lead in the Broadway company of *No Time for Sergeants* when the latter went to Hollywood to make the screen version of the play, was with the *Goldenrod* for nearly four years before heading East. John Anderson, who has played in a number of Broadway shows, including *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, also received his professional start on the *Goldenrod*, as did Jack Fletcher, who is currently appearing in the road company of *My Fair Lady*.

The available list of former *Goldenrod* performers who have become successful in various branches of show business is both long and impressive, but, unfortunately for the historian, Captain Menke has a casual attitude toward records, and the names of most of the actors who played on the boat in the early days have been long forgotten.

When the captain reminisces about actors, he is likely to recall some mime who played a part in one of the crises which seem to be endemic to showboats. "We had this leading man sometime back in the 'Twenties, I guess it was," the captain said. "He was a big, good-looking guy and not a bad actor, but he couldn't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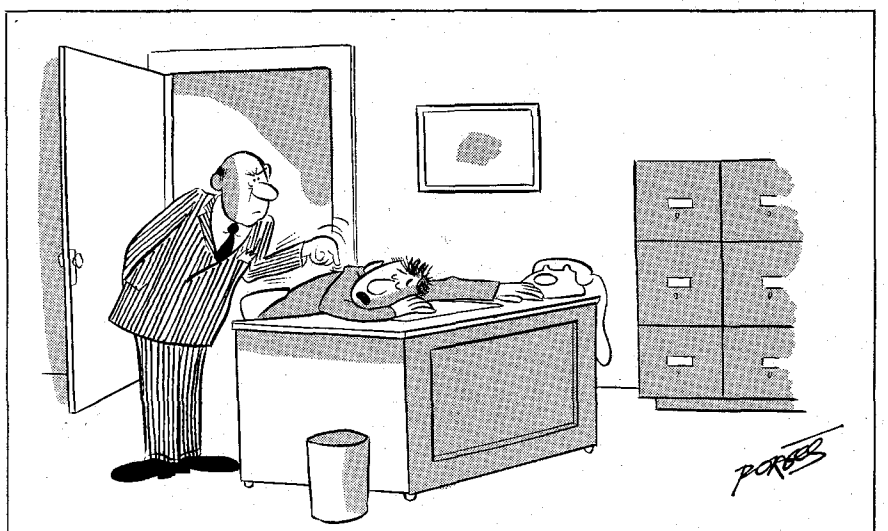
let the bottle alone. Until this one time, he always made the show, though.

"But on this Saturday night I'm telling you about, we had a packed house—not an empty seat. It gets to be fifteen minutes before curtain time and no leading man. He was up in town somewheres. I was tearing my hair and then, about five minutes later, a couple of guys carry him aboard. He's out cold.

"I kind of died at the thought of giving all that money back, but none of the other actors was up in the part and I didn't know what else to do. Just then the candy butcher—the fellow who sold chocolate bars between acts—came up to me and said, 'I've been listening to that big hambone do that part so many times that I know every line and every piece of business. How about letting me do it?' Well, there wasn't anything else to do, so we got him into costume and let him go on. He didn't blow a line during the whole performance.

"The next night the leading man was plastered again, so I tossed him and his stuff on the wharf. The candy butcher became our regular male lead and stayed with us for two or three years, until he finally went off to Broadway or Hollywood or someplace. Can't think of his name for the life of me."

Sometimes, of course, the reverse of the movie cliché takes place on a showboat. Charles Brusle Melancon came aboard one of Captain Menke's boats back in 1918 and became the most famous female impersonator on the rivers. Brusle, as he's known up and down the Mississippi and its tributaries, tired of grease paint and footlights after several decades and asked the captain for another job. Because Brusle is a Cajun and therefore was theoretically familiar with Creole cooking, he was placed in charge of the kitchen. He's still the cook.



". . . just soft-boiled eggs, dear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Unfortunately I can't report on how well he does with his native dishes. On the one occasion I had lunch on the *Goldenrod*, we were served scrapple, an entree usually associated with Pennsylvania rather than the Bayou country.

Bill Menke would require the memory of an electronic computer to recall the names of all the actors and performers he has known since that night in 1904 when he saw his first showboat performance in Cincinnati. He fell in love with showboats at once, and his constancy has been complete.

Bill was born in Cincinnati in 1880 and was reared and trained as a watchmaker. Somehow he never got around to visiting a showboat during this period. When he was twenty-two, he joined his brother Ben at a watch factory in Jersey City.

During Bill's second year at the plant, the brothers built a gasoline launch in their spare time, and for a while they made extra money on weekends by taking tourists on cruises around New York harbor.

The following year Ben and Bill quit their jobs, placed themselves and their boat on a train and went to Pittsburgh. Their craft took them from there down the river to Cincinnati, where the two had their introduction to the floating theater aboard *French's New Sensation*, a boat they were later to own. Both were enthralled.

The next day the brothers applied for jobs and were hired as advance men for the showboat. They loaded their own small launch with paste pots, brushes and advertisements and started out ahead of the *New Sensation*. "I guess at one time or another we plastered posters on every outhouse between Pittsburgh and New Orleans," Bill now says.

By 1911 Bill and Ben decided they were ready to retire from advertising and to become impresarios. They were joined by their younger brothers, Charley and Harry, also watchmakers, and the Menke quartet bought the *Sunny South* for $26,000, almost all of it borrowed money. Three years later the creditors closed in, and the brothers found themselves standing on the shore, with exactly ten dollars between them. Charley and Harry secured work at a nearby plant, and Bill and Ben returned to papering the sides of buildings for another showboat.

By 1917 the four Menke brothers had managed to save enough money to buy the *Greater New York*, a well-known boat on the river. Their triumph was short-lived, however. Five days after the purchase, the *Greater New York* and her towboat were sunk in a storm at Newburgh, Indiana. There was no insurance on either craft.

Charley and Harry sought solace in the Army—the United States had recently entered World War I—while Bill and Ben, with their few remaining dollars, managed to refloat the towboat. During the next several months they used her to push grain barges up and down the Ohio and to regain a degree of solvency.

Bill, who held a pilot's license until comparatively recently, found handling the barges child's play after his experience towing a showboat. Towing, on the river, means pushing from behind. And showboats, popular notions to the contrary, are not equipped with either paddle wheels or propellers. "The only showboat that ever had its own engine was that silly thing they had in the movie," says Captain Menke.

"A showboat is like a barge, but it has a superstructure of maybe forty feet and she only draws about a foot and a half of water. When you're in a wind, you

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have to be more sailor than steamboater. Going into a lock or around a curve when there's a cross-river wind, for instance, you have to think of the showboat as a mainsail and make allowance for side drift and quick changes of course. It's no job for a nervous man," he added reflectively.

It was 1918 when Bill and Ben—and Charley and Harry *in absentia*—bought the New Sensation, the boat that had started the Menkes' careers. The New Sensation was famous for its musical comedies, and the new owners continued to produce that type of show.

In addition to the principals in the cast, who doubled as singers, saw players, bell ringers, dancers and monologuists during the vaudeville part of the bill, there were a band and six highly decorative chorus girls. Bill Menke maintained a chaperonage over the young ladies which might have seemed severe in a Victorian finishing school. Dates with male patrons were strictly forbidden. If a girl was seen even talking with some admirer not with the company, she was immediately dismissed. Propriety was almost rigidly enforced within the organization.

"We were playing for family groups," the captain told me, "and I couldn't afford to have the word get around that we were bringing a lot of hussies to town. Show people are always under suspicion anyhow, but we gave the locals as little as possible to talk about."

By the time World War I ended, the New Sensation was making a handsome profit. When Harry and Charley were released from the Army, they became advance men for the boat on its tours up and down the Monongahela, Ohio, Kanawha, Illinois, Wabash, Tennessee and Mississippi rivers. By 1922 the Menkes could afford to buy the Golden Rod, and soon thereafter the Hollywood was added to their fleet. Now they had three showboats playing simultaneously.

But the river is always a dangerous associate which abhors placidity. In 1925 a snag off New Madrid, Missouri, ripped a seventy-foot-long gash in the hull of the New Sensation and she sank within three minutes. Fortunately no lives have ever been lost in the various Menke mishaps.

Three teams of divers were called in during the next few weeks and each said that the boat could not be raised. Bill Menke was not convinced. He dived down to look at the damage himself—the boat rested on the bottom in seven feet of water—and decided that repairs could be made. He, his brothers and several crew members, all without diving equipment, went down and, between trips to the surface for gasps of air, somehow managed to make temporary patch with one-inch flooring and bracing. Then pumps were put to work and the New Sensation again came to the surface to resume her mission.

A few years later the boat received a smaller wound from piling at Bayou Teche in Louisiana. This was the occasion when Captain Bill literally leaped into the breach and stemmed the waters until a less perishable device could be constructed.

The New Sensation, however, was not destined for a quiet death by dismantling. In 1931 she was totally wrecked by a severe storm while she was being repaired at Mound City, Illinois. Bill Menke happened to be on the Golden Rod at St. Louis at the time, and he received a wire which said, "Come at once. Sensation completely demolished by storm." The captain, long inured to the hazards of the river, wired back, "If she's completely demolished, what the hell can I do?"

The Hollywood also met an unhappy fate. In 1941, ice floes at Paducah, Kentucky, crushed her hull and she sank in the cold, muddy water of the Ohio. She was beyond reclaiming. The era of the showboat was almost over.

Today there are only Charley and the indestructible Bill Menke—Ben and Harry died several years ago—to carry on the showboat tradition. The remaining Menkes, however, are determined not to let their heritage die. When I was in St. Louis, Captain Bill was just completing the installation of a new automatic heating system on the Golden Rod. "I figure this will keep the customers comfortable for years to come," he said in the tone of an optimistic businessman explaining a capital-improvement program. "Can't afford to let a boat go to pot."

Although the Golden Rod remains completely functional, she has grown a little shabby with the years. The red drapes at the boxes are somewhat faded and threadbare, the carpets are worn and the brass railings have lost their ability to gleam. Age has made the stage slightly convex, and the sets and costumes are not likely to make the Theater Guild envious. Instead of a band in the pit to accompany the *entr'acte* vaudeville, there is only a piano played by Art Reir. The productions themselves are irreverent of the past.

Yet, somehow the Golden Rod manages to retain an astonishing amount of the spirit of the Mississippi Valley when it was young and vigorous and unabashedly naïve.

Actors, perhaps, are the most appreciative of this atmosphere, and few traveling companies come to St. Louis without visiting the boat. Paul Lukas, Maurice Evans, Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, Paul Muni and dozens of other stars have attended Golden Rod performances, and most of them return whenever they are near the city.

The late Gertrude Lawrence was especially fond of the boat, and on her last tour she gave a party on board for the Golden Rod cast. Sometime during the evening she discovered that the piano player knew all the songs she had once sung in the music halls of England. Together they gave a concert which lasted until dawn. "This is the loveliest place in the world to sing the old songs," she said happily as she left.

Capt. Bill Menke is conscious of the Golden Rod's position in the Americana of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, but he refuses to think of himself as the keeper of a quaint museum. He's still the captain of an operating showboat. Undoubtedly the last showboat will survive as long as he's around to plug any hole, real or figurative, which the Golden Rod may suffer. THE END

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Barney the bartender, out to build trade, sized up the fellow at the end of the bar as a good customer. So when he ordered a third time, Barney served him an extra drink free. The good customer turned out to be a plain-clothes policeman. He arrested Barney for violating a local liquor law against furnishing "free food or drink" at bars.

"You can't fine me for just serving one on the house," Barney protested. "Furthermore, that law is so vague that it is unconstitutional. It forbids giving away *any* drink. That could include a glass of water."

"Barney has tended bar long enough to know that the law refers to alcoholic drinks," the prosecutor replied. "He knew that he was doing exactly what the law forbids—inducing people to drink more by offering them free liquor."

If you were the judge, would you free or fine Barney?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Guilty, said the court. It added: "We think that the term 'drink,' in the ordinary parlance of users of liquor or beer, has another connotation than water, milk or soda pop. This case does not involve the act of giving away these harmless commodities."

Based upon a 1957 Minnesota decision.

YOU BE THE JUDGE is not intended as legal guidance. Laws vary from state to state. Anyone having a legal problem should consult an attorney.

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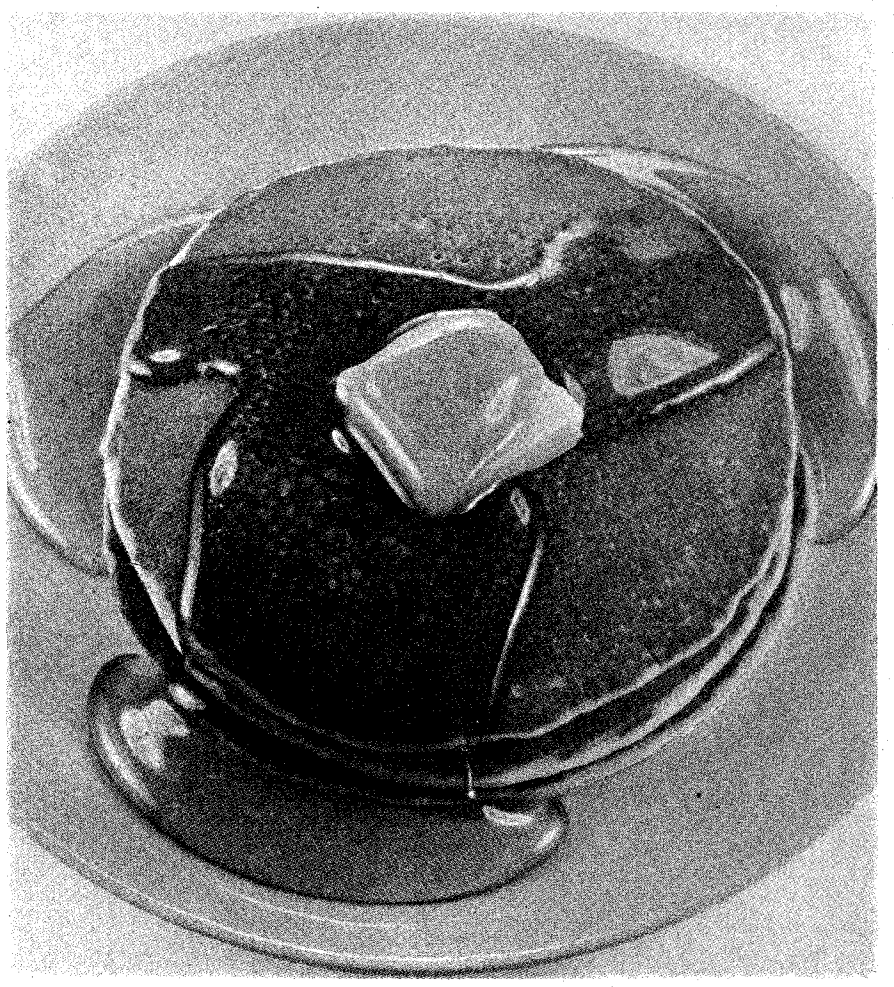

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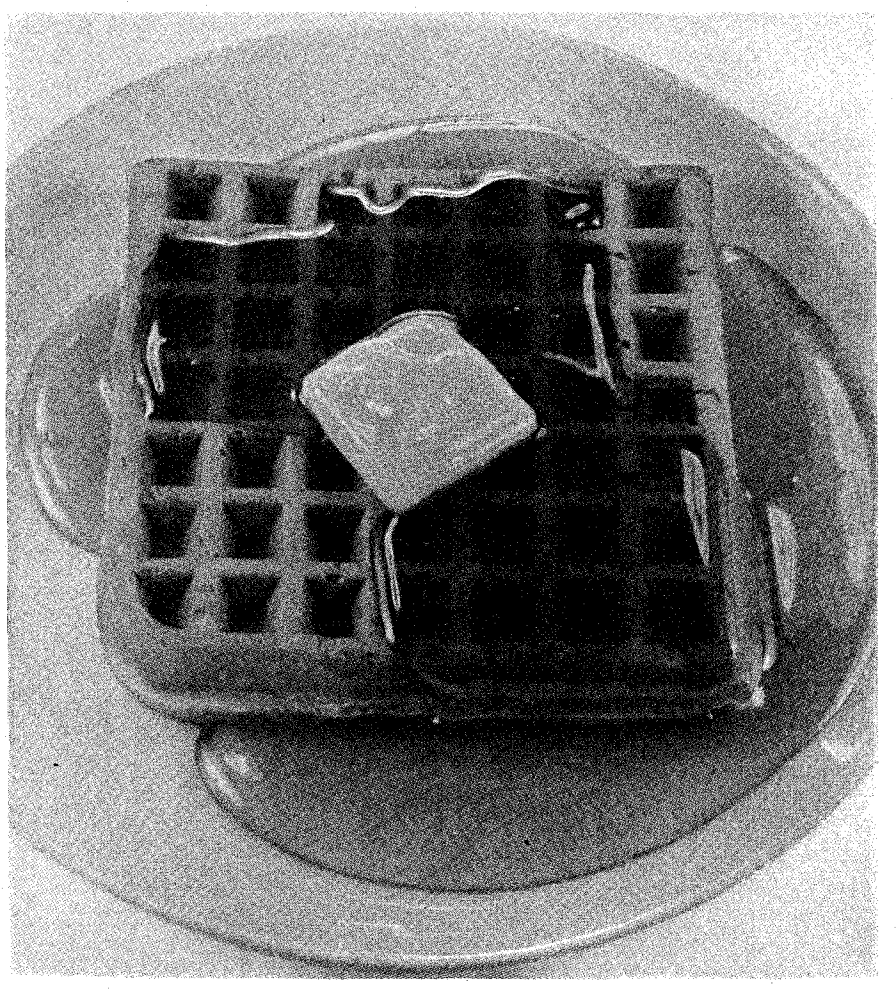

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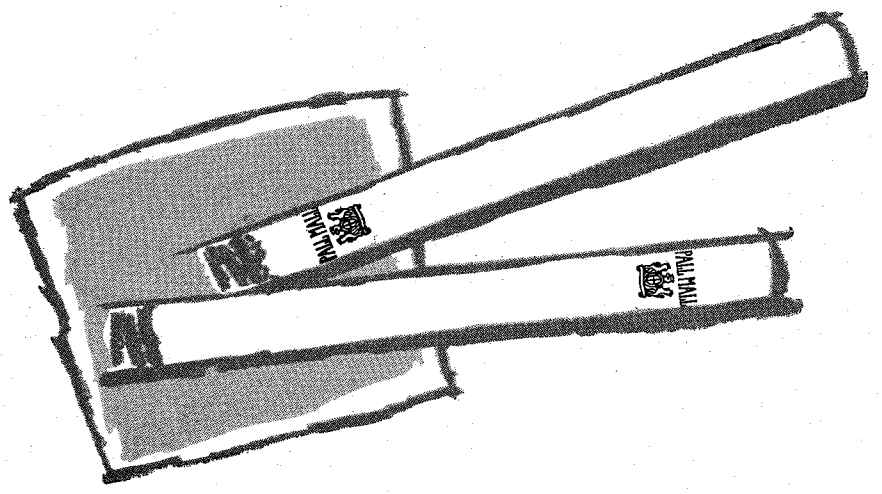

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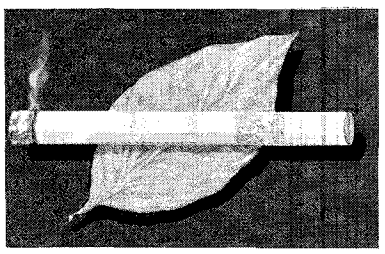
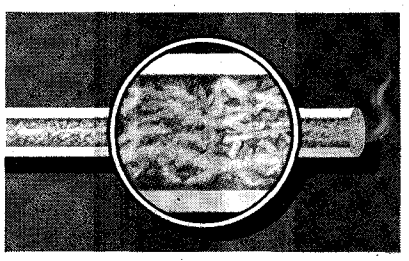
·IN HOC SIGNO VINCES·

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"





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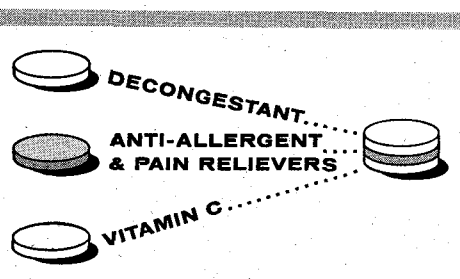

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The Case of the Waylaid Wolf

(Continued from Page 54)

"The answer to that is obvious," Mason said. "The check was given to Madge Elwood because Jarvis P. Lamont wanted her out of town—so now we ask ourselves why he wanted her out of town. And the answer is that, in all probability, he was afraid I was going to put her on the witness stand.

"So now we have a beautiful puzzle, Della. Let's try to reason it out. In order to know what happened, we have to find out what forces were at work. Now, let's for the moment assume that Arlene Ferris is telling the truth. Now, what would have happened after she left?"

"What do you mean?"

"What would Loring Lamont have done?"

"If she is telling the truth," Della Street said thoughtfully, "there is only one thing he could have done. He turned around and walked back to the rustic lodge. He went in and ate the ham and eggs, and ——"

"No," Mason interrupted. "He was hardly in a mood for cold ham and eggs. He was in the mood for a good stiff drink. He was in the mood for some general cussing."

Della Street nodded. "Go on."

"So," Mason said, "he wanted several things. He wanted a drink, he wanted dry clothes, he wanted feminine companionship, and naturally he wanted transportation back to town."

"So he called someone who could give him the things he wanted?"

Mason nodded.

"Who?" she asked.

"Madge Elwood."

Della Street looked at him, started to say something, caught herself. Slowly her eyes widened. "Then—" she said "—then it was —— It really *was* Madge Elwood that Jerome Henley saw getting out of the car?"

"Sure, it was Madge Elwood," Mason said. "Notice that Madge Elwood had a pull. All she had to do was pick up the phone and say, 'I want a job for my friend Arlene Ferris.' Immediately Loring Lamont went to George Albert and said, 'We're putting a new stenographer to work. Her name is Arlene Ferris and she'll come to you through me. That's all the authorization you need. Put her to work.' That happened in Madge Elwood's case and it happened in Arlene Ferris's case.

"So," Mason went on, "when Loring Lamont went back to the lodge he picked up the telephone, he called the number of Madge Elwood. He said, 'Madge, your friend turned out to be an ungrateful spitfire. Now she's stolen my car and made off with it. Go to my apartment, get me some dry clothes, some shoes and get out here fast.'"

Della Street nodded. "So Madge Elwood took his car and drove out there with the dry things and—wait a minute, chief. How could Madge Elwood have known his car was parked in front of his apartment? How could Loring Lamont have told her where it was?"

"Remember," Mason said, "that as soon as Arlene got back to her apartment she called Madge and told her about how Loring Lamont had turned into a rapacious wolf and that she'd taken his car, left him stranded, and had parked his car in front of a fireplug where he could pay some fines on it."

"That's right!" Della Street exclaimed. "But isn't there a conflict in the time element?"

Mason gave the matter some thought. "Madge probably got the call from Loring Lamont, then decided to doll herself up before going to the lodge. She probably was putting on the finishing touches when she received Arlene's call."

"That would make it work out just about right," Della Street said, "but it presupposes a very intimate relationship between Madge and Loring Lamont."

"Such things have been known to happen," Mason said.

"Then that would explain a lot of things," Della Street said.

Mason nodded. "And that's why they're so anxious to keep Peter Lyons off the witness stand. He'll testify that he put a tag on the car, all right, at perhaps around nine-thirty. But he'll also testify that later on he looked for the car and didn't see it. Now, that doesn't fit in with the (Continued on Page 72)

... ...

Adjustment

He tackled life with noise
and vim.
He'd change the world, he
said;
But when the world
resisted him,
He changed his mind
instead.

Irene Warsaw

... ...

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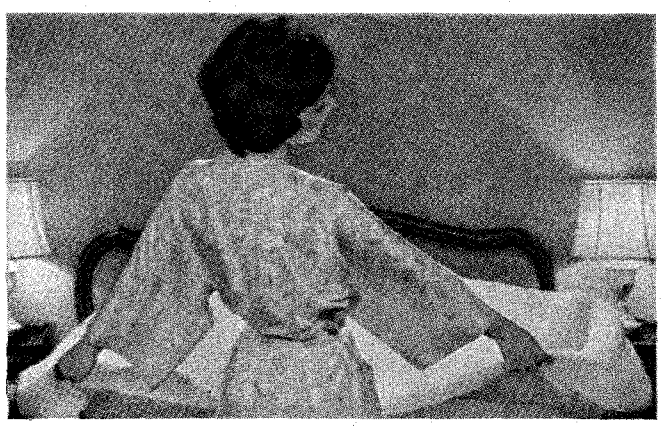

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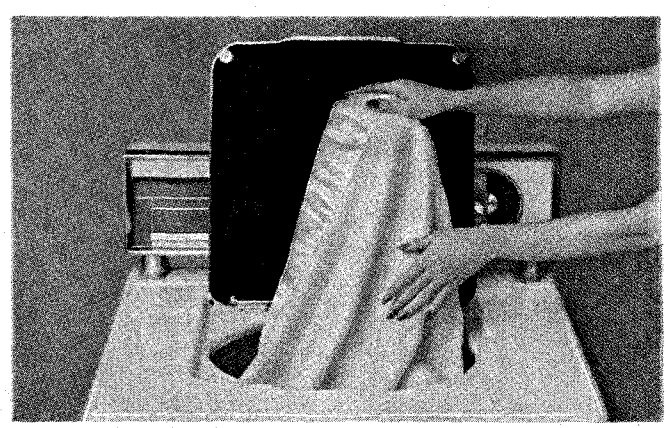

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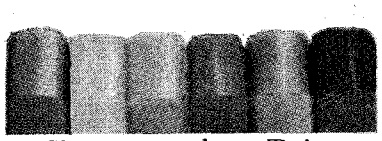

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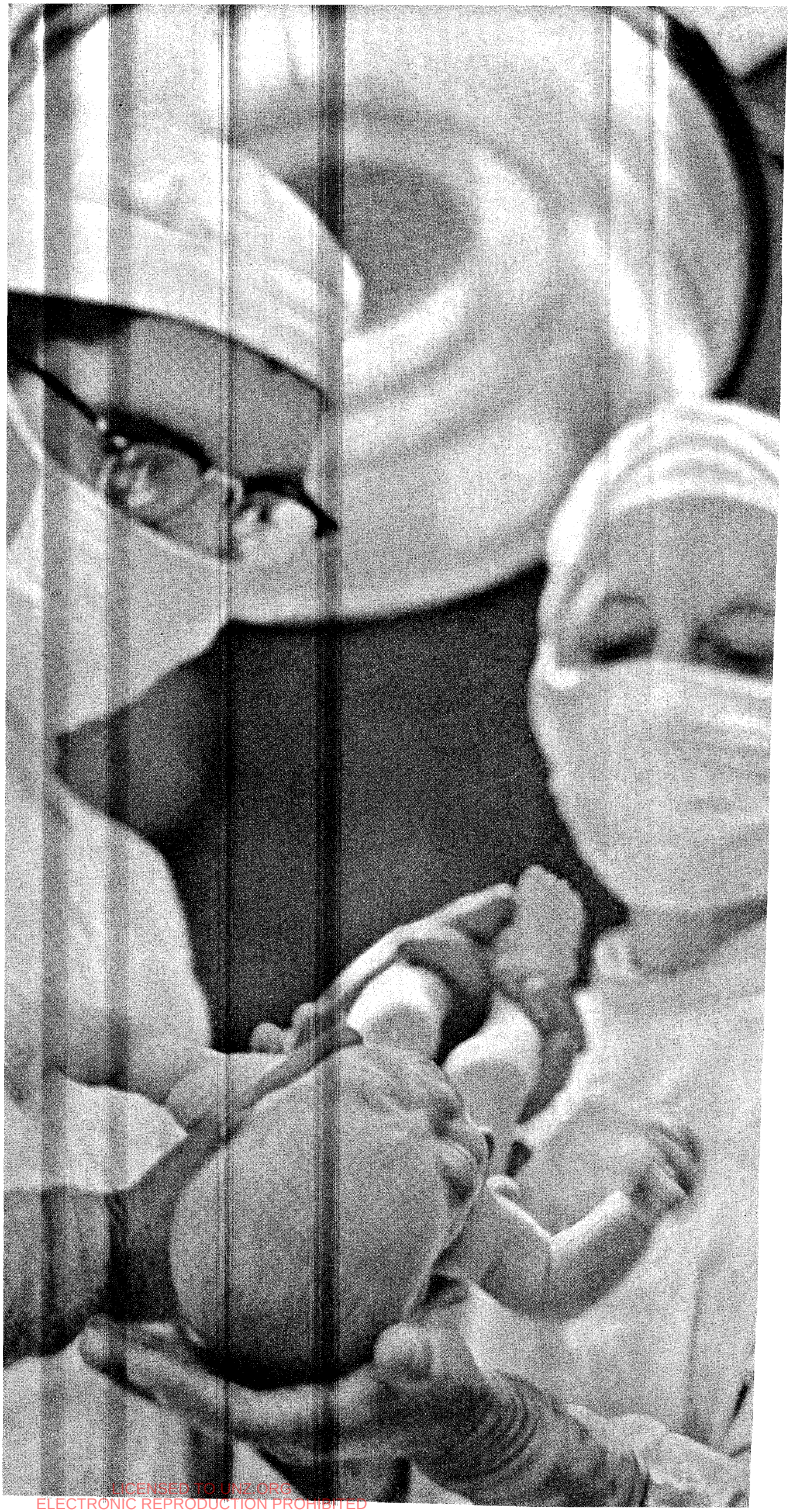

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HE WAS JUST BORN

You don't know him. Why, then, do you figure in his future?

The first marvelous cry of a newborn child means many things to many people . . . to the doctor, to the mother, to the father.

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(*Continued from Page 69*) prosecution's theory of the case, so they don't want to bring that fact out."

"Then what happened?" Della Street asked. "Madge Elwood must have gone on out to the lodge."

"She went out there," Mason said. "She gave him his dry clothes, and then, for some reason or other, they got in quite an argument, and in the course of that argument Madge grabbed a knife and plunged it into his back.

"Prior to that time, he had cooked up a fresh batch of ham and eggs. He and Madge Elwood had eaten the ham and eggs, and then the fight started.

"So then Madge Elwood found herself with a corpse on her hands and suddenly decided to play it smart. She knew that Arlene Ferris had been out there and had had a fight with him. She knew exactly what had happened because she had the story both from Loring Lamont's lips and from Arlene's phone call. So all she had to do was to take the car back and leave it exactly where Arlene Ferris had parked it and go on back to her apartment and pretend to be innocent.

"How she must have been laughing at me when I came to her and tried to get her to co-operate in doing things that would clear Arlene."

"And Jerome Henley saw her when she was getting out of the car. But the police talked him out of that identification," Della Street said.

Mason nodded.

"And it wasn't at nine-thirty."

"Of course not," Mason said, "Everything about it indicates that it was later."

"And now?" Della Street asked.

"Now," Mason said, "we're going to find Madge Elwood. We're going to force her to make a confession."

"How are we going to do that?"

"By lowering the boom on her," Mason said. "We'll show that we know exactly what happened. We'll tell her that Jerome Henley actually saw her."

"But what about Henley? Will he co-operate?"

"I don't know," Mason said. "He's angry and embarrassed. No man likes to have someone make a fool of him. Actually his first impression was the correct one. It had been Madge Elwood he had seen. He may be too confused now to remember anything clearly."

"Can we expect anything from him?" Della Street asked.

"I don't know," Mason said. "I can go out and put my cards on the table. I can tell him what happened and then we'll see if he'll co-operate."

"Do we do that next?"

"No," Mason said. "We try to get some physical evidence next."

"Such as what?"

Mason said, "Madge Elwood took some dry clothes and shoes out to the lodge. Loring Lamont put them on. The trousers he had taken off, which were soaking wet, the shoes he had taken off, which were wet and muddy, were not left at the lodge. Therefore, someone must have put them in a car and taken them away—probably it was Madge Elwood. Yet they weren't in the car when she parked it."

"Therefore?" Della Street asked.

"Therefore," Mason said, "she took the things out and did something with them. Probably she transferred them to her own car. Now, what would she have done with them?"

"They may still be in her car."

"They may be in her car," Mason said, "and they may be in her garage."

"Do you suppose we can get in?"

"We may be able to," Mason said.

"And what about J. P. Lamont?"

"J. P. has a pretty good idea what happened," Mason said. "He doesn't want Arlene to tell her story, and he doesn't want to have that story corroborated by Madge Elwood. Therefore, he's given Madge Elwood some sort of a bonus to keep out of circulation until the case is finished."

"But what about Otto Keswick and Sadie Richmond?"

"Now there," Mason said, "we have an interesting situation. Bear in mind the phone call that Loring Lamont received there at the lodge just as he and Arlene were ready to sit down to eat. It caused him to change his entire plan of operations.

"That call was probably from Otto Keswick. Keswick and Sadie Richmond must have some sort of a hold on him, something that would enable them to shake him down for a little blackmail.

"So Keswick telephoned and said, 'Look, Loring. Sadie and I need some money. We want five hundred bucks. We want it tonight. We're coming out to get it. I'll be out in three quarters of an hour.'" (*Continued on Page 75*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . never kiss daddy with a lollipop in your mouth!"

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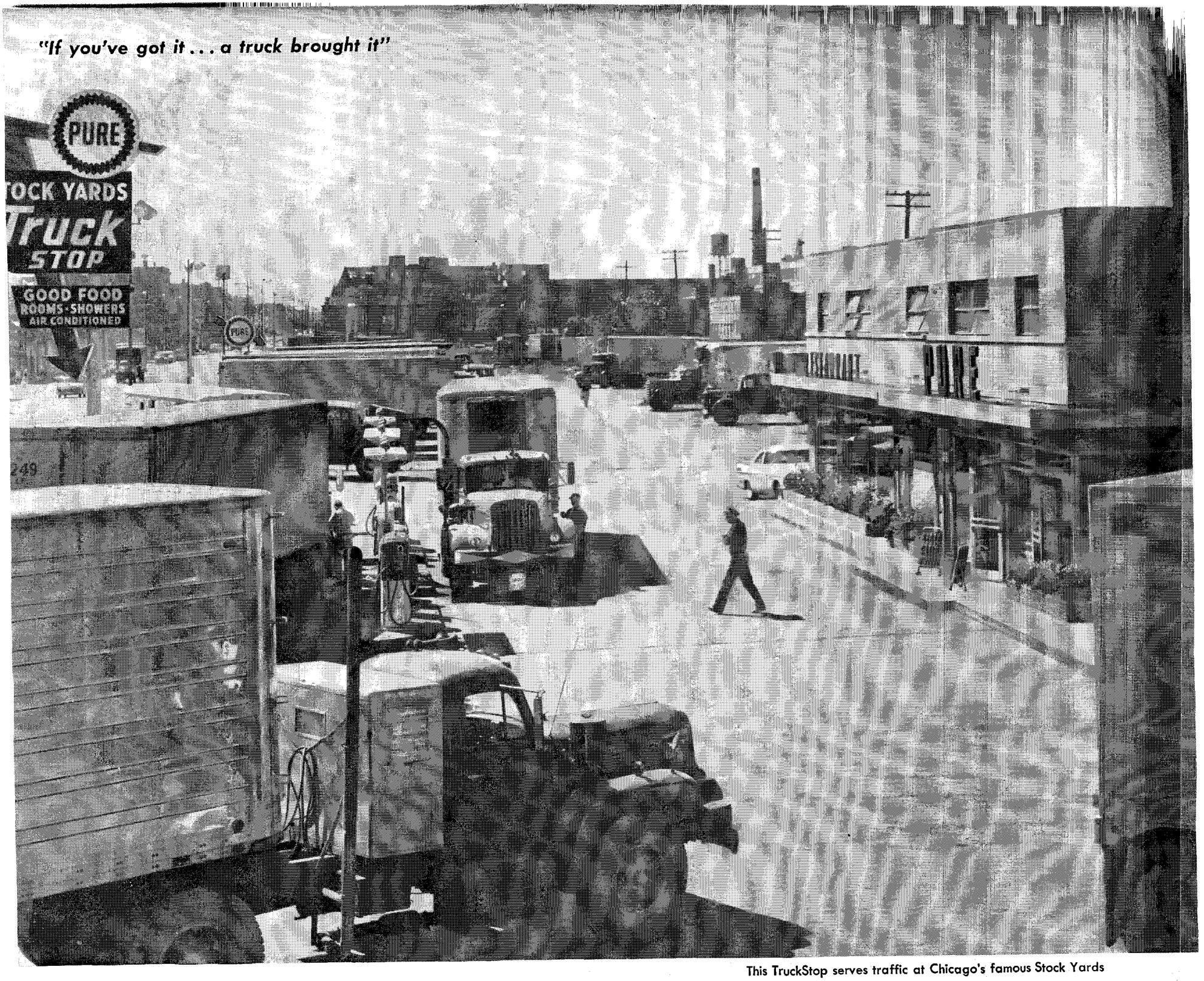

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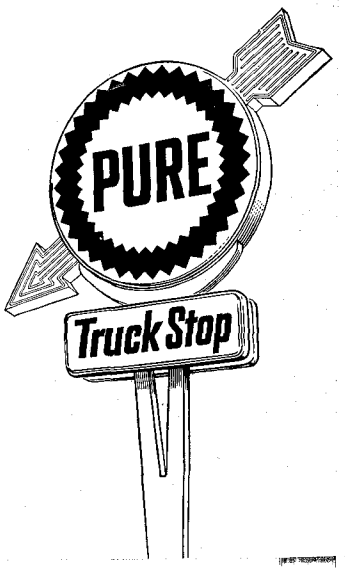

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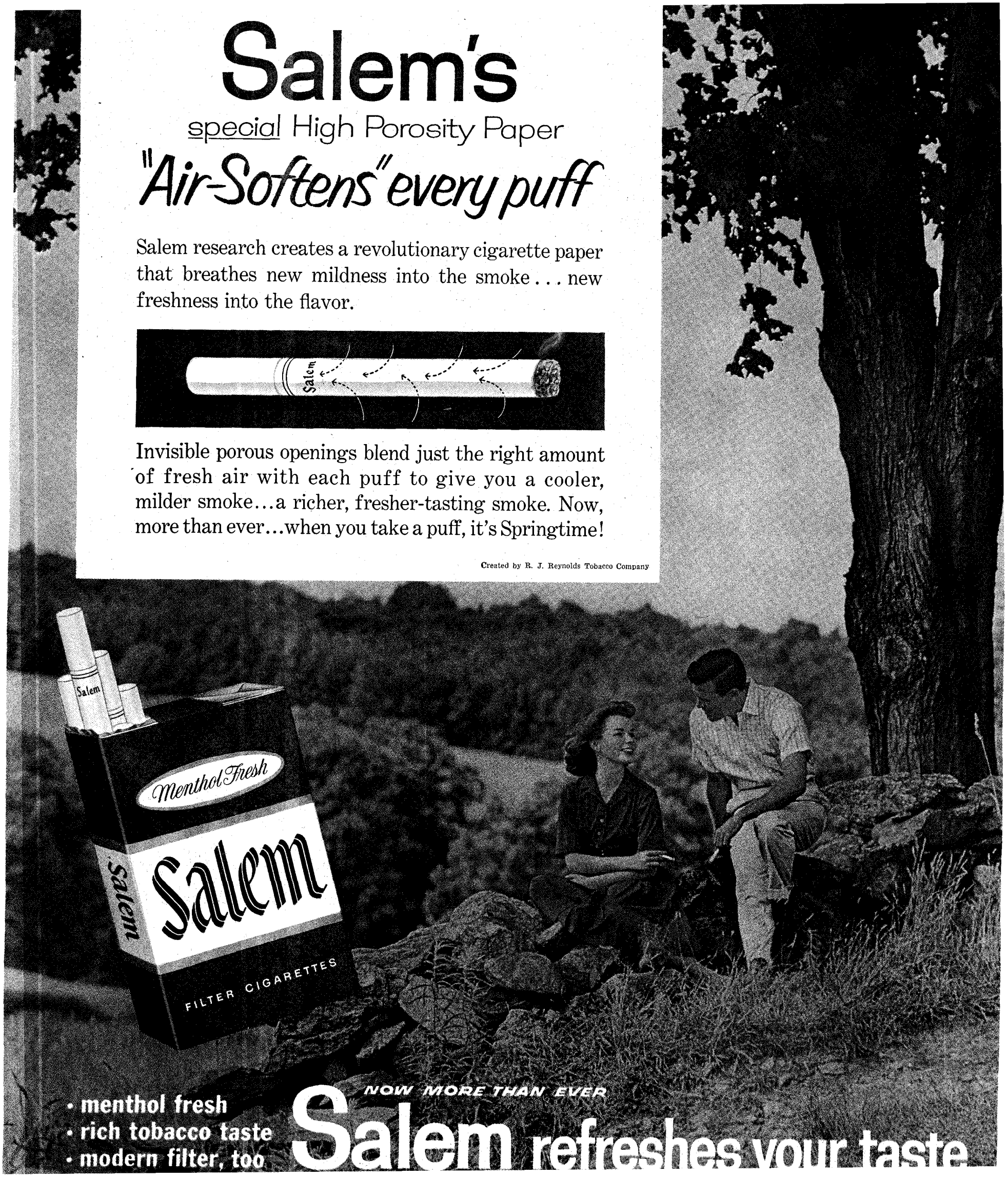

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(*Continued from Page 72*) "Couldn't Lamont have told him to wait an hour or so?" Della Street asked.

"He may have tried to," Mason said. "We don't know, but we do have a pretty good idea that Keswick and Sadie Richmond went out there. Loring Lamont knew they were coming, and so Lamont forgot all about the seductive approach he had planned. He became crisply business-like and efficient. He wanted what he wanted, and he wanted it before Keswick and Sadie Richmond got out there."

"And then they came out?"

"They came out after Arlene Ferris had gone home," Mason said. "They got a check from Loring Lamont, but by that time Loring Lamont was anxious to get rid of them because Madge Elwood was on her way out."

"Darned if it doesn't sound logical," Della Street said excitedly.

"So," Mason said, "we have three people who know that Loring Lamont was alive after Arlene Ferris left. We have Madge Elwood, we have Otto Keswick and we have Sadie Richmond."

"Look here, did Sadie and Otto get into a fight with him and ——"

Mason shook his head. "Remember the fresh clothes. He didn't get those fresh clothes until after Madge Elwood arrived with his car."

Della Street thought it over, then became suddenly jubilant. "Chief," she said, "it all adds together! It fits into a perfect picture. You can blow the case into smithereens tomorrow morning and get Arlene Ferris acquitted."

"I can if I can get the testimony," Mason said. "We're going to have to dig up the evidence ourselves, and we don't have very much time to do it."

"And we start with Madge Elwood's garage?"

Mason nodded.

"Illegal?" she asked.

"That depends," Mason said. "If there's no lock on the door and we can simply open the door and walk in, we may be guilty of trespass, but we won't be guilty of burglary. We won't enter the place with felonious intent. We'll enter it for the purpose of discovering evidence."

"All right," she said, "let's go. I'm game."

"There's no reason for you to go in," Mason said. "You can sit in the car."

She said angrily, "What do you take me for? If you're going to take risks, I'm going to take them right along with you. In case you do find anything you're going to need a witness, someone to corroborate your testimony."

"You win," Mason said. "Let's go."

They drove back to the apartment house. Mason turned at the entrance to the garages.

"The garages are numbered," Della Street said, "and there are cards to the right of each door."

They found Madge Elwood's garage. Mason tried the door. It was unlocked.

"I think we'd better drive our car in here, Della," he said. "If we leave it outside and are prowling around it may attract attention. I'll drive in and then we'll close the door behind us and turn on the lights."

Mason drove the car into the garage. They closed the door. Mason found the light switch and turned it on.

Della Street said, "I'll take this side of the garage. You take the other side and we'll see what we can find—there's certainly a collection of junk here, old clothes, a couple of old battered suitcases, a steamer trunk and a couple of tires."

Mason said, "The things we want may be in the trunk or the suitcase. How about that trunk, Della? Is it locked? Perhaps ——" He broke off abruptly.

Della Street said with alarm in her voice, "Chief!"

Mason put his finger to his lips for silence. A car came to a stop just outside the garage door.

Mason and Della Street stood perfectly still. Abruptly the door was flung open. George Albert started to walk in, then recoiled with sheer surprise as he saw the car in the garage, saw Mason and Della Street standing there.

Lieutenant Tragg, who had been riding in Albert's car, opened the door and got out.

"Well, well," he said, "we seem to have stumbled on something of a jack pot, Albert."

George Albert said indignantly, "I told you they'd be trying to plant evidence. I want these people arrested, lieutenant."

"On what grounds?" Mason asked.

"You know what grounds," Albert said. "You've got some incriminating articles which were given you by Arlene Ferris, and you're trying to frame this thing on Madge Elwood. You are engaged in breaking into private property and planting evidence."

"We may be trespassing," Mason said, "but we aren't breaking in and we aren't planting anything. We're investigating."

"It's just as I told you, lieutenant," George Albert said. "They're trying to drag Madge into this thing. Now we've caught him red-handed."

Lieutenant Tragg regarded Perry Mason and slowly nodded. "We've caught him red-handed, Albert," he said. "I don't know just what the offense is that we've caught him at—we'll let the district attorney unscramble that one."

Mason said, "Tragg, can I talk with you for a moment in private?"

Tragg shook his head. "The only talking you'll do is to the district attorney."

The officer turned to Albert. "Now look, Albert," he said. "I would advise you not to demand that we make an arrest. We've caught them here. That's enough. You and I will search the garage. We'll go through it from stem to stern. If we find any articles that they've planted we'll turn those articles over to the district attorney."

"Well," Albert said reluctantly, "whatever you say, lieutenant."

Tragg said to Mason, "Albert will back his car out of the way. You and Miss Street can leave, Perry."

Mason said, "Tragg, I have reason to believe there are some articles of evidence in this garage. Don't let anyone give you any false notions. Go ahead and find them."

"And if you find them," Albert said, "you'll know who put them here."

Albert got into his car and backed it out of the way. Mason held the door open for Della Street, walked around, got in beside her, backed his car out, turned it and drove out to the highway.

"Well?" Della Street asked.

Mason, his face grim, said, "There was a break that went against us. If they find anything they'll swear that I planted it. You can rest assured that Hamilton Burger, the district attorney, will take personal charge of the case if they find anything."

"And it won't count against Madge Elwood?" she asked.

"Not now," Mason said. "It will count against Arlene Ferris."

"But look, chief, you and I can both testify that ——"

"You and I can both shout until we're black in the face," Mason said. "Our protestations will do no good. That's the trouble with being a citizen who has no authority and trying to short-cut the law."

"But it wouldn't have done a particle of good if you'd gone to Lieutenant Tragg or the district attorney or the police or anyone else," Della Street said, almost crying. "They wouldn't have done a thing."

"I know," Mason said, "but right now we're caught—and caught red-handed."

"Doing what?" she asked.

"That," he said, "is where we have a chance. We'll go to court tomorrow. If Hamilton Burger, the district attorney, walks in to take charge of the case personally we'll know that our deductions were correct, that they have found some evidence and that we're in just about the worst predicament we've ever been caught in."

Her hand moved out to rest on his. "All right, chief," she said, "I'm in it with you. We're together in the thing."

Mason said grimly, "You're in it with me. We're both in the soup. But we aren't going to stay there. We're going to fight our way out."

"Milk—on the rocks."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Precisely thirty seconds before ten o'clock, Hamilton Burger, the district attorney, came striding into the courtroom and, with a perfunctory nod to Perry Mason, seated himself beside his deputy, Donald Carson.

A few seconds later Judge Carleton Bayton took his place on the bench. Court was called to order and the judge looked down at District Attorney Burger. "Was there something you wanted, Mr. Burger?" he asked.

Burger arose. "No, your honor. I am merely sitting in on the case of the People versus Arlene Ferris."

Despite himself, Judge Bayton couldn't control the expression of surprise. "I'm afraid I don't understand, Mr. District Attorney. This is a routine preliminary examination which is all but concluded. There remain only a few minutes of testimony this morning."

"Nevertheless," Burger said, "I am sitting in on the case. I may state to the Court that a matter has arisen since the adjournment of court which my office feels calls for the most thorough investigation. I wish to conduct that investigation personally."

Judge Bayton, plainly puzzled, said, "Very well. We will proceed with the case. Now, as I understand it, Mr. Prosecutor, the case had been continued to this morning with the idea that Peter Lyons, the officer whose testimony on direct examination had been stipulated by counsel, could be cross-examined by the defense."

"May I put it this way, your honor," Donald Carson said. "The People had not actually rested their case, but had announced their desire to do so. However, we are still putting on our case and we are not bound as to the witnesses we will call. However, the Court is quite right in stating that yesterday afternoon it was agreed that Peter Lyons, a police officer who had placed the first illegal parking ticket on Loring Lamont's automobile, would be present in court so that he could be cross-examined by the defense attorney. Mr. Peter Lyons is here, and I now ask him to take the stand. . . . Come forward and be sworn, Mr. Lyons."

Peter Lyons, a man in the early thirties, with high cheekbones, a crew haircut and lips set in a firm line of determination, came forward, held up his hand, was sworn and took his place on the witness stand.

Donald Carson said, "Mr. Lyons, you are a police officer on the metropolitan force. You were on duty during the evening of the fifth of this month, and you had occasion to put a tag for illegal parking on the automobile registered in the name of Loring Lamont, who is now deceased. Your testimony on direct examination was stipulated to, and this is the time fixed for cross-examination. Mr. Mason will now cross-examine you."

Mason arose and approached the witness. "Mr. Lyons, you put a tag on the Lamont automobile for illegal parking at about what time?"

"Nine-twenty-seven, according to my report."

"Where was the car parked?"

"Right in front of the fireplug near the apartment house at ninety-six twelve Endicott Way."

"What time did you go on duty?"

"At five o'clock."

"You were in a radio patrol car?"

"I was."

"Ordinarily do you pay attention to illegal parking?"

"At times, but—well, yes. In case of what we might call a flagrant violation, we issue a ticket. For instance, if a car is parked for a long time in front of a fireplug or (*Continued on Page 79*)

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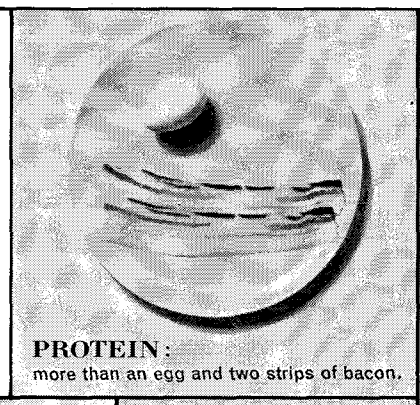
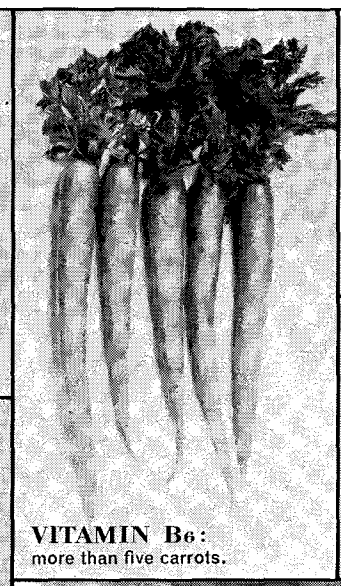
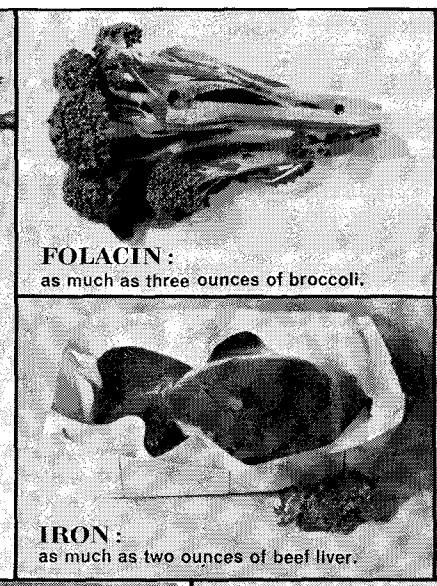


PROTEIN: more than an egg and two strips of bacon.



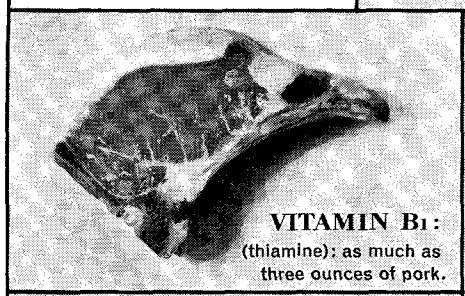
VITAMIN B_6: more than five carrots.



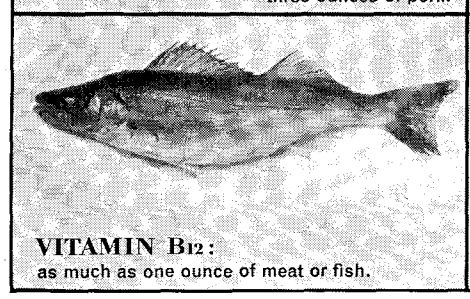
FOLACIN: as much as three ounces of broccoli.

IRON: as much as two ounces of beef liver.

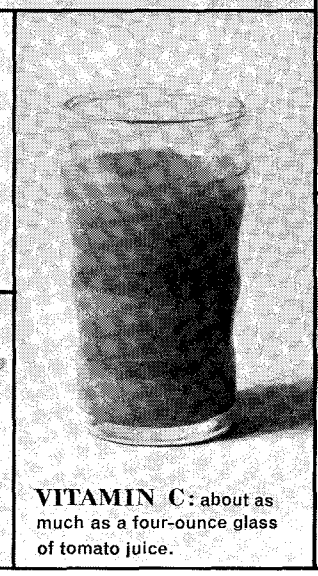
VITAMIN D: as much as a quart of vitamin D milk.



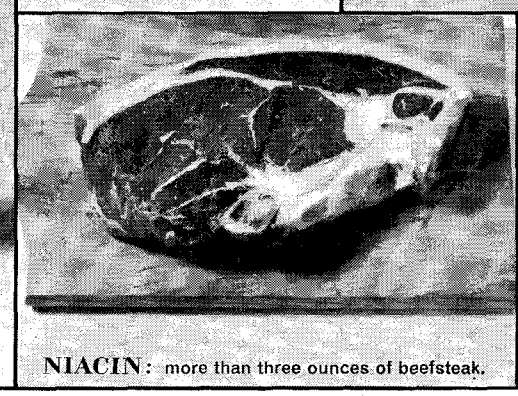
VITAMIN B_1: (thiamine): as much as three ounces of pork.



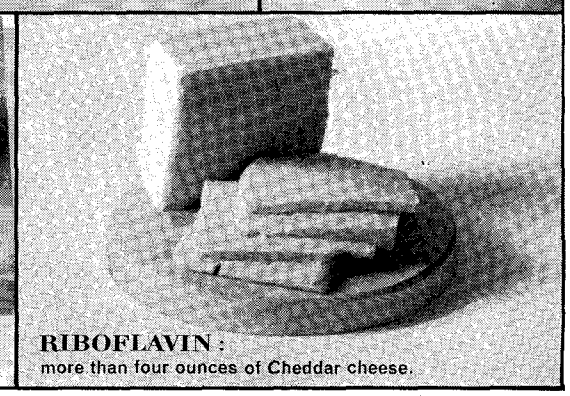
VITAMIN B_{12}: as much as one ounce of meat or fish.



VITAMIN C: about as much as a four-ounce glass of tomato juice.



NIACIN: more than three ounces of beefsteak.



RIBOFLAVIN: more than four ounces of Cheddar cheese.

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PROTEIN: More than an egg and two strips of bacon.
IRON: As much as two ounces of beef liver.
VITAMIN B_1 (thiamine): As much as three ounces of pork.
RIBOFLAVIN: More than four ounces of Cheddar cheese.
NIACIN: More than three ounces of beefsteak.
VITAMIN C: About as much as a four-ounce glass of tomato juice.
VITAMIN B_6: More than five carrots.
VITAMIN B_{12}: As much as one ounce of meat or fish.
VITAMIN D: As much as a quart of vitamin D milk.
FOLACIN: As much as three ounces of broccoli.

HOW YOU EAT IT:

There are many ways to enjoy Kellogg's Concentrate. By itself, it is, nutritionally, a satisfying meal. Added to other foods, it's a big nutrition plus. Economical, too, because it's so concentrated.

FOR BREAKFAST: Serve this delicious food as a cereal . . . or sprinkle it on your other favorite cereals and foods. One ounce (⅓ cup) with four ounces of milk (½ cup) provides 23% of a grown man's daily recommended allowance of high-quality protein.

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ADDITIONAL USES: Adds nutrition and flavor to all foods. Sprinkle it on casseroles, soups, salads, vegetables, or desserts—in fact on almost any food. Add it to meat loaves, patties, stuffings, pancakes, waffles, or almost any of your favorite dishes.

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(*Continued from Page 75*) perhaps if it is parked in front of a driveway we put on a ticket, then make it a point to swing back around within the next half hour or so, and if the car is still there, we radio in to the dispatcher to have a tow car come and tow it away."

"You had been patrolling your district since five o'clock in the afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"You drove along Endicott Way several times between five o'clock, when you went on duty, and nine-twenty-seven, when you tagged the Lamont car?"

"Yes."

"During that time, on any of those trips, did you notice the Lamont car parked in front of the fire hydrant prior to the time you gave it the ticket?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"The first time you noticed it parked in front of the fireplug you issued a ticket?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember how many other automobiles you tagged that night for illegal parking?"

"I think there were two."

"Other than the Lamont car?"

"Yes."

"After nine-thirty you were on duty until how late?"

"Midnight."

"And you had occasion to drive through the district several times after nine-thirty?"

"Yes."

"Was the Lamont car still parked in front of the fireplug?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know?"

"Because I didn't actually see it, although I assume that it ——"

"Never mind what you assume," Mason interrupted. "Do you *know* that the Lamont car was parked in front of the fireplug between nine-twenty-seven and midnight?"

Lyons scratched his head and finally blurted, "I don't think it was."

"You're not certain?"

"Yes, I'm certain—that is, I'm as near certain as can be."

"What makes you certain?"

"I drove past there about eleven o'clock, and I remember that just prior to making that swing around I made up my mind that if the cars I had tagged hadn't been moved I was going to phone in for a tow car and have them towed away before I went off duty."

"And you didn't see them illegally parked?"

"No."

"Did you look to see if they were still there?"

"Frankly, Mr. Mason, I have forgotten the exact sequence of events. I know that about the time we got to the address on Endicott Way a report came in of a prowler at the other end of my district, and we put on speed and went to take that call. Now, whether that call came in before we had passed the location of the Lamont car or afterward I don't know. Of course, if that call had come in before, there is a possibility that I wouldn't have been as alert in regard to the illegal parking problem. I'm sorry that I can't be more specific. I have done the best I can and I'm sorry that that is the most definite answer I can make. However, it is my considered opinion that at about eleven o'clock the Lamont car had been moved and was no longer in front of the fireplug."

"That's your best judgment?"

"That's my best judgment."

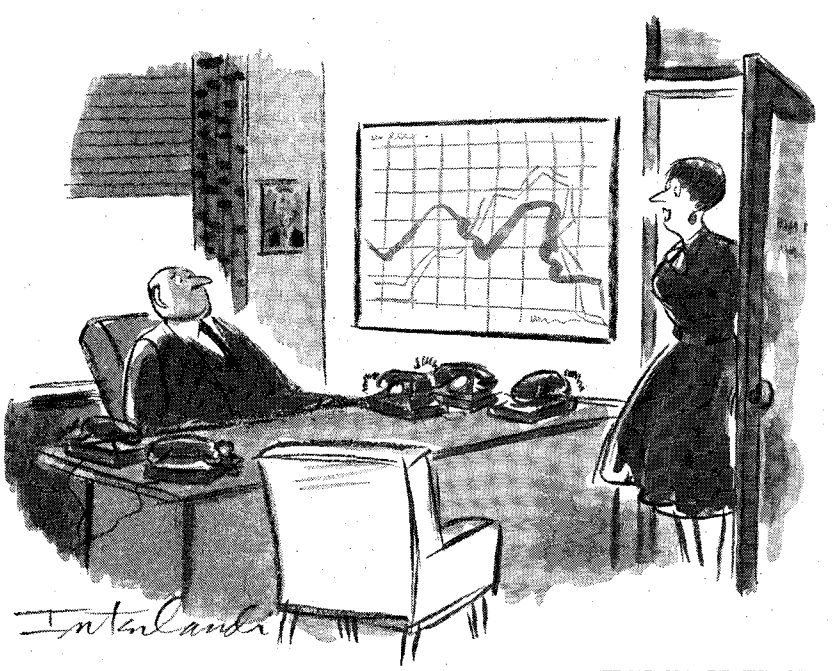
"Now then," Mason said, "what can you tell us about the other cars you tagged for illegal parking. Do you know where they were parked or what the nature of the violation was?"

"I remember that one of them was parked in front of a fireplug, but I think the other was parked so it was partially blocking a driveway. I can't be certain. No, wait a minute. There was one car that was double parked. I remember now, the motor was running and the lights were on. Apparently the driver had just stepped out for a minute. I waited—oh, perhaps thirty seconds—and he didn't show up, so I tagged the car."

"And then what?"

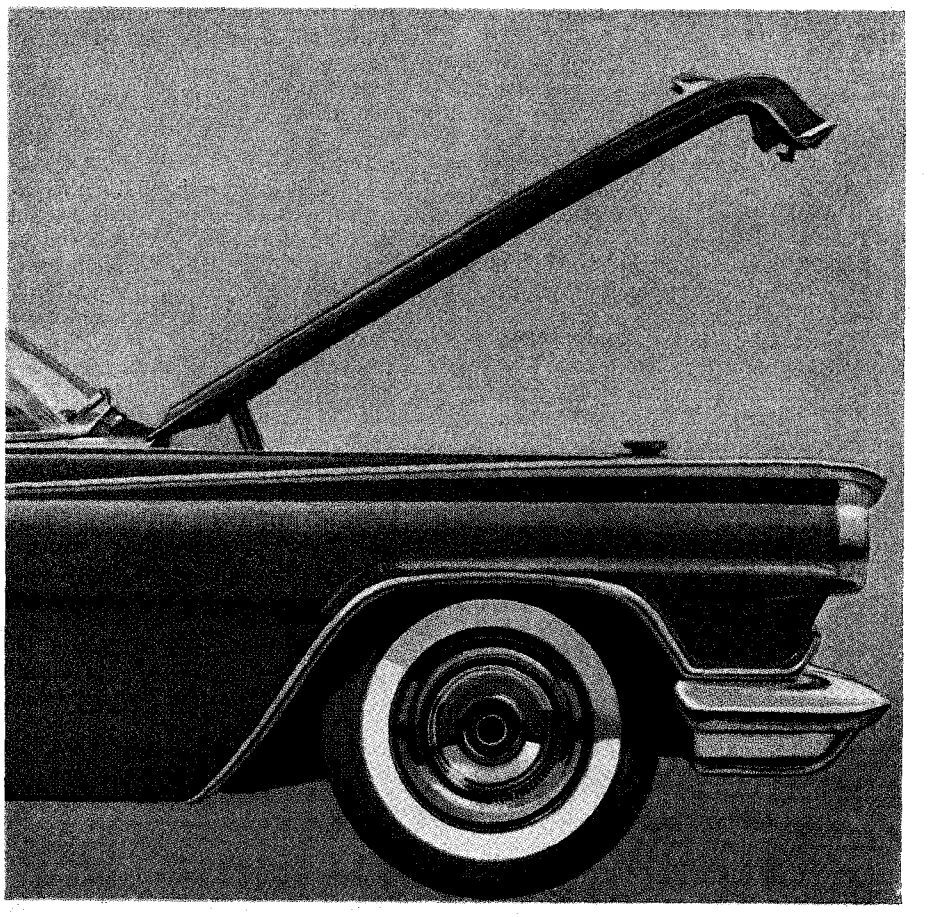
"I drove down as far as the corner, then stopped my car and waited while I looked in my rearview mirror to see if the car that was double parked was being driven away. It was, so I didn't pay any further attention to it."

Mason said, "If it hadn't been for the fact that this Lamont car was owned by a man who had been murdered on the date you tagged the car for illegal parking, if it hadn't been that your brother officers, who came on duty after you went off duty, assured you that the car was illegally parked all during the night in exactly the same place where you had tagged it, you wouldn't have had any question in your mind but that the car had been moved



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"A stockholder to see the fathead in charge around here. Are you in?"



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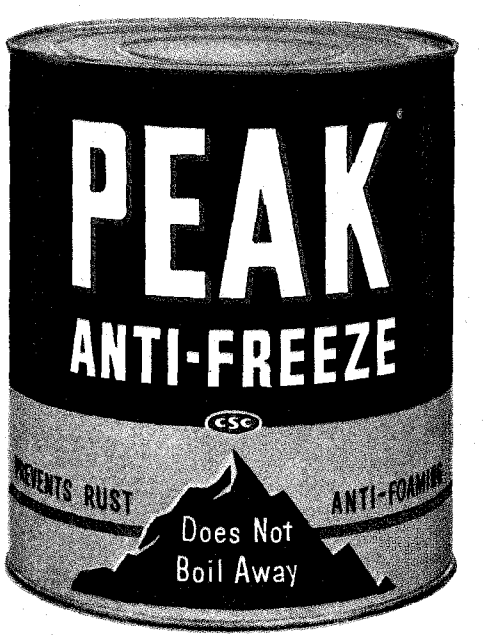

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before you went off duty. Isn't that right?"

"I think that is right," Lyons said.

"And your best present judgment is that the car was moved between nine-thirty and eleven?"

The witness again shifted his position. "I don't think I can tell you any more than what I have told you already, Mr. Mason."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all."

"I have no questions on redirect," Donald Carson said.

"Does that conclude the People's case?" Judge Bayton asked.

Hamilton Burger got to his feet. "Your honor," he said, "it does not. A matter has come up which concerns me, not only as a prosecutor but as a member of the legal profession. Something has happened which I feel must be investigated in detail. I feel that an attempt has been made to fabricate evidence in this case, and I feel the facts should be so well established that proper steps may be taken. I wish to prepare a record at this preliminary hearing so that in case any of the witnesses should be spirited out of the country and not be available at the time of trial in the superior court, I can read the testimony of those witnesses into the record in accordance with the provisions of Section six-eight-six of the penal code."

"Isn't this rather an unusual procedure under the circumstances?" Judge Bayton asked.

"It is an unusual case, your honor, and is a case in which I wish to prepare a record which can be used either under the provisions of Section six-eight-six or for the purpose of impeachment."

"Very well," Judge Bayton said, "go ahead."

"I wish to recall Lieutenant Tragg to the stand," Carson said.

Lieutenant Tragg, evidently carefully rehearsed as to the part he was to play, stepped briskly forward.

"You have already been sworn," Judge Bayton said to the witness. . . . "Go ahead, Mr. Prosecutor."

"Directing your attention to yesterday evening," Carson asked, "did you have occasion to go to an apartment house where one Madge Elwood has her residence? An apartment house known as the Kelsington Apartments in Santa Monica?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, prior to that time had you taken any steps to identify the garment which has heretofore been marked for identification, the skirt with the cut in it?"

"I did. Yes, sir."

"What did you do?"

"I traced the code number of the cleaning establishment that was on the garment and found that number had been issued to one Madge Elwood, living at the Kelsington Apartments in Santa Monica. I may incidentally mention that when we arrested the defendant in this case she was living with Madge Elwood in this apartment."

"So what did you do yesterday afternoon?" Carson asked.

"In the latter part of the afternoon, around five o'clock, I guess, I went to the Kelsington Apartments to investigate."

"Who was with you?"

"Mr. George Quincy Albert."

"Mr. Albert has previously been a witness in this case?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you do?"

"We went to the Kelsington Apartments. We first decided to look in the garage."

"You mean the garage that was rented to Madge Elwood along with the apartment?"

"That's right. Each garage is numbered for the apartment that goes with it, and names are put on the garages."

"And you went to the garage which had the name of Madge Elwood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it locked?"

"No, sir."

"What did you find inside of the garage?"

"We found an automobile in the garage, an automobile which was registered in the name of Mr. Perry Mason, the attorney for the defendant. We found Mr. Perry Mason and his secretary, Della Street, in the garage. They were out of the car at the time."

"Did you ask them what they were doing in there?"

"Mr. Albert accused them of planting evidence."

"And what did Mr. Mason say, if anything?"

"Objected to, if the Court please," Mason said. "This is hearsay. This conversation took place outside of the presence of the defendant. It is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

"Mr. Mason, if the Court please," Carson said, "is the accredited representative of the defendant. The statement was made in his presence."

Judge Bayton frowned, then shook his head. "It may be that counsel for the defendant has been indiscreet. It may be that he has been unwise, but the Court sees no reason why a conversation held in the presence of the attorney for the defendant, but without the defendant being aware of that conversation, should be binding upon her. The objection is sustained."

"Very well. What did you do?" Carson asked.

"Well," Tragg said, "we first got rid of Mr. Mason and Della Street, and then we searched the garage for any evidence which might have been left there—by anyone."

"What did you find?"

"We found a pair of mud-stained shoes. We found a pair of trousers with a rip down one seam of the trousers."

"Do you know who owned those articles?"

"I do now. I didn't then."

"You made an investigation?"

"I did."

"Take the shoes, for instance, lieutenant. What did you do with reference to them?"

"I wired the factory, asking for the names of firms handling those shoes in the Los Angeles area. I may state that they were a very exclusive and expensive shoe. There were five shops which handled that shoe in Los Angeles. I finally located the name of the purchaser."

"Who was that purchaser?"

"Just a minute," Mason said. "Quite obviously that's hearsay evidence. He is relying upon what some shop owner told him."

Judge Bayton said, "Quite evidently it calls for hearsay evidence. However, can't we make certain stipulations here?"

"I am willing to stipulate as to statements which were made to Lieutenant Tragg by various persons, upon being assured that those statements were made," Mason said, "and subject to my right to bring the witnesses into court and cross-examine them if I so desire. I am willing to stipulate that certain witnesses would have so testified on direct examination."

"Very well," Carson said. "Will you stipulate that the owner of one of the stores stated that he had Loring Lamont as one of his regular customers, that Loring Lamont customarily bought shoes of this style and make, and that these shoes were in his size? That is, they were the size purchased and worn by Loring Lamont?"

"That is a fact?" Mason asked.

"That is a fact."

"I will so stipulate."

"Will you stipulate that Mr. Loring Lamont's tailor identified these trousers as being part of the suit he had made for Mr. Loring Lamont, of identical material, and that the label in the waistband furnished a means of identification and that this tailor identified these trousers as being trousers which he had made for Mr. Loring Lamont in his lifetime?"

"That is a fact, is it?" Mason asked.

"That is a fact."

"I will so stipulate that the tailor would so testify, with the understanding that at any time I have the right of cross-examination if I so desire. I am simply stipulating as to what the testimony of these gentlemen would have been on direct examination."

"Very well," Carson said and turned to Lieutenant Tragg. "Where were these articles found, Lieutenant Tragg?"

"In a locked trunk in the garage where we found Perry Mason and his secretary."

"You may cross-examine," Carson said to Mason.

"You stated," Mason said, "that you were looking for evidence which might have been planted by anyone and, as I noticed the way you testified, you made a rather significant pause before saying the words 'by anyone' and then you emphasized those words."

"That may be correct," Lieutenant Tragg said.

"The evidence could have been planted by me?"

"It certainly could have."

"And the evidence could have been planted by the defendant in this case?"

"It could have, although she was in jail at the time and—well, she could have, yes."

"And the evidence could have been planted by Madge Elwood?"

Lieutenant Tragg hesitated and then said, "I suppose it could have been."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all. No further questions."

"Now then, if the Court please," Carson said, "we are trying desperately to get in touch with Madge Elwood. It seems to be difficult to find her. However, with reference to the skirt which was identified by Lieutenant Tragg at yesterday's hearing as being the property of Arlene Ferris, and, today as bearing the cleaning number of Madge Elwood, I wish to call Bertha Anderson to the stand."

Bertha Anderson came forward and was sworn. Mason recognized her as the manager of the apartment house at Santa Monica.

"What is your occupation?" Carson asked.

"I am the manager of the Kelsington Apartments at Santa Monica."

"Do you know Madge Elwood?"

"I do."

"Does she live there?"

"She does."

"Do you know Mr. Perry Mason?"

"Yes. I have met him."

"When did you meet him?"

"I met him yesterday afternoon."

"And did you have a conversation with Mr. Mason?"

"I did."

"About Madge Elwood's apartment?"

"Yes."

"And did Mr. Mason ask if he could get in that apartment? If you would let him in with a passkey?"

"Objected to, if the Court please," Mason said, "on the ground that the question is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial; that it is leading and suggestive, and further on the ground that counsel, well knowing the ruling of the Court in regard to conversations had with me outside the presence of the defendant, has deliberately tried by this leading question to prejudice the Court against the defendant's case."

"The objection is sustained," Judge Bayton said, "and counsel is admonished. In fact, I wish to state, Mr. Prosecutor, that I consider the nature of this question was such as to constitute an attempt on your part to void and nullify the ruling of the Court. The Court has ruled, at least temporarily, that anything Mr. Mason may have said or done outside of the presence of the defendant is not binding upon the defendant."

"He's her legal representative. He was acting on her behalf," Carson said angrily.

"The Court understands that, Mr. Carson, but the Court has ruled. You are familiar with the Court's ruling."

Hamilton Burger arose ponderously. "If the Court please, may I be heard?"

"You may be heard, Mr. Burger."

(*Continued on Page 85*)

"Henry's very careful about what he eats."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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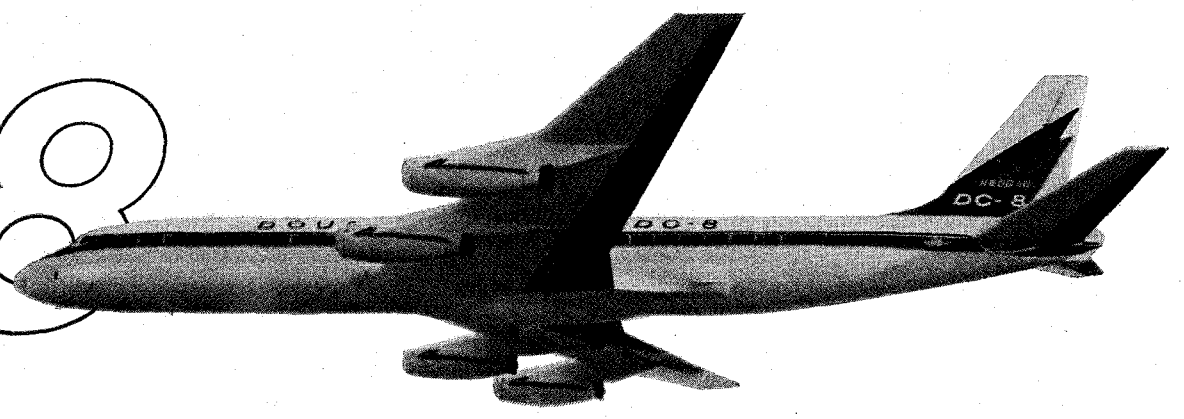
DOUGLAS DC-8



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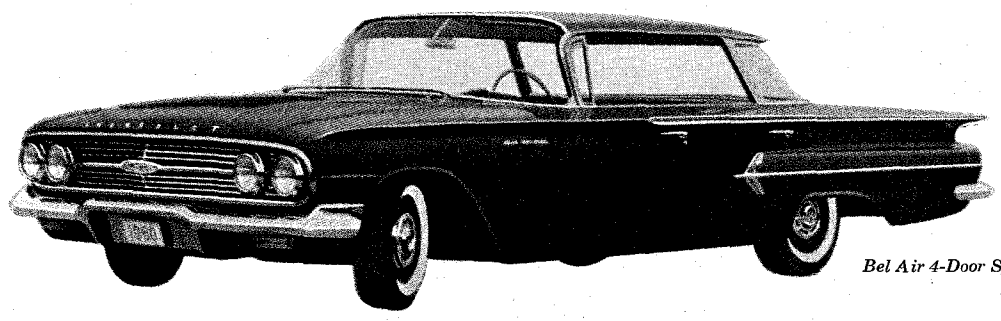

Bel Air 4-Door Sport Sedan in Royal Blue

ıe look tells you this new Chevy was styled stand out from the rest of the crop — from the ɜan thrust of its unified grille to the jaunty re of its dapper rear deck.

And one turn at the wheel will tell you it's just new and different inside — from the *roomier, ɔre elegant feel of its new Body by Fisher* to its unkier, thriftier V8 performance.

There's room to sprawl in, room to sit tall in — ovided in generous dimensions by Chevy's sofa-de seats and a roofline that has respect for hats. ıd there's even more leg room for the man in the ddle, thanks to the way Chevrolet engineers ve *trimmed down the transmission tunnel.* Under the hood you have a choice of two ındard engines that do marvelous things with leage. There's Chevy's famed Hi-Thrift 6, the savin'est 6 you'll find in any full-size car, and a *new Turbo-Fire V8 that gets up to 10% more miles out of a gallon of regular* while giving you more "git" at normal speeds.

Yet, as economy-minded as this '60 Chevrolet is, it's come up with comfort and convenience that'll make you wonder why anyone would want to pay more. Its remarkable Full Coil ride — insulated from road shock and noise by *thicker, newly designed body mounts* — remains unruffled by even the roughest roads.

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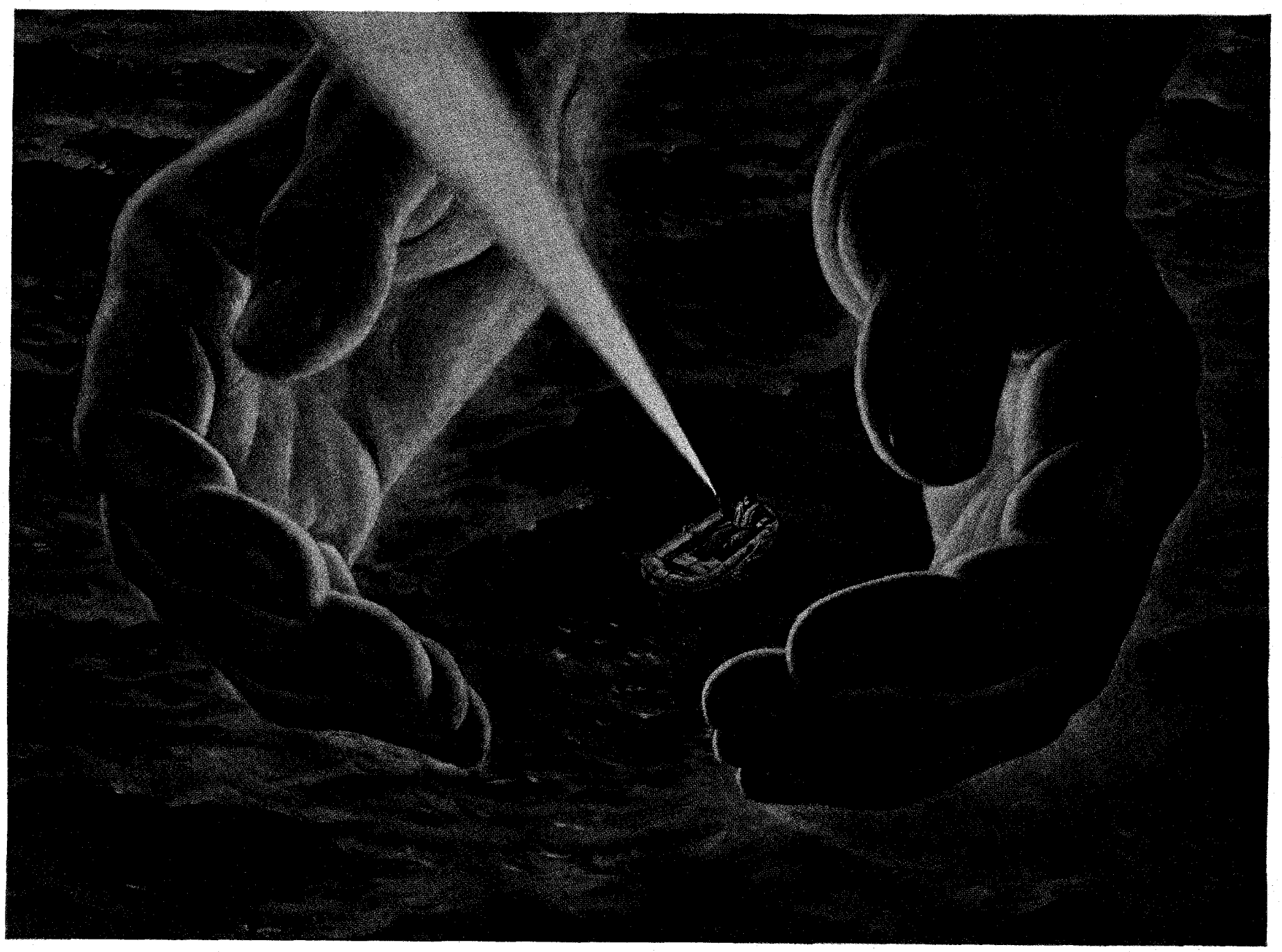

. . . a hand in things to come

To save a Life...

Portable packages of electricity help make our lives safer and more enjoyable

The bright beam of a flashlight in the hands of an airman down at sea . . . the untold comfort of an almost invisible hearing aid . . . the pleasure of listening to your favorite music over a portable radio. These ingenious devices have one thing in common—they all get their electric power from dry-cell batteries. Each day millions of us depend on these portable packages of power for greater safety, comfort, and pleasure.

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UNION CARBIDE

...a hand in things to come

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(*Continued from Page 80*) "We wish to state," Burger said, "that this is rather a serious matter, that it has come up out of a clear sky, so to speak. We have not had time to look up the authorities, but I wish to state to the Court that I feel positive that we can find authorities indicating that, as long as the defendant is represented by Mr. Perry Mason and as long as he is her duly constituted agent and attorney, the things he has done on her behalf are binding upon her. Furthermore, I feel that we should have an opportunity to show what these things are, so that under the doctrine of agency we will force the defendant either to ratify the acts of her agent or to take steps to disaffirm those acts."

"The Court has ruled. The Court's position is that the acts of Perry Mason and conversations which he has had outside the presence of the defendant are not binding upon her. Now, the Court can be in error in this matter, and if you have any authorities which you wish to present, the Court will be glad to consider those authorities. In the meantime, however, the Court is going to adopt the position that you can only show acts of the defendant and can only show conversations which occurred within the presence of the defendant. Otherwise they would be hearsay."

"But, if the Court please," Hamilton Burger said, "here is a plain case, if I may speak frankly, where evidence which is exceedingly vital to the issues in this case has been planted by someone in a garage at the Kelsington Apartments. Mr. Mason, as the attorney for the defendant, was caught red-handed in that garage. It is at least a reasonable assumption that the only person who could have given those garments to him was the defendant in this case."

"That's looking at it from the prosecution's viewpoint," Judge Bayton snapped. "On the other hand, you haven't as yet negatived the fact that those garments were placed there by the most logical person of all—the person who rented that garage—Madge Elwood."

"But where could she possibly have secured those garments?" Hamilton Burger asked. "She wasn't out at the lodge the night of the murder. She ——"

"How does counsel know she wasn't?" Mason interrupted.

Hamilton Burger flushed angrily. "I don't choose to be interrupted," he said.

"And the Court would very much prefer not to have you interrupted," Judge Bayton said, "but since the interruption has been made, I will state that the question propounded by counsel for the defense is one which the Court intended to ask. How do you know she wasn't out there?"

"We'll prove it," Hamilton Burger said.

"Go ahead and prove it, then," Judge Bayton said, "and after your evidence has been concluded, if you then have sufficient circumstantial evidence to indicate that the articles in question must have been placed at the spot where they were found by any person acting under the direction and control of the defendant, you will have an opportunity to renew your offers of testimony. The Court will then permit you to recall these witnesses and ask these questions, provided you have in the meantime found some authorities to support your position.

"At the present time you are working only on an inference. The circumstances are not, in the opinion of the Court, strong enough to indicate a chain of circumstantial evidence necessarily connecting this defendant with the articles in question. However, the Court is very much interested in this phase of the inquiry and intends to co-operate in any way it can."

"Thank you," Hamilton Burger said and sat down.

Carson turned to the manager of the apartment house. "Were you the manager of the Kelsington Apartments on the fifth and sixth of this month?"

"I was."

"Now, I am going to ask you if you saw Madge Elwood on the sixth of the month."

"I did."

"Did you see her in the evening? Early in the evening?"

"Yes."

"Did you have a conversation with her at that time?"

"Yes."

"Did you see the defendant on the sixth?"

"I did. Yes."

"And what happened at that time?"

"On the afternoon of the sixth Madge brought the defendant, Arlene Ferris, in with her. She was on her way to the elevator. She introduced me to Arlene Ferris and said Arlene was going to be visiting with her for perhaps a few days."

"Now, that was on the afternoon of the sixth?"

"Yes."

"And this conversation took place in the presence of the defendant?"

"Yes."

"Now I show you a skirt which has heretofore been marked for identification as People's Exhibit B-eight, and I will ask you if you recognize that skirt."

"I do."

"Where did you see it?"

"I saw it on Madge Elwood on the sixth of the month."

"She was wearing that skirt?"

"She was wearing that skirt," Bertha Anderson said with positive finality.

"Now then, did you see her later on after that, on the sixth?"

"I did."

"At about what time?"

"It was early in the evening."

"What was Madge Elwood wearing at that time?"

"She was wearing that skirt."

"When you say that skirt, you are referring to the People's Exhibit B-eight, the skirt which I am now holding in my hand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And where was she when you saw her?"

"She was in the lobby, going out of the apartment."

"Now, did you see her when she returned?"

"Yes."

"And what time was that?"

"That was quite a bit later—two or three hours later."

"And what was Madge Elwood wearing at that time?"

"She was wearing a different skirt. I remember noticing that she had gone out in one skirt and had returned in another. I started to say something and then held my tongue. After all, it was none of my business."

"Now, that was on the sixth of the month?"

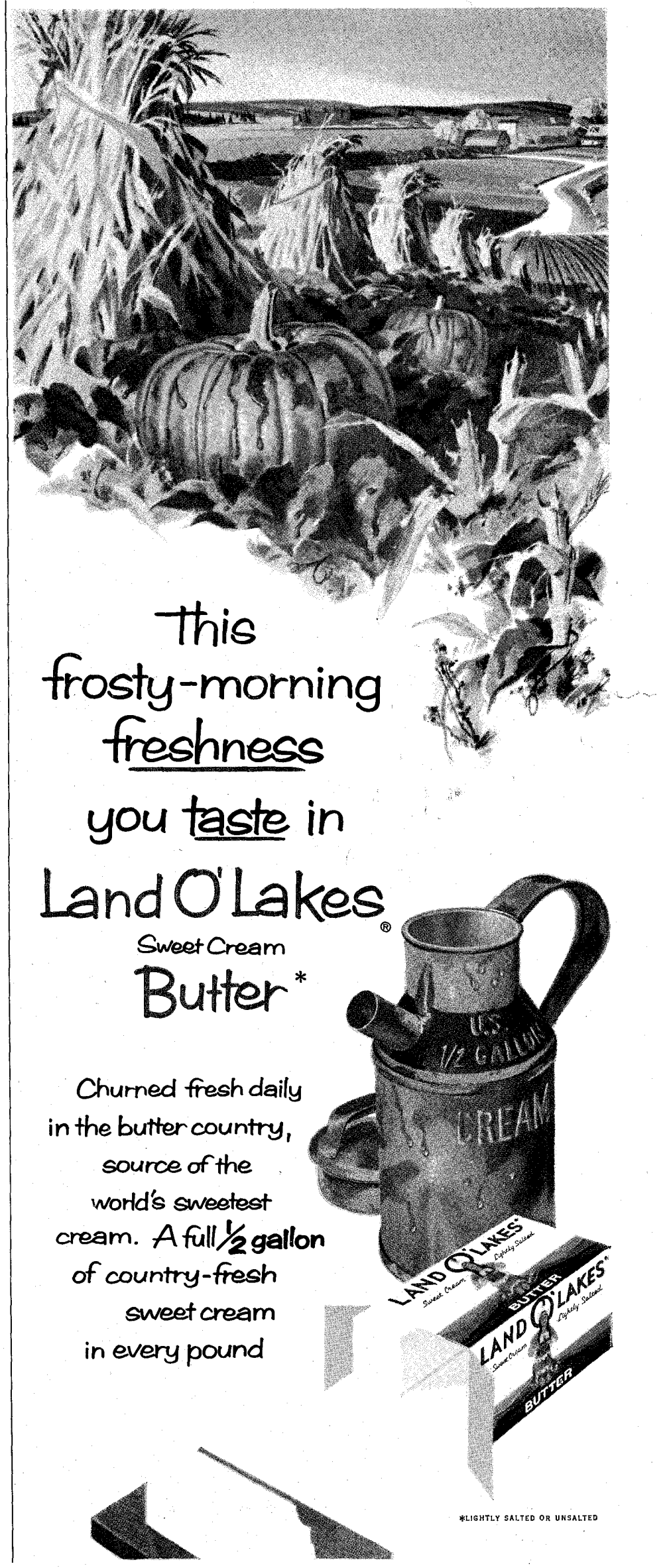
"Yes."

"You may cross-examine," Carson said.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Charity usually begins at home—if you're there to answer the doorbell.

FRANK G. MCINNIS



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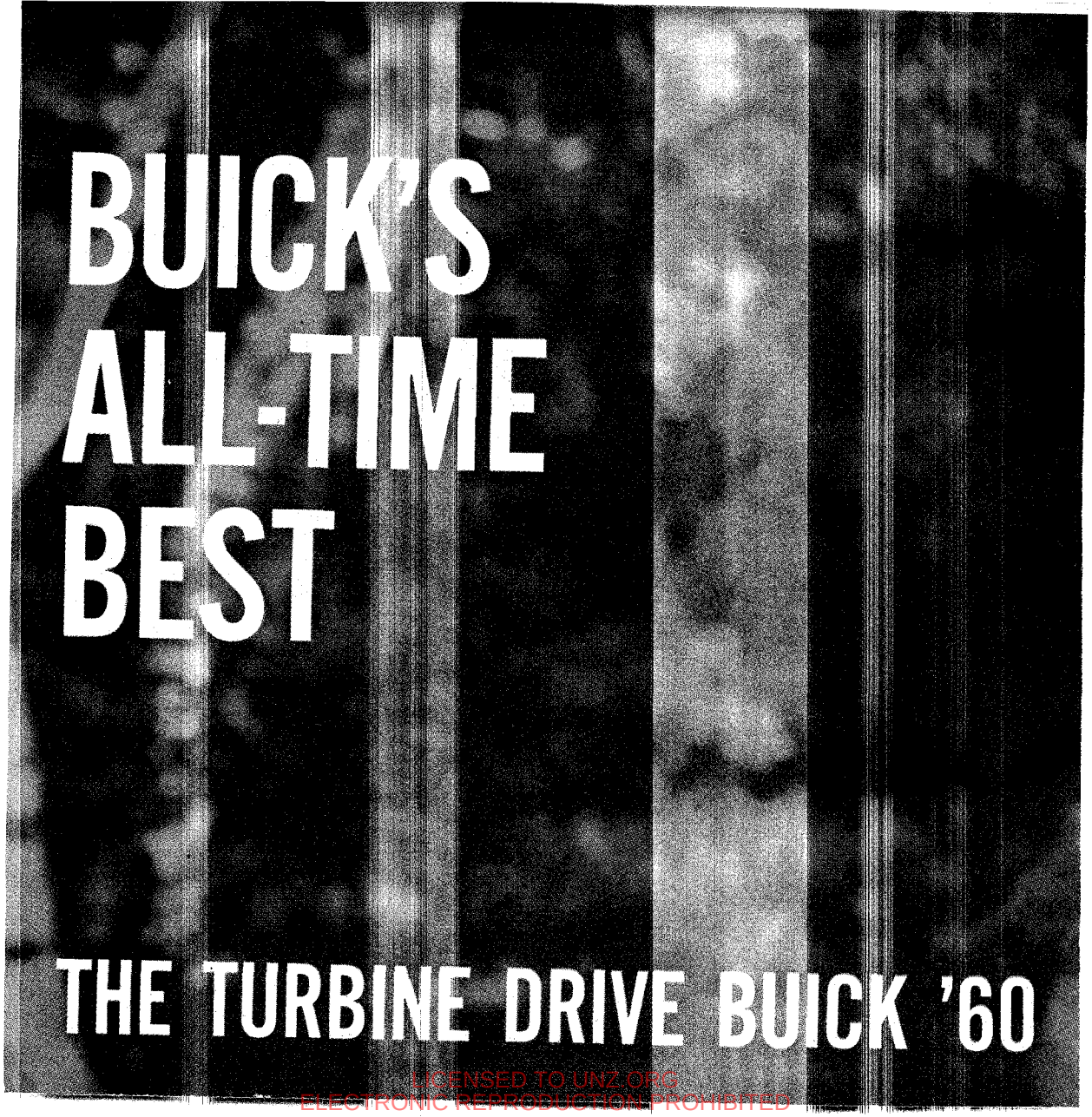

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THE TURBINE DRIVE BUICK '60

OUTSIDE

New lines that are contoured, clean and strong.
A distinctive new front grille.
New ventiport side markings.
Doors that open wider, easier to get in and out.
Lower engine hood . . . driver sees more of the road close to the car in front.

BUICK ELECTRA 225 4-DOOR HARDTOP

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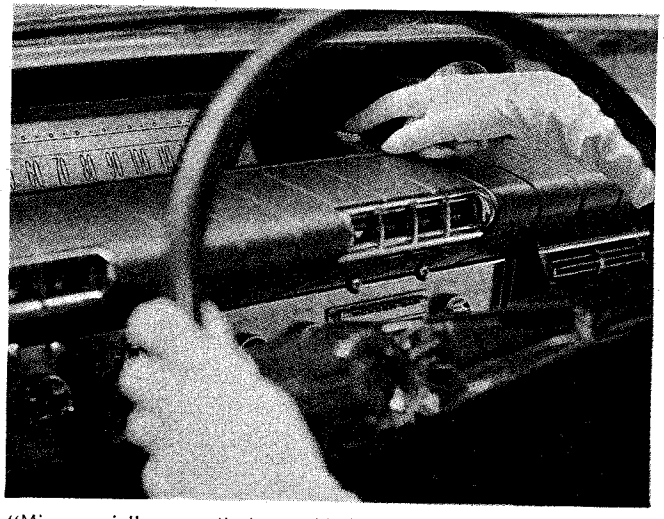

"Mirromagic"—an entirely new kind of instrument cluster lets the driver see speed, gas gauge, and other necessary readings at a glance —in a mirror he can tilt to suit his own eye level.

INSIDE

Floors that are lower . . .
more leg room, foot room.
Higher, more comfortable seats—
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Richer, more luxurious
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All-new colors.
Twilight Sentinel*—a new,
optional safety feature, turns
headlights on automatically
as it gets dark.

*OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST.

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THE TURBINE DRIVE BUICK '60

IMPRESSIVE COMFORT AND QUIET

BUICK ELECTRA 225 4-DOOR HARDTOP

Careful comparisons indicate that today's Buick is perhaps the quietest-running car built in America. Nobody goes so far as Buick in use of noise-insulating materials, including rubber engine mounts, rubber pads between body and frame and between the coil springs and frame.

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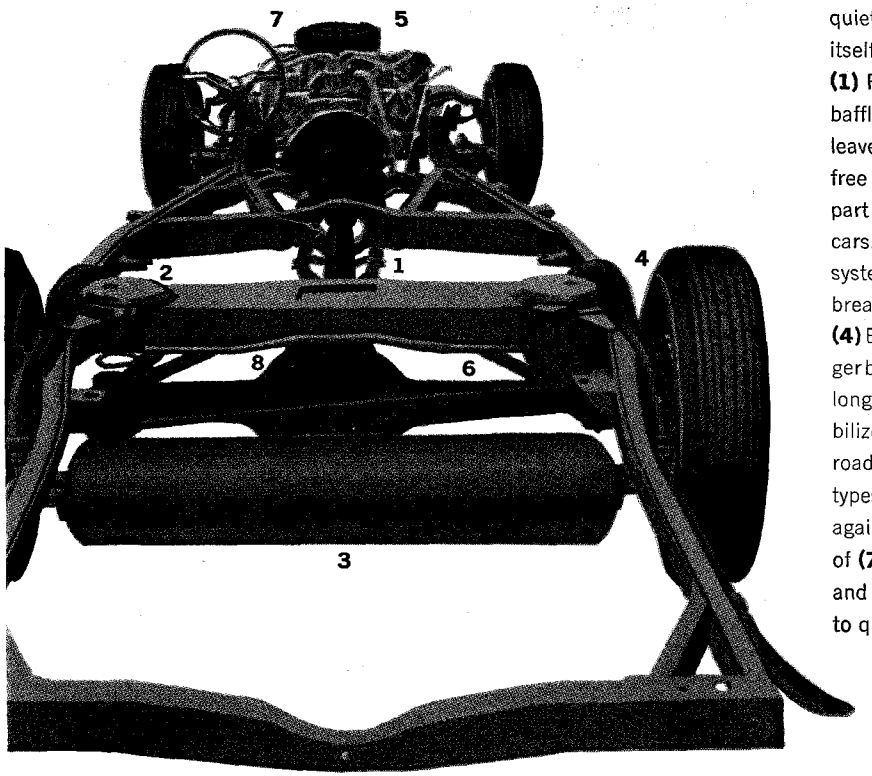

The Buick Chassis is exclusive among today's cars in its built-in and lasting quietness. Buick's box-girder K frame itself is extremely strong and rigid. **(1)** Fully-enclosed Torque-Tube Drive baffles noise, deadens vibration; also leaves Buick's 4 deep-coil springs **(2)** free to do only the springing job, not part of the driving too, as in most other cars. **(3)** A new transverse muffler system gives quieter operation, freer breathing and much longer muffler life. **(4)** Buick's 15-inch wheels provide bigger brake drums, better road clearance, longer tire life. **(5)** True-balance stabilizer bar on all models gives a solid road-hugging stance and feel on all types of road. **(6)** Rear track bar guards against roll and sway. Special design of **(7)** Buick's engines, fan mounting and **(8)** rear axles further contribute to quiet, vibration-free operation.

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THE TURBINE DRIVE BUICK '60

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BUICK ELECTRA 225 4-DOOR HARDTOP

Buick's Vertical Valve V-8 Wildcat Engines, including an optional new LeSabre Engine designed to give good performance on regular grade fuel.

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Remarkable Gas Economy — owners of even the most powerful of today's Buicks commonly log 15 to 18 miles per gallon.

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Buick's Exclusive Air-Flo Aluminum-Drum Braking System—gives stopping power and durability unsurpassed by the brakes on any other American car. With 15-inch wheels instead of the customary 14-inch to increase tire life and provide space for Buick's big brake drums. Fin-cooled drums front and rear. Aluminum front drums where braking load is heaviest. Air-Flo wheel slots continuously direct high-pressure air from beneath the car over the brake drums to cool them better.

BUICK LESABRE 4-DOOR SEDAN

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19 MODELS...

at an all-time high in Buick quality. Today's Buick buyer benefits from an intensive program of modern quality control. To offer this fine Buick quality to the greatest number of families, The Turbine Drive Buick '60 is available in these magnificent series: Buick at its thriftiest—**Buick LeSabre** (today's version of the Buick Special)... Buick at its most spirited—**Buick Invicta** (today's version of the Buick Century)... Buick at its most luxurious—**Buick Electra** (today's version of the Buick Super) and the **Buick Electra 225** (today's version of the Buick Roadmaster) the finest Buicks of all.

Every one of Buick's 19 models is a car large enough, strong enough and able enough to serve today's American family well and long on today's American streets and highways. Your Quality Buick Dealer earnestly invites you to inspect and drive these wonderful cars—at your own convenience and with absolutely no obligation.

BUICK ELECTRA 225 BUICK INVICTA BUICK LESABRE

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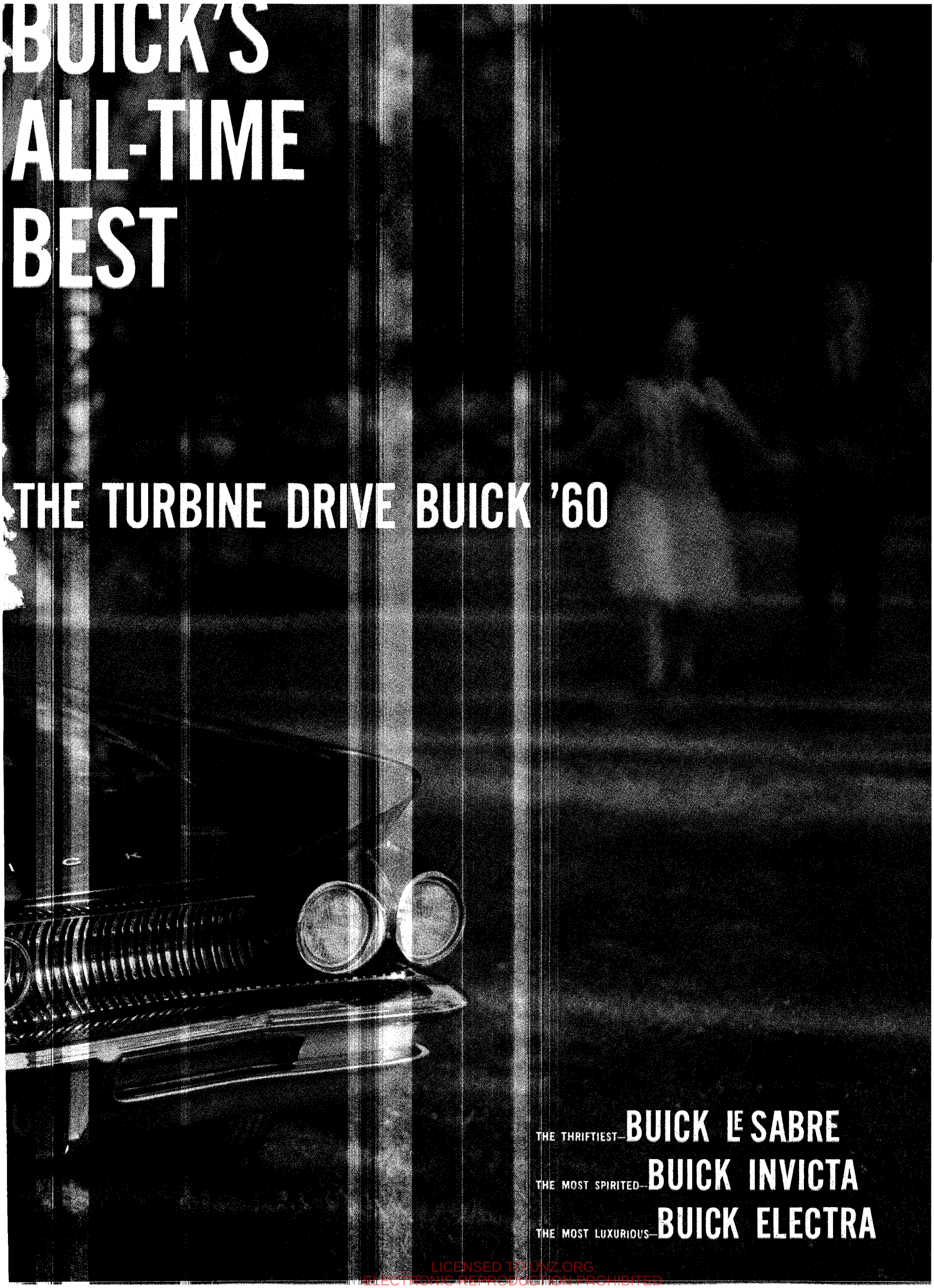

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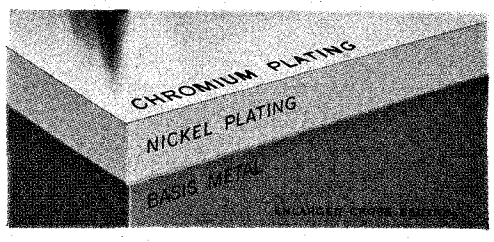
INCO NICKEL *makes plating perform better longer*



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The Castle Secret (Continued from Page 41)

overcrowded Oxford restaurant. He rejoiced further to note that one of these fellow citizens was a glorious girl gleaming at him only the table's breadth away. There was conversation. There were introductions. Parents, in such circumstances, must be accepted as a necessary evil. Jay found the Mannings not evil at all. Yet there were times when he felt that the delightful Mrs. Manning was measuring him with her beautiful eyes against some invisible marking, and finding that he did not measure up.

He mentioned his impression to Francesca. "Probably it's Ludd," she said. "Maybe he finds you wanting—in nobility of character, high-mindedness, other-worldliness, strength of purpose, modesty, intellectual genius. Some *je ne sais quoi* that you don't happen to have."

"He's a liar," said Jay. "Who is he?"

Francesca explained about Sir Arthur Ludd.

"You don't even know him?"

"Only mother does," said Francesca. "But on a spiritual plane I'd say I'm well acquainted with him. I'm familiar with all his little ways."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Driftwood Arrangement

No matter how carefully I
have tried,
It looks like something
washed up with the tide.

Betty Isler

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"And so it comes to pass," said Jay, fixing her with burning eyes, "that under the dominance of this myth from the past, you trail about this country suffering experiences sometimes bizarre, sometimes merely horrible, and sometimes both at once, like this. Do you suppose, by the way, that this is the real England?"

"Nothing else was," said Francesca, wriggling agreeably under the slither of the remaining raindrops over her skin. "People kept telling us 'this isn't the real England,' and then we came to this historic township here with its castle famed in legend, and a cricket match going on and all. And if that isn't the real England we'll maybe have to throw in our hand."

"So there we all are," said Jay, "poor hapless puppets in the hands of Ludd, the sadistic scientist from outer space."

He sighed, continuing to gaze at Francesca. "You're not keeping your mind on the game," she said.

"Like a fish," he said.

"Me? Like a fish?" Her voice rose to a small shriek. "I like that! Honestly ——"

"Like a fish out of water, I meant," said Jay hurriedly. "Beautiful, gleaming and wriggling and all in the wrong environment and element." He peered angrily around at the mackintoshed figures distributed sparsely about the benches.

"Well, mother thinks you're an undesirable element," said Francesca. "She feels we didn't come here to pick up people like you that we could meet by the dozen back home."

Nancy was turning to shush them again when an intense noise zipped across the playing field like a projectile and seemed to explode at the Mannings' very feet. The players froze, then stared at the benches on the further side of the field. A moment later the noise was repeated, and this time was distinguishable as human speech.

"Nancy!" was the sound it made; and again, "Hi! Nancy!"

Looked at askance by the players, flaunting a raincoat like a cloak draped from the shoulders of a rowdy sports coat, a bulky figure came straight across the field in a swaggering hobble. From a distance of thirty yards the man began to wave enthusiastically and actually to converse, as though he were talking across the width of a drawing room.

"Nancy, my dear!" he shouted. "Ages since I saw you! What on earth have you been doing with yourself? How've you been? Awful lot of 'flu about this year, though mind you the reports may be exaggerated. Nothing to be frightened of."

By this time he was clumsily hurdling the intervening benches. Members of the Manning party saw looming above them a shoe-leathery face, scarred here and there, it seemed, by a slip of the cobbler's hand; a Roman nose protruding nobly from it; and eyes both roving and intent with a droop of the left eyelid that made you think of a pirate's patch.

"Arthur!" said Nancy. "It's just wonderful to see you. Francis, this is Sir Arthur Ludd. Arthur, this is my husband."

"Splendid! Splendid!" said Sir Arthur. They started to make room for him on their bench, but he had already hobbled round it and seated himself on the bench immediately behind them.

"No use trying to talk now in this utter discomfort," he said, leaning forward. "What we'll do is, we'll watch this thing for a bit and then we'll all go and I mean to say as it were."

Peering round for a moment, Jay saw him extend his legs and throw himself into a semisupine attitude, his arms extended in each direction along the back of the bench.

Francis, Francesca and Jay Porter returned their attention to the game in an awed silence. The personal materialization of Sir Arthur Ludd was as disconcerting as would be a sudden wave and cheery greeting from a symbolic statue on some public building. His presence immediately behind made them all feel that it was their duty to watch England's national game with an increased semblance of interest.

The ecclesiastical quiet, briefly broken by the eruption of Sir Arthur, had again settled over the field, emphasized rather than shattered by the sound which, Jay was happy to remember, was properly known as the "crack of leather on willow." The fans maintained an almost eerie silence, commenting on the game chiefly by nods, shakes of the head, and an occasional sigh as of scorn or despair.

"Surely," whispered Jay to Francesca, "there's a bit in this piece where someone calls out 'Play up, and play the game!' Or have I my facts wrong?"

He had not. At that very moment a hoarse voice shattered the moist peace with an abrupt staccato cry.

"Play up, and play the game!" was its utterance. It ceased, cut off as sharply as it had begun.

Electrified by this noise which came from immediately behind them, the Mannings and Jay Porter looked round. Sir Arthur Ludd was still in his partially recumbent position. His chin had fallen forward to rest on his gaudy tie, the snap brim of his hat almost covered his face. Some of the fans had turned round, too, in irritable curiosity, but there was nothing to connect Sir Arthur with that inspiriting exhortation.

Uneasily the spectators in front of him settled down to appreciate whatever was going on on the pitch. They did not settle for long. The shattering voice came again,

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"Jolly well bowled, sir!" it suddenly shouted, "Jolly well bowled!"

Since the bowler was not in action at all at the moment, this piercing piece of applause struck spectators and players alike as painfully irrelevant. All gazed in the direction of Sir Arthur, but it was as though he had never moved. A man sitting next to him gave him an exasperated little nudge, and at the same time moved himself an inch or two away from him on the bench in a gesture of disassociation. Sir Arthur snapped up his chin and pushed his hat back on his head and looked about him with a lofty expression. The people who had been eying him censoriously quickly looked away again. He leaned forward and tapped Francis on the shoulder.

"I don't know how you feel about it, old boy," he said, "but it seems to me we've seen about enough of this. There's a bar in the pavilion. Why don't we all go and so to speak ——"

Nancy's expression, as Sir Arthur led the way toward a chalet-type wooden building at the end of the field, said that this certainly was going to be a privilege.

"Mother looks," said Francesca, "as though she was hoping for the best from us and expecting the worst."

Grimly, Francis braced himself for some high-minded conversation. He felt it his duty to his wife to tell Francesca and Jay to brace themselves for the same. Francesca sighed. Jay Porter looked lovingly at her and glared at the swaggering raincoat ahead of them.

"J'ever hear," Sir Arthur was saying as they filed into the pavilion, "that story I read somewhere about the man that died suddenly while watching a cricket match? Over three inches of rain had fallen for seven runs, and it was supposed the excitement killed him." He laughed loudly. A party of Anglo-Englishmen at one end of the small bar displayed disgust at the unseemly jest. Two American airmen at the other end sniggered happily. Sir Arthur rounded on them.

"Just because," he said sternly, "you people prefer playing rounders with a hard ball, there's no occasion to sneer at our national game."

"Well, anyway we paid to see it, didn't we?" said one of the airmen.

"Not at all," said Sir Arthur. "You paid to see these magnificent grounds and this historic castle, including its horrific dungeons and the boudoir where Henry VIII possibly made his first pass at Anne Boleyn. And then, today being Saturday, you've got the splendid display of cricket at its best thrown in. How much more, may I ask, do you expect for a lousy four shillings and sixpence, with just a very few extras here and there?"

The airmen looked at him as unfavorably as did the English party at the other end of the bar.

"J'ever notice," said Sir Arthur to Nancy, "that something about the game of cricket brings out the worst in everyone? Evil, sour expressions are what we see around a cricket ground. Though mind you," he added loudly, "it may be of course that only sour and evil people ever go to watch such games."

"But you were watching, Sir Arthur," said Francesca. "You were shouting and encouraging them."

"Wasn't actually watching," said Sir Arthur; "just sitting meditating, more or less contemplating my navel. But the crowd likes to hear a cry of 'Well caught' or something of the kind from time to time, so I give it them every so often."

"But why do you come at all if that's how you feel about it?"

"To make money," said Sir Arthur. "Ever since I opened the castle grounds to the public I spend every Saturday at least padding about, helping to sort of, as it were. By all means buy us another big drink all round, Manning old man. As I say, it encourages the masses to see the owner in the flesh. People natter about the Duke of Bedford and that three-ring circus or whatever it is he runs at his place, but what I say is where else can you put down a mere four and sixpence and be sure of seeing a baronet of ancient lineage and a briliant scientist to boot?"

He slapped his hand on the bar and looked challengingly around at the company.

"So this is your place?" said Nancy. "I do admire your enterprise, but it must be sad having to sort of hire it out this way. I remember how you used to feel about the family traditions."

"Comes to that," said Sir Arthur, "the Ludds have always been in the looting line from way back. Looting and low cunning—that's how we got the castle in the first place, changing sides at the right moment in the Wars of the Roses. I love to hear the jingle of the cash register behind the bar there, and the merry click of the turnstiles. I love money; don't you, Manning?"

"Great stuff!" said Manning, in a tone hearty but bewildered.

"And of course the money goes to keeping up your laboratory," said Nancy. "I read in a magazine somewhere that some of your researches might ultimately save as many lives as penicillin."

"Oh, I chisel most of the lab money out of the government," said Sir Arthur. "Easy enough, you know, if you know where to start chiseling. Thank God, a little title and the old-school tie are still

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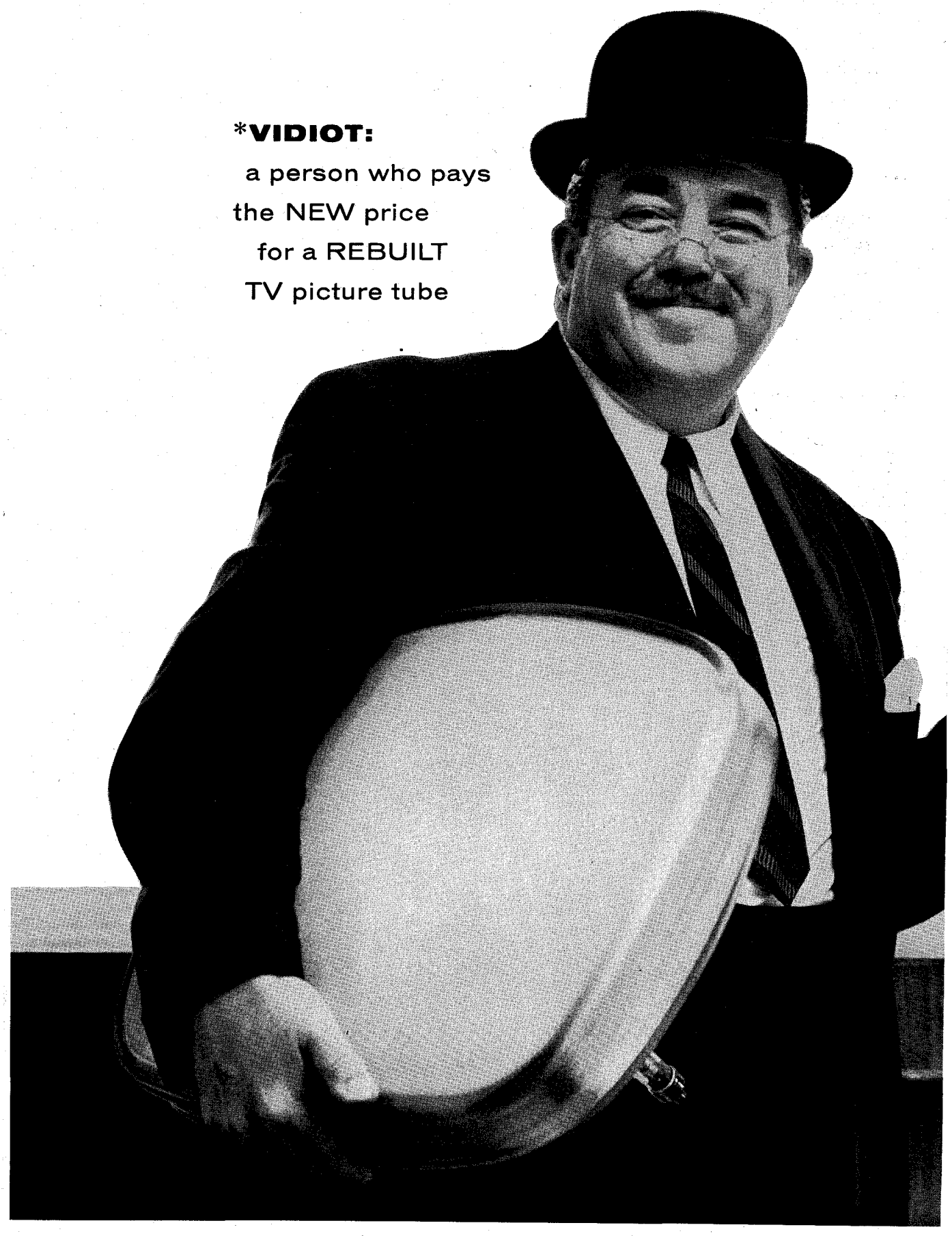

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sometimes worth a bit more than honest merit. I spend most of what I make out of this castle racket on strictly personal luxuries—wine, really good cigars, you know, that type of thing."

"And all the time," breathed Nancy rather anxiously, "you may be on the verge of something that will save all those billions of lives."

"Can't say," said Sir Arthur. "It's a tossup. I'm the best man in England in my line, but even so it's just a tossup. And by George! when one looks around at the citizenry one wonders whether there hasn't been a bit too much life-saving in the past. I intend no personal offense," he added with an unctious smile at one of the Englishmen who seemed to be on the point of angry protest. "Dear Nancy, how happy I am to see you. Should we all take a little stroll round the place? I like to have a quick look round before closing time."

Beside a path behind the pavilion an irregular semicircle of large stones was visible in the rank grass. A neatly painted notice said: "Possible site of Druid ring and altar. Here young maidens may have been bound shrieking on a midsummer's night, and at dawn pitilessly sacrificed to the Sun God."

"They may, at that," said Sir Arthur.

"Is there historic evidence for it?" asked Jay.

"Naturally not," said Sir Arthur. "We are dealing here with the prehistoric."

Where the path adjoined a well-trodden dirt track a signpost announced: "To the camp for nudists."

"A small idea I picked up from the Duke of Bedford again," said Sir Arthur. "The papers were full of his plans for inviting one of the nudist societies to camp on his grounds."

"I don't know that I specially want to see a lot of nudists," said Francesca, as they moved in the direction of the sign.

"You aren't likely to," said Sir Arthur. "It's all right for Bedford down there by the muggy Thames, but I can't see any society of nudists being fools enough to come up to a chilly rainswept place like this. I don't want any charges of misrepresentation, and this, as the sign indicates to everyone of average intelligence, is simply a camp available to nudists should they wish to take advantage of it. Do any business today, Tom?" he inquired of an elderly man who was folding a small collapsible chair and preparing to leave his position in front of a low fence, enclosing what seemed to be an extensive copse where the undergrowth grew thick beneath the trees. "Tom," explained Sir Arthur, "has the binocular concession here. Lets them out at a shilling a time for people who want to get a good view of any nudists there may happen to be."

The first thing a bride learns about cooking is her groom's boiling point.

DAN BENNETT

"Only six bob today, sir," said the old man. "There ain't the interest in the naked human form there used to be. I suppose the movies have damped the ardor, as you might say."

"But if there aren't any nudists there anyway?" said Jay.

"In my young days," said the old man sternly, "we'd have paid our bob just on the off chance." He looked Jay up and down with sad contempt and ambled away, the binoculars which had been in such poor demand bumping against his hip.

As they approached the castle itself, the last of the bedraggled visitors were leaving, complaining loudly among themselves at the extortionate price they had been asked for tea and buns. "Imagine that," said Sir Arthur. "Complaining about a few bob extra for tea in such surroundings. Some of these people have no historic sense."

"Rugged-looking old place," commented Francis Manning.

"You bet it's rugged," said Sir Arthur. "I had to pay a gang of workmen a packet to knock it about till it got the proper fifteenth-century tone. Actually, most of it was run up less than a hundred years ago by my great-grandfather when he made a bit of money out of a small coal mine he chanced to find. At that, he forgot battlements. Had to put them on myself. In my opinion to invite the public to a castle that has no battlements is equivalent to obtaining money under false pretenses. It's the same with dungeons."

By way of a long winding staircase they descended to the dungeons. Here was black gloom, alleviated only by the faint light from slits high in the walls.

"Mind the rack, my poppet!" Sir Arthur cried in agitation as Nancy bumped against a dimly seen contrivance of poles, rollers and pulleys. "It's good, but it's flimsy. I knocked it together myself. And now that all those eager students of the medieval way of life have gone, we might have a little light on the scene." He snapped a switch, flooding the large circular room with electric light. "When I opened for business," he said, "believe it or not, this place was scarcely furnished. Not a rack, not a thumbscrew, not a garrote (*Continued on Page 101*)

VIDIOT!*

There are *two* kinds of television picture tube replacements on the market. They look alike... but they are *not* alike. Some are New... others are rebuilt. So when you pay the New price, be sure you *get* an All-New tube. Don't be a Vidiot (a person who pays the NEW price for a REBUILT TV picture tube). Look for the All-New warranty tag... be sure it specifies all-new parts and all-new glass.

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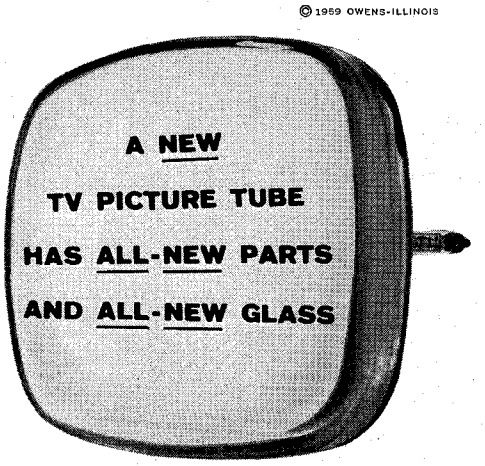

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(*Continued from Page 99*) in the place. Terrible condition to leave a dungeon in."

While his visitors surveyed a satisfying array of instruments of torture, each with its notice luridly describing its uses, Sir Arthur approached what seemed to be a stone coffin set against one of the walls. Its top was roughly chiseled with some vaguely heraldic device and the notice beside it said: "Tomb of the first Sir Arthur Ludd circa 1300. Please do not touch." Sir Arthur drew a key from his pocket, inserted it in a lock cunningly concealed in the heraldry, and threw back the lid.

"In addition to thumbscrews and such," he said, "another thing I personally expect to find in a cellar is booze. Now what will you so to speak ——"

The supposed tomb of the first Sir Arthur was indeed well stocked both as to quantity and variety of liquor. "Porter, my dear boy," said Sir Arthur to Jay, pouring whisky lavishly and setting the glasses on a table otherwise occupied only by a number of skulls, "just pull up a couple of coffins from the corner over there, will you, and we'll make ourselves comfortable."

Having drained his glass and refilled it, Sir Arthur patted Nancy cozily on the thigh and looked her over admiringly. "Lovely," he said. "All such changes as can be observed are for the better. You don't mind"—he turned to Francis—"my making passes at your wife? It isn't as though I saw her every day."

Francis also drained his glass and refilled it. "It seems to me," he said, his voice rising somewhat, "that you've been making passes at my wife for the past eighteen years or so. Furthermore, she has reciprocated your—so far as I am concerned—unwelcome advances. You and your high-mindedness! I could sue you for alienation of respect."

"What the devil d'you mean?" boomed Sir Arthur, his nose deep in his glass. "Are you aspersing this woman? I could sue you for slander. We may be a second-rate power, but we've still got our lawyers."

Nancy rose suddenly and stood over Sir Arthur, her foot tapping dangerously on the stone floor.

"You're entertaining us very nicely, Arthur," she said, "but what about your ideals and higher aspirations that you used to tell me about?"

"Yes, indeed," interrupted Francesca. "Those ideals and standards of yours have been pushing me around for years."

"And I, let me tell you," said Jay Porter, also rising and standing over the baronet, "have suffered the indignity of being looked on as an unworthy squire of this beautiful and innocent girl because the Ludd yardstick says so. You've deliberately humiliated me."

"But I mean as it were sort of," said Sir Arthur, "I'm a perfectly ordinary sort of a chap."

"That's not the way we heard it," said Francis.

"You wormed yourself into our home as a paragon," said Francesca. "You caused friction and resentment."

A mournful voice was heard calling from a long way off at the top of the stairs.

"Have you got the key of the blood cupboard there, Sir Arthur? Execution block needs a new coating. Lot of visitors today and you can't stop some of them fingering the bloodstains."

Sir Arthur got to his feet. "Excuse me," he said. "There's a special bloodstain I make up in the lab. They must put it on in the evening; otherwise it's still sticky in the morning. Bit too realistic."

The visitors stared at one another as the noise of his feet stumped away up the stairs.

"And that plausible rogue," said Francis after a silence, "has been imposing on us all these years."

"He's a genuine scientist," said Nancy.

"I don't doubt it. The point is that as a high-minded arbiter of ethical and social behavior he has been an impostor all this time. I told you I wished you had never met him."

"But I'm so glad I've met him again," said Nancy. "Otherwise he'd have gone on and on forever being a cause of friction. As a common human being he's harmless."

"As a common human being," said Francesca, "he's sort of nice."

"Maybe," said Francis, "but as an ideal he was hell."

"But he won't be any more," said Nancy. "As an ideal I've dropped him."

Francis kissed her warmly.

"In that case, may I yet dare to hope?" said Jay Porter. He kissed Francesca lightly on the cheek.

Sir Arthur came stamping down the stairs. "Had to find the key for him," he said. "People like blood. Have some more whisky. But wait a minute!" He had an air of sudden recollection. "Weren't we just having an awful row?"

"It's over," said Francis. "You've been exploded and we like you better that way."

"Your presence in the flesh has brought happiness and harmony to all" said Jay.

"Now that you're a human being," said Francesca, "I shall call you uncle. I think I'll kiss you."

"Do that," said Sir Arthur, "and then I'll kiss your mother."

"Meanwhile, I'll have some more whisky," said Francis.

"It's good stuff," said Sir Arthur. "Been maturing for an awful long time. The only genuine antique on the place." THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You display all the symptoms of somebody who didn't do his homework last night."

Advertisement

Are Face Creams Over-rated?

By HELEN F. PORTER

As a beauty consultant for more years than I care to admit, I've seen and tried almost every type of face cream imaginable . . . vitamin creams, hormone creams, medicated creams, queen bee jelly creams, and on and on. Some of these creams have two things in common: the catch-phrase ingredient which is played up through advertising; and a greasy ingredient which coats the outer surface of the skin to give the appearance of smoothness.

HELEN F. PORTER

If you are one of those fortunate women with a naturally radiant complexion and no skin problems, you probably don't need or use a face cream. If you're like me with a tendency toward dry skin and its resulting premature lines and wrinkles, you've probably found that almost any cream will do *some* good, but perhaps you've never been really satisfied.

Recently, I was asked to try a new face cream which, as usual, contained a unique ingredient. With tongue in cheek, I listened to the research director who developed this cream tell me about it. To my surprise, he backed his story up with scientific medical proof, not by wild advertising claims. And, I was familiar with the cream's basic ingredients, having read about them in articles praising their benefits to the skin. You probably have heard of them too—essential polyunsaturates, which are natural elements found in young, healthy skin.

Extensive laboratory research by his clinical staff proved that normal healthy 21-year-old skin is almost 50% richer in these essential polyunsaturates than skin at age 40.

As we grow older, these vital ingredients drain away and our skin dries out leaving lines, crow's-feet and an aging look.

Another factor which can contribute to our loss of these essential polyunsaturates has to do with our modern-day eating habits. The scientific gentleman explained that an excellent way to keep a good complexion is to eat fatty foods which are rich in essential polyunsaturates. He asked if I knew of any stout ladies who had extreme dry skin problems—I don't, do you? Unfortunately though, for our complexions, we try to watch our diet most of the time and tend to shy away from fatty foods. This is wonderful for our figures but can be bad for our complexions.

He went on to say that although scientists had known of the value of these essential polyunsaturates for many years, they had been unable to put them into cream form because they turned rancid. Finally, his research staff discovered how to "stabilize" them in a greaseless cream which actually supplies the essential polyunsaturates to the skin.

To make a long story short, I have been using this cream for over a month now and am wild about it. My skin looks and feels healthier, finer textured, more resilient, and alive. Excessive dryness and unnatural lines disappeared in a matter of days. My complexion looks fresher and brighter, my pores seem finer, and my skin is clearer, smoother and healthier looking than it has been in years.

On the theory that actual use is the best way to demonstrate a new product, I asked the makers of this cream to make a trial size available (it's called Polyderm Compensating Cream; Prince Matchabelli makes it and sells it in three sizes, $2.00, $3.50, $5.00 at leading department and drug stores). They agreed and now you can get a five-day trial-size jar by sending 25c and your name and address to Polyderm, c/o Prince Matchabelli, Dept. S-10, P.O. Box 58, Mt. Vernon10, New York.

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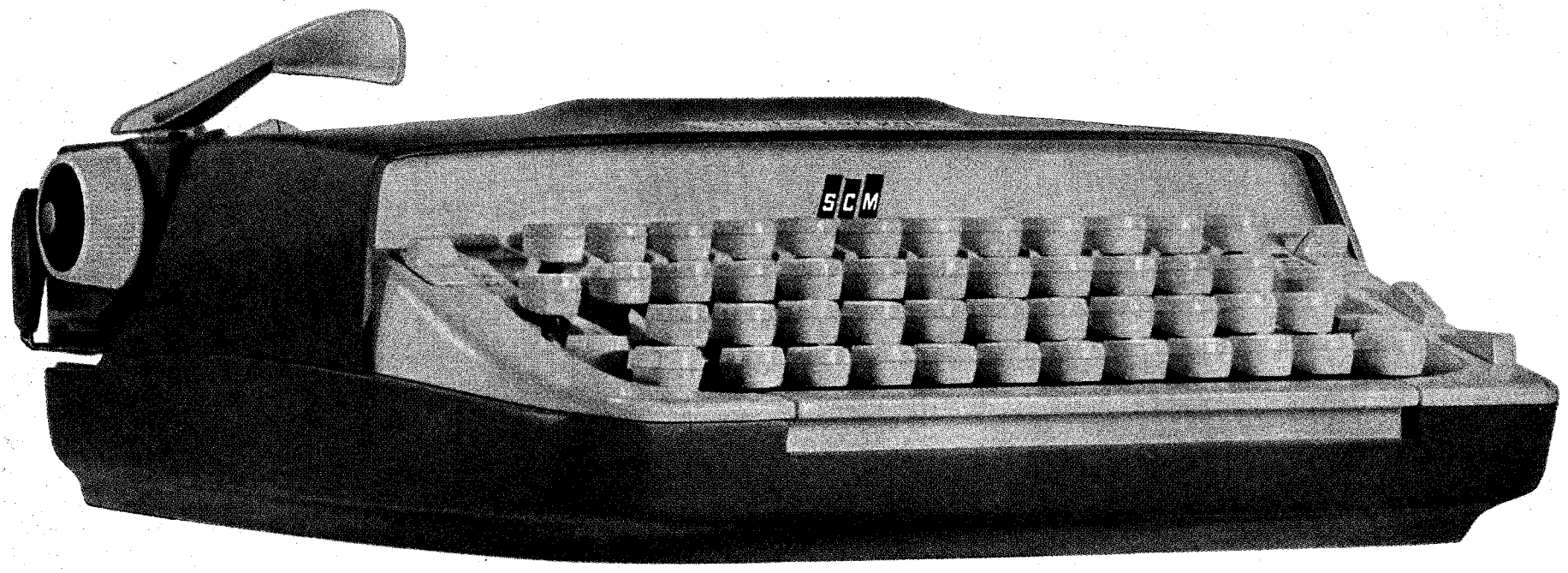

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My Father F.D.R. (Continued from Page 31)

the warship models in their glass cases; this caused him trouble on at least one occasion when baby Elliott didn't want to go home.

He also took us for frequent outings on the Secretary's yacht, the *Sylph*. I let father down miserably when he took me to a grand review of the fleet at Yorktown, followed by a sumptuous, thirteen-course official banquet. As we were coming back across Chesapeake Bay, dirty weather set in, and I promptly lost all thirteen courses, much to father's disgust.

His letters to mother when she was at Campobello or Hyde Park never failed to contain some special message for one or all of us children. When a pet bunny died, for instance, he took time to write: "I'm too sad about the bunny's demise—and only hope the funeral and making of the tombstone will console the chicks. I wonder if it was the lopsided one?" If he was joining us, he was our willing errand boy to bring up forgotten toolboxes or athletic gear. When we were home together, he was our tutor—though a rather impatient one—in troublesome school subjects. At bedtime he always came up for a romp, and he had a ritual of asking the younger boys, "Are you snug as a bug in a rug?" Even after we became strapping six-footers, my brothers and I always kissed pa on the cheek when we greeted him, and he was genuinely surprised if anyone commented on the custom. "I always kissed my father," he would say.

Father, with his sense of history, always was seeking opportunities for the children to meet world figures. I think I almost cured him of this the day he and mother took me with them to Mount Vernon to meet the visiting Belgian royal family. I was standing around, gawking at Crown Prince Leopold, who was about six years my senior. The future king, an early prototype of the present-day hot-rodder, spotted a motorcycle in the entourage of guards and wangled permission to ride it. Then he turned to me and told me to hop on behind him. Before father or mother had a chance to say no, I was straddling the motorcycle with my arms around the crown prince's middle and we were tearing through the Virginia countryside. We stayed out well over an hour, and I never had such a wild ride in my life—including even several I have taken with my brother Franklin Jr. Father and mother—not to mention the king and queen—were awfully angry.

The only spanking I ever remember getting from father occurred during this Washington period one Sunday morning when I was a lad of ten or so. That Sunday mother's will had prevailed, and father was going with the family to church, instead of to the golf links. As a vestryman, he attired himself with impeccable formality in cutaway coat, striped pants and high silk hat.

That morning I decided to rebel—I would not accompany my parents. Father and mother had a very big bed and I got underneath it, taking a position exactly in the center, where I thought no one could reach me.

Father said come out. I said no. Father took off his silk hat, got down on his hands and knees, crawled under the bed—striped pants, cutaway and all, dragged me out and proceeded to give me a thorough treatment with the hairbrush. I went to church.

The occasion is so memorable because it was so rare. Mother tells me there was one earlier incident involving me, when she literally put the hairbrush in his hand and said, "Franklin, you *must* spank this child." But I was too young to remember it. So far as I have been able to establish, I was the only one of the five children who ever was actually spanked by father.

Every one of us agrees—and it is unusual in our family when we all agree on anything—that, as a disciplinarian in the old-fashioned, spare-not-the-rod mold, father was the world's worst. He shunted disciplinary measures to mother, and if she tried to pass responsibility back to him the punishment simply was not administered. A typical example was the time my brother Elliott, a born rebel, outrageously insulted one of mother's schoolteacher friends, who was trying to tutor him, and mother took him in to pa with a demand that he deal firmly with the situation.

Elliott tells me: "Father sat me on his knee, put his arm around me affectionately, and we began talking about everything except what I had said to mother's friend. In half an hour mother came back and said, 'Is everything settled?' Father replied, 'Everything is settled.'

"There had been no discipline, of course, but out of loyalty to father I went back to being tutored."

Mother was more of a disciplinarian than father. I remember one occasion when she yanked violent-tempered young Johnny from the dinner table, lugged him upstairs and literally heaved him into his room. Though she always had a soft spot for Elliott, she also punished him when necessary. "Elliott bit James hard the other day," one of her early Campobello letters to father relates. " . . . I spanked him and explained that no matter whose fault it was, boys didn't bite. His feelings were much hurt and he made such a long upper lip he looked like a rabbit, but at the end of the spanking (with my slipper) he said, 'It didn't hurt so very much, mother.'" Father's reply—a typical one—was: "I love the description of Elliott's spanking!"

Sometimes in retrospect I think that father really gave us a subtle, psychological form of discipline. He sought to guide us by personal example, with a minimum of preachment. That there were failures along the line was more our fault than his.

My own memories of father as the symbol of authority go back not to the trifling punishments or his infrequent flash-and-gone bursts of sarcasm, but to the time when I was the scared, youthful miscreant, caught in an act for which I still feel shame, and he was the judge—calm, deliberate, wise and fair.

Christmas was coming, and Anna, my sister, had requested a wrist watch. Somehow I learned that she was not going to get it. Mentally conditioned to the premise that if you want something you get it, I stole ten dollars from father's wallet and bought Sis the watch.

Father summoned me to his study and quietly asked me where I had got the money. Before he let me answer, he went on to say that it was a fine and generous thing I had done for Sis. But, he said, something obviously was wrong, for I could not have saved up that much money on my twenty-five-cent-a-week allowance and he knew I had received no recent funds from granny. Then he waited for me to talk.

I was so unnerved by his calm, detached, judicial approach that I knew only one thing—I could not lie to him. So I confessed I had taken the money from his wallet.

"Yes," he said sadly, "I thought you had."

Father sat back and reflected for perhaps a full minute. Each second of silence hurt. Then he began to speak, and his quietness was worse than any fury or threats. He told me in plain, simple language that I had done a grievous thing—the sort of thing for which persons went to jail. He went on to say that I was his son and that he had no intention at this time of reporting the incident to the police.

But he told me forcefully that I had been wrong—morally as well as legally. He went on to say that if you want to bring happiness to loved ones by giving them something they want, you work and sacrifice—not steal—to earn the wherewithal; otherwise the act of giving is an empty, ugly thing.

Then he told me that what I had done could be forgiven only once. I can reconstruct his words almost exactly: "If it does happen again, I shall have no choice—and I shall not hesitate, though I would regret it—but to call the police and let them handle the matter as they see fit."

The lesson was not lost on me. I made arrangements to repay father the money I had taken. From that day on I never took anything that did not belong to me.

The sequel to the story illustrates father's really wonderful qualities of loyalty, consideration and dependability. He told me voluntarily that our discussion was a private matter between us, and that unless the offense was repeated he never would reveal it.

Only recently, as I prepared to disclose in this article for the first time the story of my youthful indiscretion, I finally asked mother and Anna if father ever had talked. He never had said a word to either of them. That was father. Your problems were your own, not matters to be gossiped about with others; if you had a confidence with him, he respected it.

Though father spared the rod and occasionally consoled us when we were emotionally upset, neither he nor mother believed in coddling us over physical hurts. Both he and mother had been brought up to control their emotions, and we young Roosevelts were supposed to behave likewise in Spartan fashion. How well I remember mother's returning once from a trip and finding me in bed with an aggravated case of ivy poisoning. "You silly boy!" she said. "You ought to know better than to get near poison ivy."

Years later, when father was governor, I came down, at Harvard, with double pneumonia, ran a 103-degree fever, and in my delirium (*Continued on Page 105*)

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

When a woman dresses to kill, the victim's apt to be time.

You've reached middle age when your weight-lifting consists of standing up.

An autobiography usually reveals nothing bad about its writer except his memory.

A luxury these days is a necessity plus the tax.

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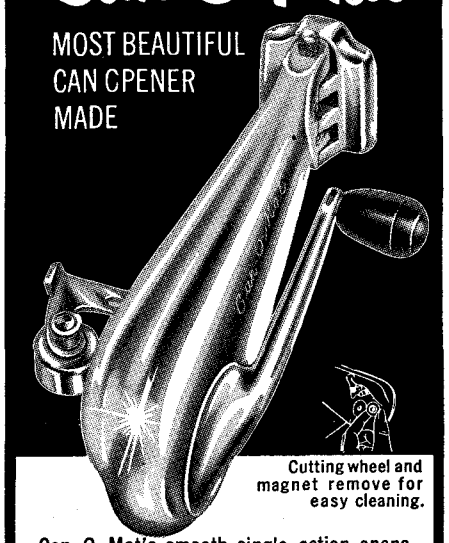

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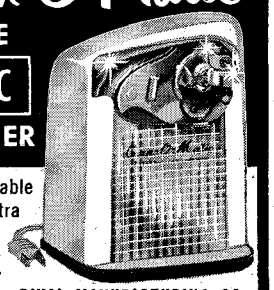

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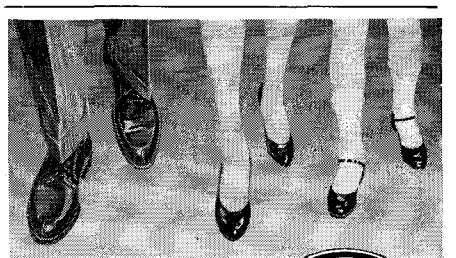

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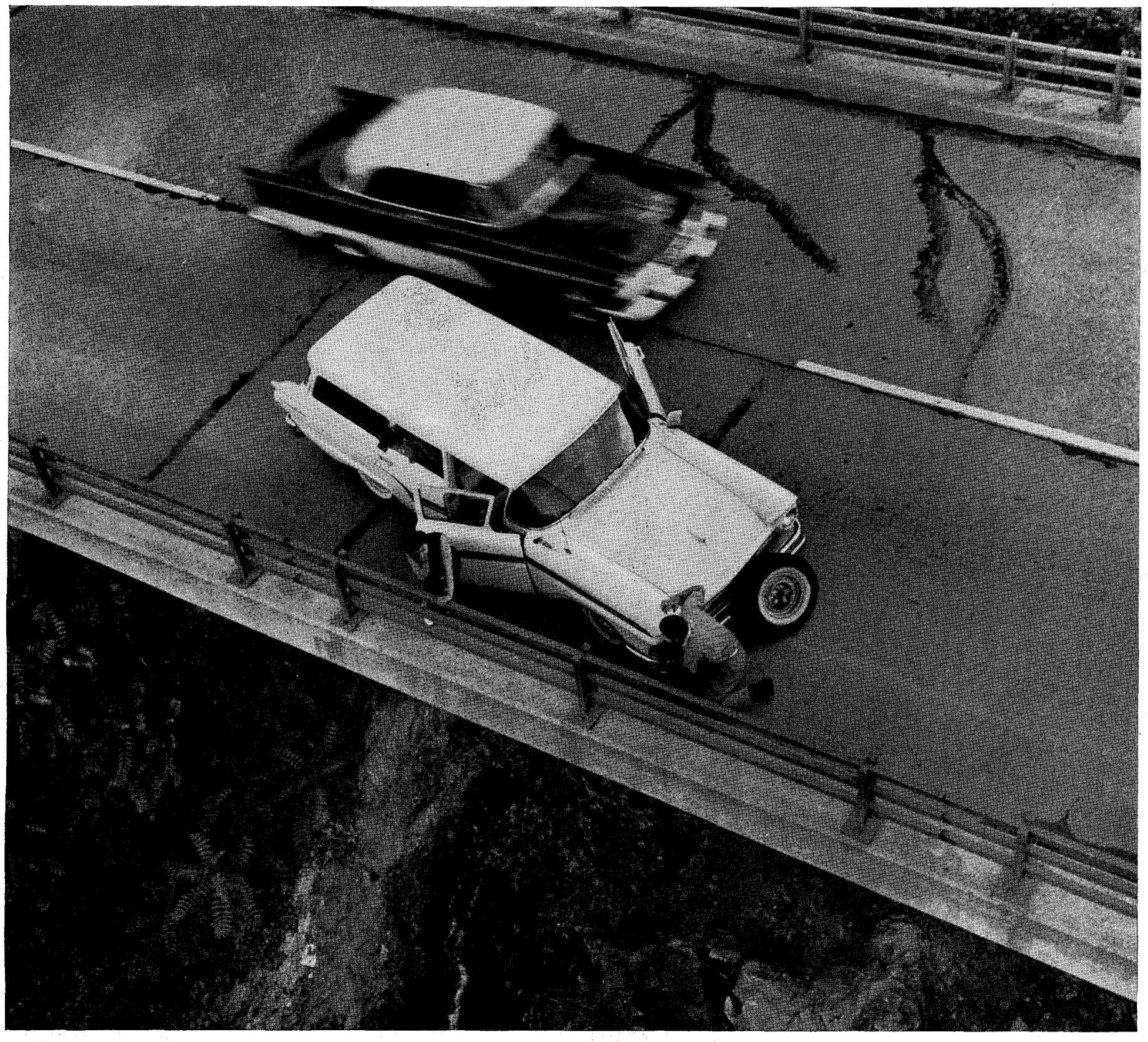

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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(*Continued from Page 103*) boarded a train for Albany. I staggered into the executive mansion and told mother dramatically I had come home to die!

"Well," she said, "the best place for sick people is in bed. Go upstairs and get a good night's sleep—and what time do you want breakfast in the morning?"

Mother since has admitted she often was in a state of turmoil over bottling up her feelings. To me the classic illustration of her inner conflict—with father in the middle—is contained in correspondence from a 1913 Campobello vacation, when Elliott, then not quite three years old and hampered with braces to correct his bowed legs, suffered a serious accident.

Mother broke the news to father in Washington in a letter which began with a blithe description of a "splendid" cruise to St. Andrews and some other chit-chat. Then she wrote: "When I got home I found that poor baby Elliott had fallen into the ashes of a fire the children had on the beach. . . ."

At this point she digressed to advise father that Anna and I had been burning rubbish and that the beach "looks quite nice." Then, getting back to Elliott's problem, she related that "Nurse left the chicks with Germaine" while she went to chat with another nurse, and baby Elliott fell into the fire. "In getting up [he] must have put one hand in the ashes," mother related. "The ashes got under the straps of his braces and burned . . . but he only cried a little. . . . Nurse says they are only skin burns. . . . He ate more supper than usual and has gone placidly to sleep, so it can't hurt much."

In her next bulletin, mother, while noting that "baby has been quite cheerful all day and he walks about quite regardless of his bandaged legs," admitted: "His hand . . . [is] one large blister . . . I . . . [am] very thankful that it is no worse . . . it makes me shudder."

Meanwhile, father, who certainly had no cause to be overly alarmed by her first report, had responded calmly. In her next letter mother turned on him for not being more sympathetic about the incident which she herself had underplayed! "You are casual about Elliott's burn," she chided, "but he had a very bad hand and it won't be healed for some time. . . . He is a very brave young man. . . ."

Probably because he had spent so much of his own life resisting his strong-willed mother's efforts to pull him in one direction or another, father had an almost psychological block against forcing his own children to do what he thought best. He gave us lots of sound advice. When he thought we were on a wrong tack—if it was serious enough—he told us so. But the final decisions were ours.

In the summer of 1926 father took his first and only major positive step to prepare me for the sort of unsheltered world in which I eventually would have to live. To me it was so positive that I felt as if I had been shanghaied!

I, as the eldest son, about to embark on my Harvard career that fall, was going to be the first fledgling to leave the gold-plated, feather-bedded nest, so father decided I should have a taste of the world outside of Groton and Hyde Park. I had plans for a nice, lazy summer of sun and sailing at Campobello, but father pulled some strings among his business acquaintances, and suddenly I was on my way to a paper mill operated by the Metabetchouan Sulphite and Power Company, located in the wilds of Quebec near a primitive village called Desbiens. Pa paved the way for me by having word sent ahead that "Franklin Roosevelt would certainly want his son to rough it [and] would not want him treated in any other way [than] any of the laborers." None of the lumberjacks in Desbiens, of course, had the faintest idea who Franklin Roosevelt was, and, if they had, they couldn't have cared less.

I arrived at the company depot in my best city clothes and was quizzically scrutinized by the foreman, who sent me to the commissary to draw some overalls and work shoes. Then I was routed to the bunkhouse to meet my future colleagues. I noticed first that I was the only youngster in the lot, and second that no one seemed very happy to see me. I later found out why. They thought I was a company spy. It was two weeks before anyone would talk to me. That really didn't matter too much, for, outside of the foreman, there were only about three in the whole camp who spoke any English, and my Groton French wasn't quite the patois spoken in the big woods.

That was the toughest time of my whole life until years later when I became a combat marine officer in the Pacific. I worked twelve hours a day at eighteen cents an hour, eating rough, unvaried food that surely paved the way for my future ulcer. Lunch, for instance, always was the same—a big bowl of blackstrap molasses on the table and lots of black bread; you speared the bread with your fork and dipped, and the guy with the longest and

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

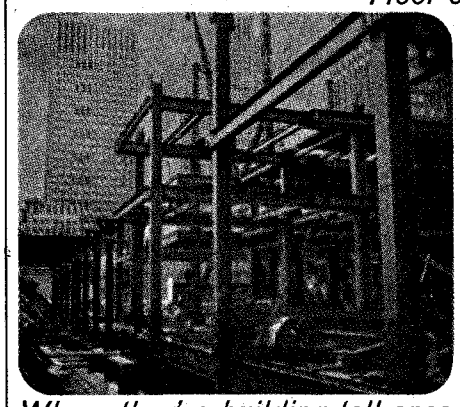
"I think these clinging-vine types make a big mistake, don't you?"

MEN OF AMERICA: THE BUILDERS

Live-action shots of New York's great new skyscrapers—on the scene with the George A. Fuller Construction Co.

Down beneath the street it starts its rise—

Floor on floor until it scrapes the skies!



Where they're building tall ones you'll find a man . . . stops and takes big pleasure when and where he can . . . Chesterfield King!

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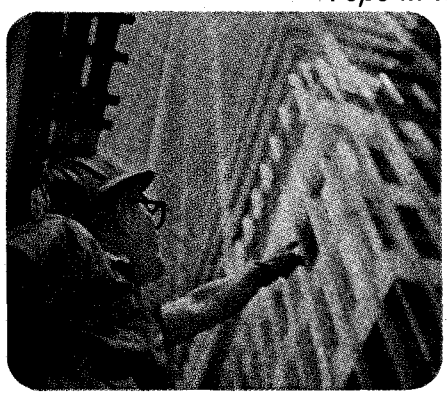
Tops in friendly satisfaction!



Join the men who know—**NOTHING SATISFIES LIKE THE BIG CLEAN TASTE OF TOP-TOBACCO**

CHESTERFIELD KING

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fastest reach got the most. Entertainment consisted of card games, moonshine-whisky drinking and some pretty rough hazing. As I began to be accepted, I attempted—partly from boredom, partly from a "do-gooding" impulse—to start an evening class in English. The community priest immediately denounced me as a foreign, subversive plotter, so I ceased and desisted.

The low point of my summer occurred when an acid line exploded near me, filling the pulp mill with noxious fumes that left me sick for days. It was like being gassed.

I stuck it out all summer, but stayed mad at father every moment of it and wrote no letters at all to my parents. When I got home and was reunited with pa, however, my "mad" was all over.

That was father's one experiment in exposing any of the children to a summer of roughing it. He never repeated it with any of the other boys, though they went out and had summer work experiences on their own. Father also influenced me—though the final choice ostensibly was mine—in my decision to go to Harvard. This was one of the few situations in our relationship where pa—torn between his newly developing liberal ideas and the tug of tradition and his old alma mater—was a little devious with me.

Actually I did not want to go to Harvard—my choice was Williams College. Father started out on a line of attack against Harvard—too much social falderal and all that. Next he created a diversion by suggesting that a "liberal" Midwestern institution—perhaps the University of Wisconsin—would do me the most good. Then, nostalgically, almost hypnotically, he began reminiscing about old Harvard and Hasty Pudding and Fly Club. At this point it was decided: I would go to Harvard but would limit my social activities.

Having thus won me around, father revealed his own inner conflict in a series of letters justifying his position. To his old Groton headmaster, the venerable Rev. Dr. Endicott Peabody, father wrote that I would be put on a Spartan allowance and would "partially work" my way through college. (I never did.) "I really think," he defensively reasoned, "that Harvard has improved . . . and there seems to be a different spirit in favor of good scholarship, as well as a decrease in the importance of social life."

Then, in response to a form request for a "confidential" appraisal of my character, father wrote Dean Greenough, of Harvard, that, while I was "clean, truthful, considerate," with a "distinct ambition to make good," I had "too much . . . love of social good times (like the rest of his crowd)." Telling the dean he had "hesitated" about sending me to Harvard at all, he took off on the "club" life, the "lack of individuality and the narrowness," and complained that parents were giving college students "too much money . . . automobiles, and all sorts of expensive toys."

After getting this letter off his chest, father, reverting to his lifelong principle of giving his children a voice in their affairs, sent me the letter for my comment. I protested indignantly that it was "unfair" to tag me as a member of "a wild, pleasure-loving crowd" and argued that my contemporaries really did "know when to stop and behave as gentlemen in the true sense of the word. . . ." So father never mailed the letter, and I proceeded to Harvard, where I followed right in his footsteps as a member of his social clubs, which is what he really wanted all along. All during my four years there—and I never earned my diploma because I failed to pass German—mother, the perennial voice of conscience in our family, kept telling father what a social butterfly and "gold digger" I had become.

Drinking always was a topic of much discussion in the Roosevelt family. Granny frowned on it—a small, aristocratic sip of champagne or light wine was as far as she would go. Mother—because of tragic experiences in her family with alcohol—was almost fanatically against it, though today she accepts the fact that people will drink. Father, though actually a mild, purely social drinker, whose limit was two drinks before dinner and little or nothing afterward, constituted the dissenting minority. Constantly bombarded with none-too-subtle hints from granny and mother, he got his "Dutch" up on the subject. Even at Hyde Park, where granny's will usually was supreme, he refused to be browbeaten. When granny kept making disparaging comments, father finally decreed that cocktails henceforth would be served in his own little study, to which granny was not invited.

Granny then tried a new form of attack—martyrdom. She would drift in, assuming a wholly spurious meekness, take a brave sip from father's glass—Socrates tasting the hemlock!—and say, "Now, Franklin, haven't you had enough of your—*cocktails?*"

As we gradually came of age, we joined forces with him to constitute at least a numerical majority in favor of the predinner cocktail. He rather welcomed our support. Many times after he became President I heard him spin one of his favorite stories to visitors for whom he was mixing one of his radical concoctions—that might contain anything from Pernod to brown sugar—of how he "learned to make a really dry martini.

"I used to mix my martinis nice and gentle—one and one-half parts of gin to one part of vermouth," Father would relate. "Then Anna became old enough for a cocktail and said, 'Pa, this is awful—you've got to make them drier—two-to-one.' So I made them two-to-one.

"Then Jimmy came along and said, 'These aren't fit to drink—you should make them three-to-one,' and I did. Along came Elliott, who made me change it to four-to-one; then Franklin, who called for five-to-one, and now Johnny, who insists that a really dry martini should be six-to-one. So if you don't like what I'm serving you, don't blame me!"

I was not always so tolerant. From somewhere in her voluminous heaps of memorabilia, mother has unearthed for me a previously (*Continued on Page 108*)

Air-Borne Missy

By Philene Hammer

Off on her first heels
M'linda goes
(Slim, curved heels and
pointy toes);
She isn't a bit unsteady—
besides
It's the shoes that wobble;
M'linda glides.

If toes are crushed, if
insteps break,
Oh, what a beautiful
grown-up ache!
Twelve and a half is heaven
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A towering inch above the
ground.

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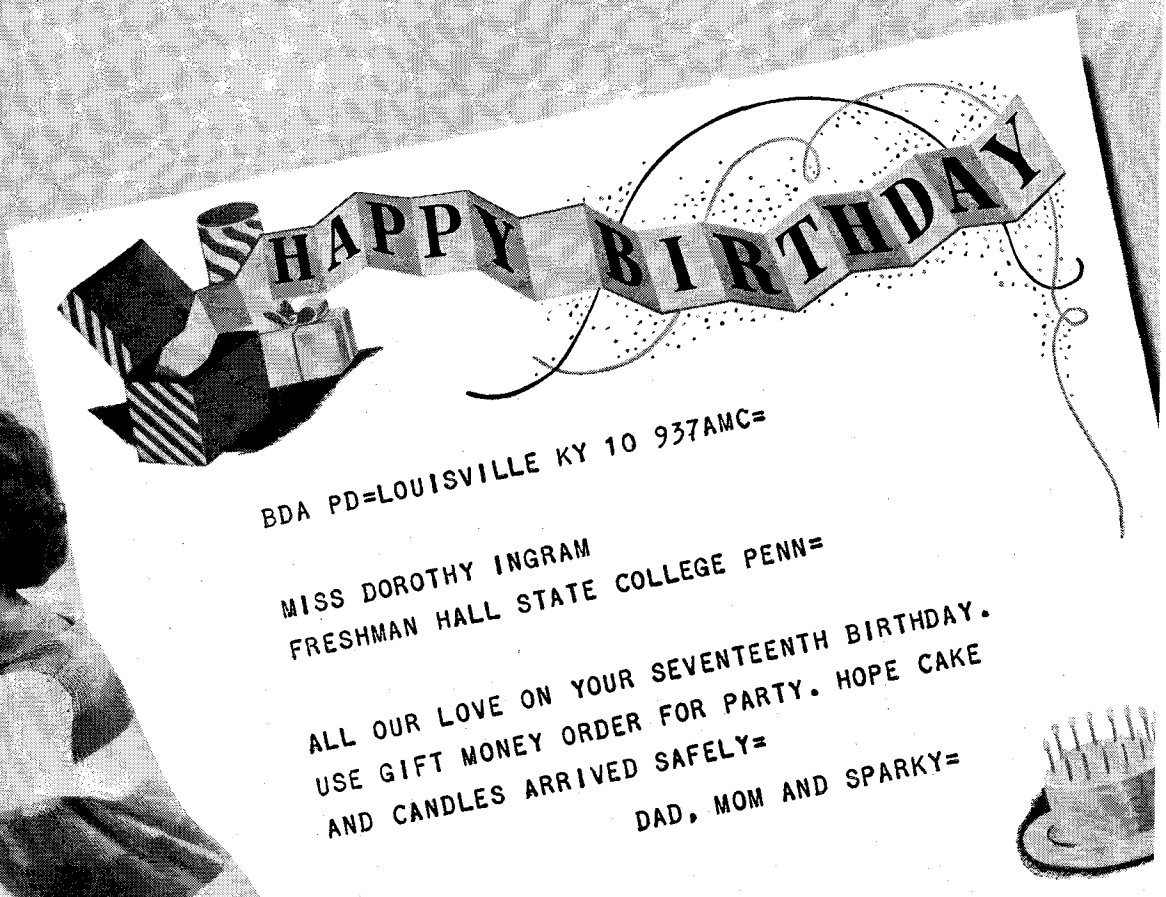
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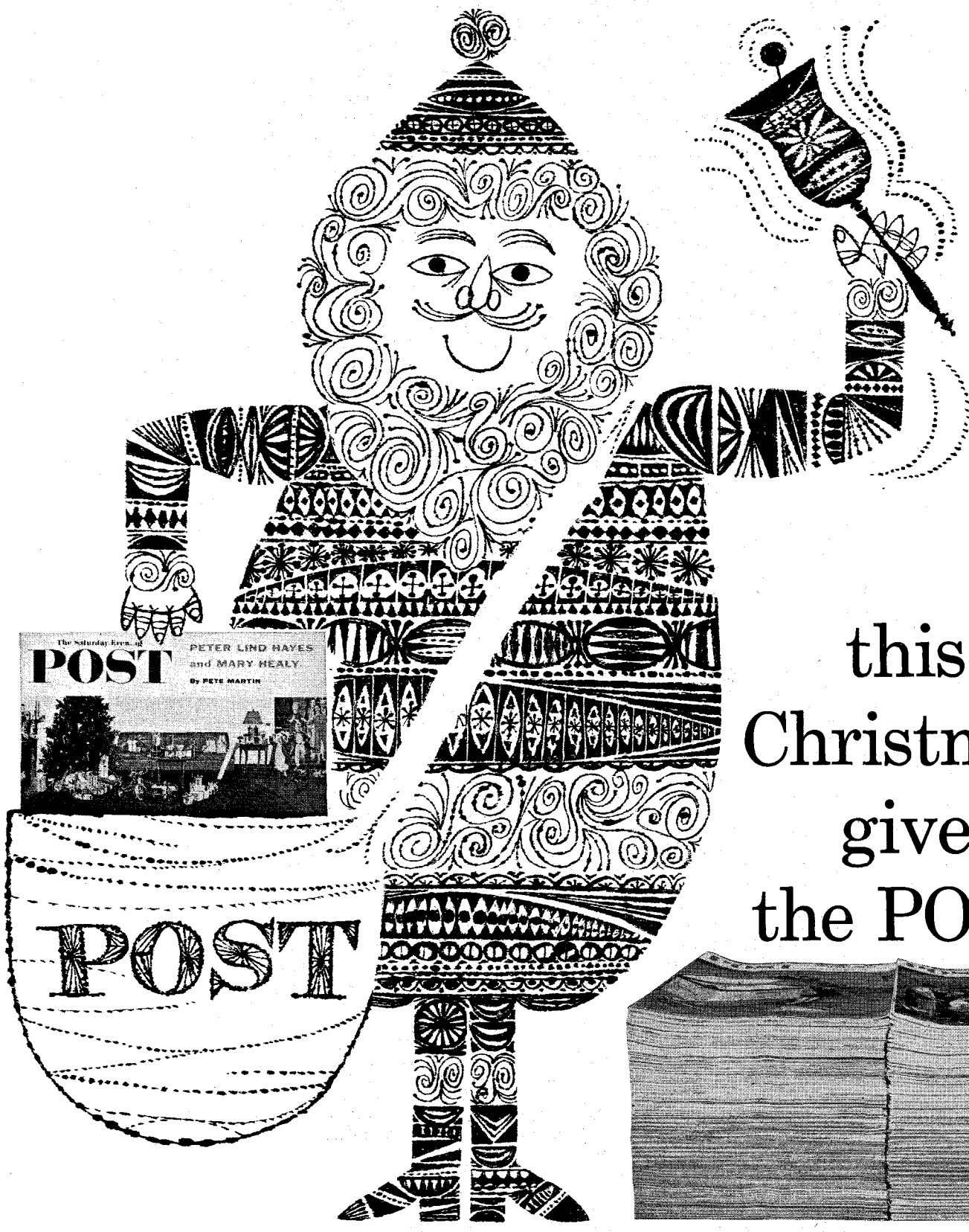

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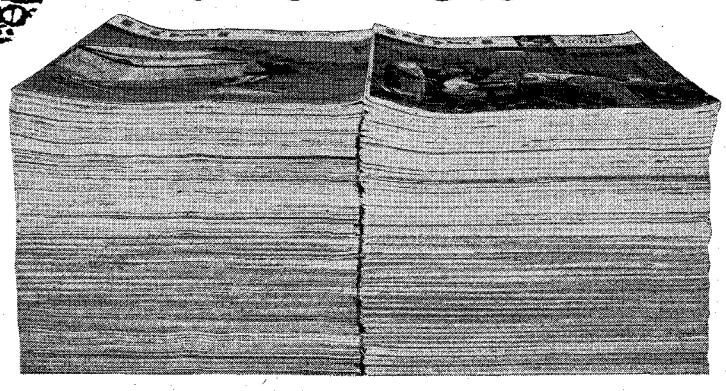

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(*Continued from Page 106*) unpublished letter which I wrote my parents in 1924 on the subject of father's foibles. I was a pretty stuffy character in those days, but this letter was the stuffiest I ever wrote. I told of an inspiring temperance lecture I had just heard at Groton and wrote:

I think if you could have heard it you would have agreed . . . that while it is perfectly legal to drink bootleg liquor it is only encouring [*sic*] a man when you buy from him to break the law and that certainly isn't living up to the standards of good Citizenship is it? You know it's always been rather of a shock to me when I come home from School to find the closet next to my room so full of liquor and I know Elliott thinks also that if it must be around, it might be in smaller quantities. I suppose you think I'm an old ass but I really mean it. . . .

I have no recollection of father's ever replying. Mother says he didn't.

Even after they must have—or should have—given up on father, mother and granny sent him periodic alarms about the children. In 1933, his first year in the White House, mother wrote bluntly: "Will you speak seriously and firmly to F. Jr. and John about drinking and fast driving? I really think it's important." Granny, on her last visit to Paris two years before her death, wrote him at the White House:

I have worried about young Franklin and Johnny ever since I left, that horrid fashion of cocktails has done both of them harm. One thing leads to another and several things have made me sense danger, but I can say and do nothing. Please don't allude to this to anyone and please don't laugh at me, or say,'Mamma is so silly to be worried'—I *know* I am right.

Father paid no attention to these letters, but, as I and my brothers approached the drinking age, he gave each of us the same advice: "A gentleman learns his capacity and tries not to exceed it. If he must drink excessively he does it at a time when he does not have to be in touch with anyone. I assume you are a gentleman."

On one memorable occasion father felt that his code of gentlemanly conduct had been violated, and he landed on one of the boys with both feet. It was one of the few times any of us ever was dressed down so strongly by father—and it illustrates that the same sort of embarrassing incident that can happen to any other parent also happened to father.

The incident occurred when father was governor, and a group of young Roosevelts, Delanos and their friends were having a house party at Hyde Park. The festivities moved to the home of a relative. Father and mother went along as chaperons.

One of my brothers brought along an older friend, who was paying court to an attractive young lady. The friend plied her with just one cocktail too many. Mother, observing the young lady's condition, told father. Father immediately broke up the party, and he and mother started back to Hyde Park with the girl between them.

Unfortunately, my brother's friend, in a misguided remedial attempt, had induced the girl to drink a quart of milk. On the ride home, huddled between father and mother in the back seat of the governor's car, she became actively ill—and I shall leave it to the reader's imagination to surmise in whose direction she leaned!

Father summoned my brother and his erring friend to his study and gave them a lecture such as neither of them ever had heard. When he finished, the other young man, actually with tears in his eyes, looked at father, thanked him and said, "I wish my own father would talk to me as you have." The irony of it is that as we have grown older we sometimes wish pa had talked more often to us in the same vein.

Father was by no means a prurient man. I'll never forget his monumental glee during early White House days when we paid an unheralded visit to retired Supreme Court Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and found that wonderful old Yankee browsing through his noted collection of French novels, which he kept hidden behind his lawbooks. In after-hours conversation among male companions with whom he felt at home, father could be earthy and even ribald. He did not hesitate to jest broadly on racy topics. However, he couched his language in rather classical terms, for gutter talk offended him.

In one respect, however, father was an extremely old-fashioned parent. When it came to instructing his sons about sex matters, he simply couldn't do it. When the time arrived to tell us boys about "the birds and the bees," pa—typically—relegated responsibility to mother. Mother—typically—read us a book. It was a very learned book. In my case she might as well have been reading me Homer's *Iliad* in the original Greek.

There was one occasion, however, as I was about to set off for college, when father did have a conversation with me that might be broadly interpreted as a "facts-of-life" lecture. The story sheds considerable light on father's own reactions to violations of the mores of polite society. He told me—and it was the first time in our relationship that the name had passed his lips—of the "misspent life" of his own half nephew, James Roosevelt Roosevelt Jr., known in the family as "Taddy" and regarded by father as the real black sheep of the Roosevelts. The story of Taddy has been recounted by several of father's biographers and is related in the collection of father's personal letters, edited by my brother Elliott.

Taddy was the son of "Uncle Rosy," father's considerably older widowed half brother. From the very beginning of his school career, father, a very proper young Hyde Park product, was embarrassed by the eccentric Taddy. At Groton Taddy was a favorite target for hazing and ridicule. In his brief stay at Harvard he was an outright scandal. In 1900 a shocked young F.D.R. was writing home: "Taddy . . . may be off on a bat now for ought I know. . . ." And later, reporting that Taddy was about to be expelled, he moralized: "I have never heard of such assininity [*sic*] and everyone up here . . . thinks him a fool. . . ."

As father told me the story, the reasons for Taddy's vagaries soon broke in the press. He had been slipping down to New York, had taken up with a woman known as "Sadie of the Tenderloin," and, father related with great distaste, had "even married her!" Meanwhile he had come into a considerable fortune left him by his wealthy mother.

Uncle Rosy moved in quickly and broke up the marriage. As father recalled it, Taddy thereupon returned to Sadie and married her a second time. I have not been able to verify this detail, and I suspect it may have been one of father's bits of dramatic embellishment. Later, however, Taddy definitely broke with Tenderloin Sadie, and there was, of course, a cash settlement.

From Harvard father, mortified, wrote his parents that "the disgrace to the name" was the "worst part" of the "disgusting business" and that "one can never again consider [Taddy] . . . a true Roosevelt. . . . It will be well for him not only to go to parts unknown, but to stay there and begin life anew."

That was exactly what Taddy did. The family broke off relations with him, and Taddy became a recluse, an eccentric and a miser. All that was known of him for sure was that he spent little of his inherited wealth. Until his death last year, he would come into the office of his New York bank, dressed like a tramp, carrying thousands of dollars' worth of securities or cash bundled up in an old newspaper.

This was the story which father told me with genuine repugnance, intending it as a horrible example of what happens to young men who are careless in their ways. Alas for father's good intentions! He was such a masterful storyteller that instead of being righteously horrified I was intrigued by the saga of this romantic kinsman I never had seen, who disappeared from hallowed Harvard into the wicked Tenderloin, married the alluring woman of his choice (possibly twice), and wound up with all those millions. As a morality lecture, father's story of the black-sheep Taddy was completely wasted.

Next week Mr. Roosevelt discloses his family's money troubles after his father was struck down by polio. —THE EDITORS

"I'm being viewed with alarm."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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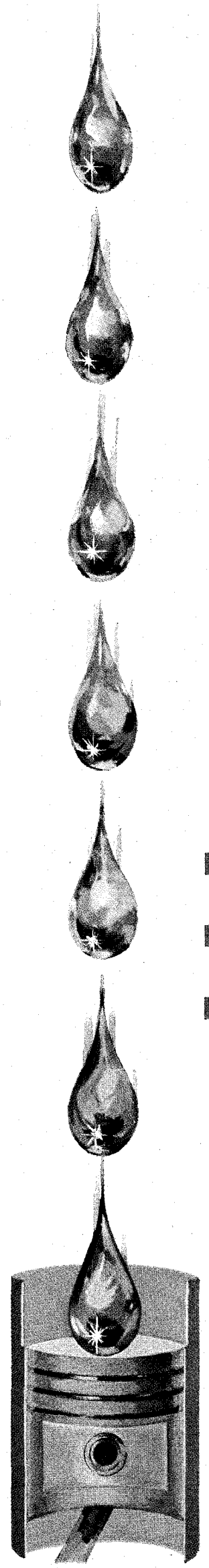

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The Changing Role of the Family Doctor

(Continued from Page 27)

the traditional family doctor existed in fact as little as fifty years ago. Into his hands the vast majority of people entrusted their health and their lives, and the general practitioner fulfilled that trust. He was conscientious and sincere in his work; he did the best that he could do in a battle against enormous odds.

But in the past fifty years a quiet revolution has taken place in the ranks of the medical profession, steadily undermining the position of the solo general practitioner in his profession, and with him the cherished image of the family doctor. Already his position in medicine is becoming uncomfortable. In a few decades it could become intolerable.

New doctors-in-training today see the handwriting on the wall. In 1950 the *American Medical Directory* listed just 55,000 physicians as full-time specialists, and more than 96,000 as general practitioners. In 1958, less than a decade later, the full-time specialists numbered more than 77,000, with only 90,300 doctors listed as general practitioners—still a majority of the country's practicing physicians, but by a much narrower margin. Year by year the ranks of the general practitioners are thinning.

To understand why these changes are occurring, we must look for a moment at the solo general practitioner of fifty years ago—the lamented family doctor—to see what he actually was then compared to what he is today.

First, like anyone else in medicine, he was the product of his education.

Traditionally in premedicine and in medical school a prospective doctor studies both the "basic sciences" of anatomy, physiology, biochemistry, pharmacology and pathology, and the so-called "clinical" aspects of medicine—surgery, obstetrics, pediatrics and so forth. During internship, the "fifth year of medical school," the young doctor serves as a house physician in a hospital, gaining practical experience by caring for patients under careful supervision and guidance.

After completing internship the new physician is free to enter general practice. His medical education will continue unbroken in the experience he gains in practice and in medical-journal reports of new advances, but his required formal medical training is ended. He is assumed to have acquired the fundamental knowledge and skill necessary to practice medicine, to examine patients and to treat illness.

And fifty years ago that assumption was probably valid. The solo general practitioner of those days dominated medical practice. Typically, he practiced alone, and his practice embraced all fields of medicine. He cared for sick children and pregnant mothers. He did the vast majority of the surgery that was done in the country. He was an orthopedist, internist, pediatrician, obstetrician, surgeon and psychiatrist all rolled into one. For most people he was the first and last port of call when illness or injury struck, and he did the best he was capable of doing.

But even then physicians had begun to realize that the general practitioner's best was often not quite good enough. The solo general practitioner at the turn of the century worked against two enormous impediments. First, he faced the physical limitations of time and energy. Working alone, he was on call for his practice night and day, seven days a week. He had to see too many people too quickly in his daily rounds. With thirty patients to be seen each day during seven hours in his office, he could spend only fifteen minutes with each patient. If there were forty office visitors, he had only ten minutes for each, and found himself laboring to "clear out the office" rather than to offer the best possible medical care to his patients. Hospital rounds added more to the burden. A single home call could easily gulp a half to three quarters of an hour; six or eight in a day stole quantities of time that the doctor could ill afford to lose.

With such a daily schedule the general practitioner barely found time to sleep, to say nothing of leisure to spend with his family; and only rarely could he break free for vacation time.

The other impediment the general practitioner faced fifty years ago was the limitation of medical resources available. His armamentarium against disease was pitifully small. At the beginning of this century the great wave of medical discovery had not yet broken; the most commonplace drugs and techniques of today were undreamed of then, and the general practitioner faced a multitude of foes with very few weapons to fight them.

Of course there were specialists in medicine then as now. After internship a physician could take several years of additional training in some limited field of medicine. Then, as a "specialist," he would restrict his practice, refusing to see patients whose problems lay outside his field.

In those days the position of the specialist in medical practice was very sharply defined from that of the general practitioner. The specialist existed to handle the difficult cases, the knotty problems in which the general practitioner felt he needed the assistance of specialized training and experience. The trained surgeon, for instance, could be expected to do a better job in a difficult case than the doctor who had never seen such a case before. The internist was called as consultant only when the general practitioner became aware that a patient's diagnosis had eluded him, or when some problem in therapy arose.

Thus the patients were referred to the specialist by their family doctors when specific problems presented themselves; and the specialist took pains to see that the patient was ultimately "returned" to the general practitioner who referred him, or to make arrangements with the referring doctor to follow the case for a longer period. Typically the specialist practiced in the great cities, and his fees were significantly higher than the general practitioner's not because he was necessarily a better doctor but because in every sense he was rendering a special service for which he was equipped by special training.

But in this system of patient referral, the general practitioner was solidly in control. It was a system that was comfortable enough for the specialist as long as he had enough referrals to keep him busy, and often allowed him time for research projects and medical teaching as well as practice. It was also a system which lent itself to the unsavory practice of splitting fees, at first to appease the general practitioner for sacrificing his fee in referral cases, and later as a means of competition between specialists.

And in part it has been a gradual change in this patient-referral system which has led to the weakening of the solo general practitioner in the medical hierarchy.

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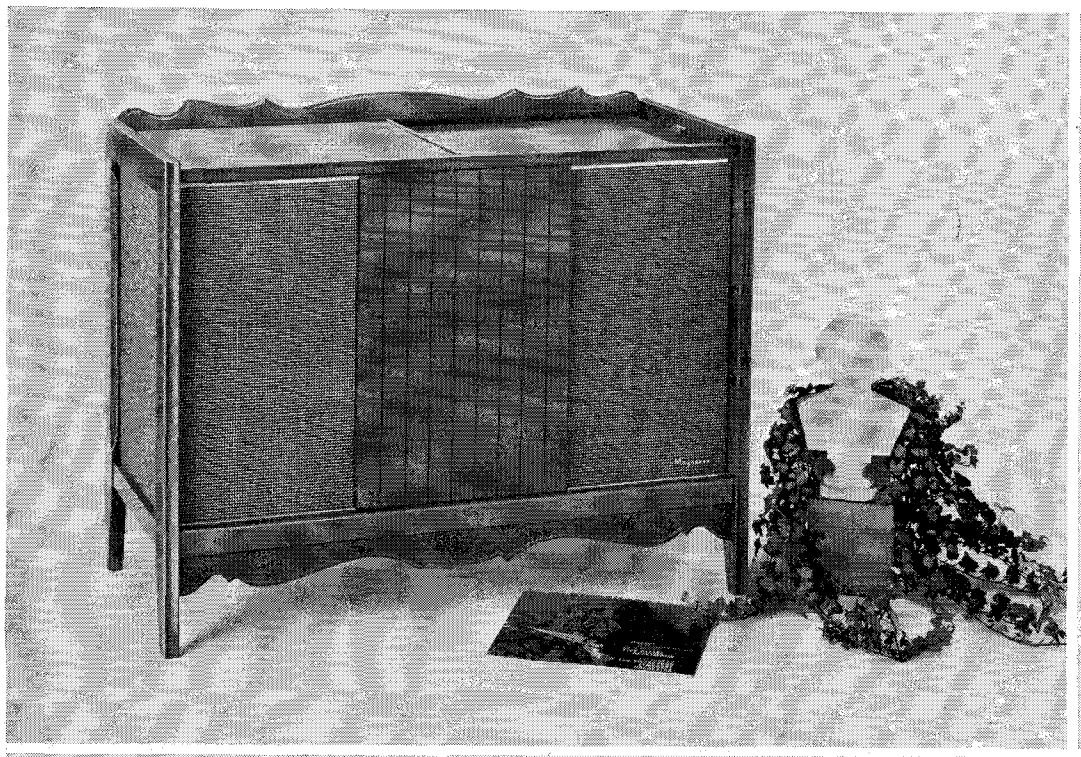

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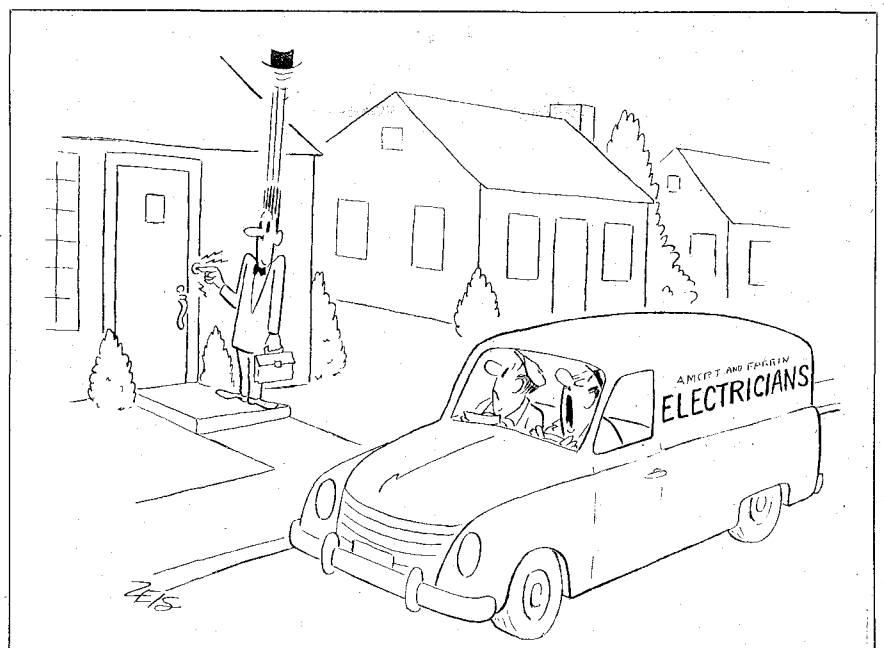
been the almost incredible growth of new medical knowledge. We have entered a golden age of medical discovery; in a single half century more progress has been made than in the previous thousand years. Once-deadly diseases such as diabetes mellitus have become easily controllable. The sulfa drugs and earth-mold antibiotics revolutionized the treatment of infection, and for the first time in history such scourges as tuberculosis, pneumonia, septicemia and poliomyelitis have been checked. New concepts in obstetrics have reduced maternal and infant mortality rates to the point that the loss of a mother or her child in childbirth today is an uncommon tragedy. New anesthetic techniques have opened the doors to surgical procedures that were flatly impossible fifty years ago.

But this sudden wealth of new medical knowledge did not simplify the general practitioner's job in treating illness. On the contrary, his task grew more difficult in direct proportion to the growth of knowledge. New techniques and therapies were appearing month after month, and accepted forms of treatment were outmoded overnight. The problem of just keeping up with what was new became increasingly formidable.

The practicing physician was not the only one who suffered from this embarrassment of riches. The medical schools had had enough trouble packing the necessary knowledge into a student's skull in a limited period of time before. Now the amount to be taught was growing out of all proportion to the time available to teach it. The medical schools were forced to concentrate on the most basic principles, and rely upon internship and later training to teach young doctors the finer points of practicing medicine.

But most significant, the new doctors themselves began to feel that medical



"Yeah—this is the place."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

school and internship were just not enough to prepare them to practice good medicine. Many of my classmates went on for at least a year of residency training after internship, just for the additional basic experience they felt they needed to become good doctors. Still more of them turned to the specialty fields. By limiting themselves to surgery or obstetrics or pediatrics, they hoped to do a more competent job in practice than by attempting to cover all fields. The hospitals began pouring out specialty-trained men by the thousands.

Logically the next step was subspecialization. Certain internists restricted their practices to cardiology, or to pulmonary diseases, or to gastroenterology. General surgeons split ranks to become thoracic surgeons, abdominal surgeons or even pediatric surgeons. Like the specialists before them, the subspecialists could support themselves only in the great urban centers, depending upon the patient referrals of the internists or general surgeons.

And somewhere along the line the general practitioner of medicine began to get lost in the shuffle. His specialty-trained colleagues tended to look down upon him as a sort of unfortunate medical muddler, attempting far more than he was equipped to do, and master of nothing at all. And indeed the general practitioner was faced with a truly formidable task if he hoped to practice good medicine. Quite suddenly the solo general practitioner had to be the smartest man in the profession—the sharpest, most alert, best trained and most capable of all physicians—in order to keep up with the changes that were occurring. Yet the most promising new doctors too often were drawn to the specialties, or entered general practice reluctantly either for lack of funds to continue their training or because they could not secure the favorable training appointments they wanted.

For those already in general practice the problem of keeping up to date became acute. Of all who most needed to keep abreast of progress in medicine, the solo general practitioner was least able to do so because of pressure on his time, sheer overwork or discouragement at the hopelessness of doing an adequate job. Sometimes he worked bravely at it and succeeded—but too often he settled into a mold, practicing the level of medicine that was accepted at the time he started and watching unhappily as new advances marched on ahead of him. Unable to bridge the gap between practice and progress, the general practitioner often found himself on a treadmill, advancing neither in his regard for himself as a physician nor in his ability to handle the responsibility he assumed in general practice.

Still another factor that contributed to the dwindling stature of the general practitioner was the changing attitude of the patients who were seeking the medical care.

Along with the growth of medical knowledge came a surge of popular interest in the progress of medicine. New medical (*Continued on Page 113*)

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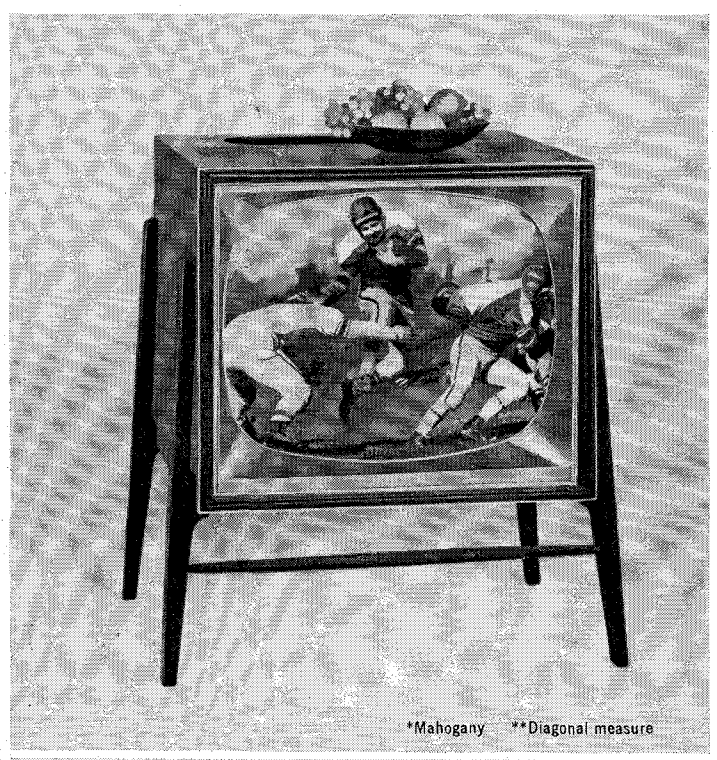

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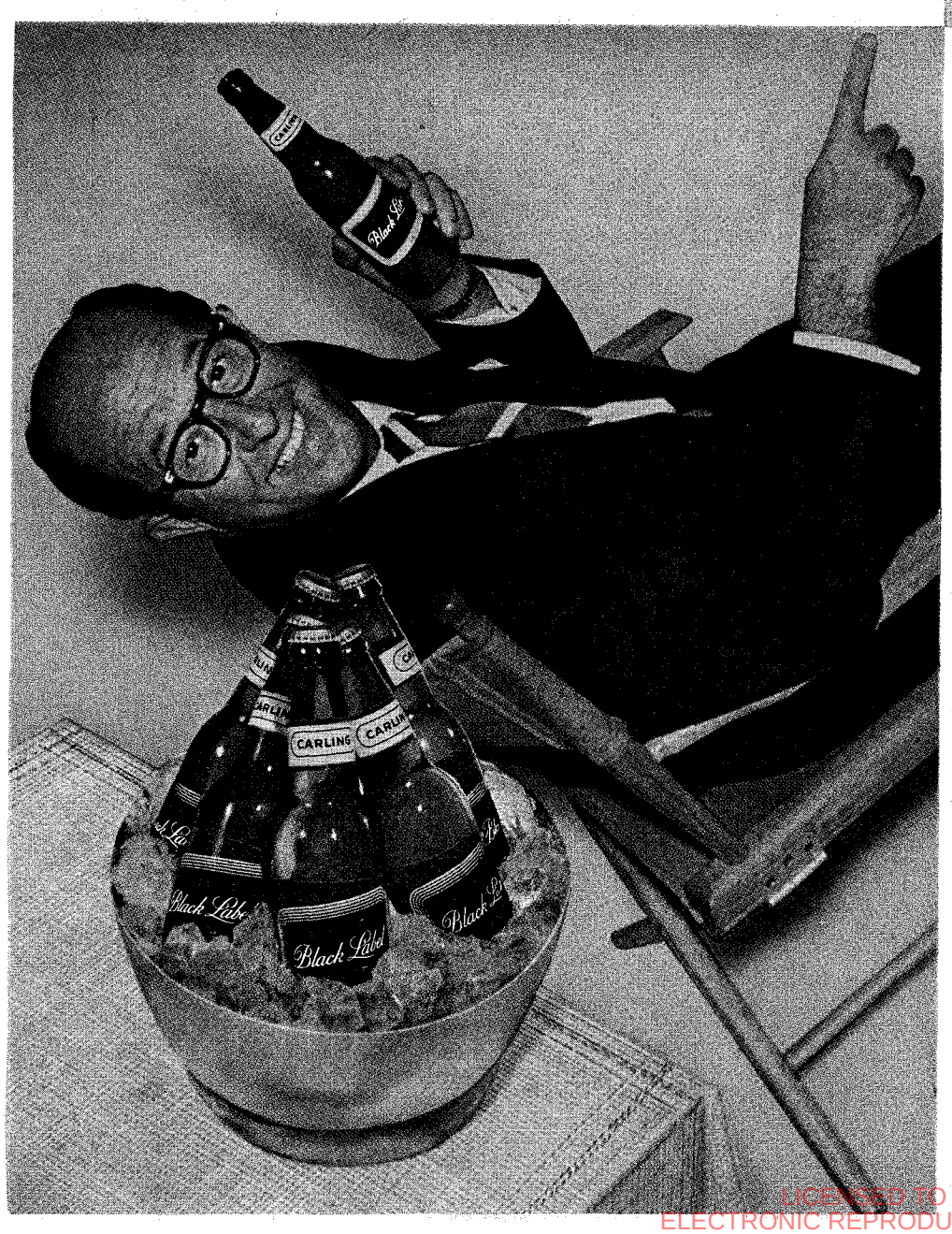

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(*Continued from Page 111*) discoveries were newsworthy, and every year more was written for the layman about medicine. The material ranged from the most fastidious medical reporting to the worst sort of sensationalism—good or bad, it fed a steadily growing, and sometimes morbid, public curiosity.

As a result of this new public interest physicians of all kinds were confronted with a curious problem. Their most venerable and powerful weapon—the profound, unquestioning confidence of their patients—seemed to be slipping. Doctors found themselves facing a growing amount of half-informed criticism. Somehow there was a breach in the wall; more and more people were beginning to suspect that there was a difference between good medicine and poor medicine, competent physicians and—conceivably—less competent physicians.

Families became less willing to accept their family doctor's word that dad had heart disease and was going to die from it. They had read about miracle drugs and wonderful new cures; when dad went right ahead and died on schedule, they began to wonder if a specialist just possibly might have been able to do more for him than the family doctor had done.

Doctors found their patients growing steadily more sophisticated in seeking medical care, and the distinction between general practitioner and specialist took on a new meaning. Many people began to feel that it was wiser to go to a specialist from the start than to risk the possibly fumbling care of the family doctor, oftentimes ignoring the general practitioner's years of experience under the gun. Once referred to an internist for some reason, patients tended to return to him without benefit of referral the next time symptoms appeared. In cities and suburban areas it became quite fashionable for mothers to take their children to the pediatrician, and to go self-referred to the obstetrician in the event of recurring pregnancy.

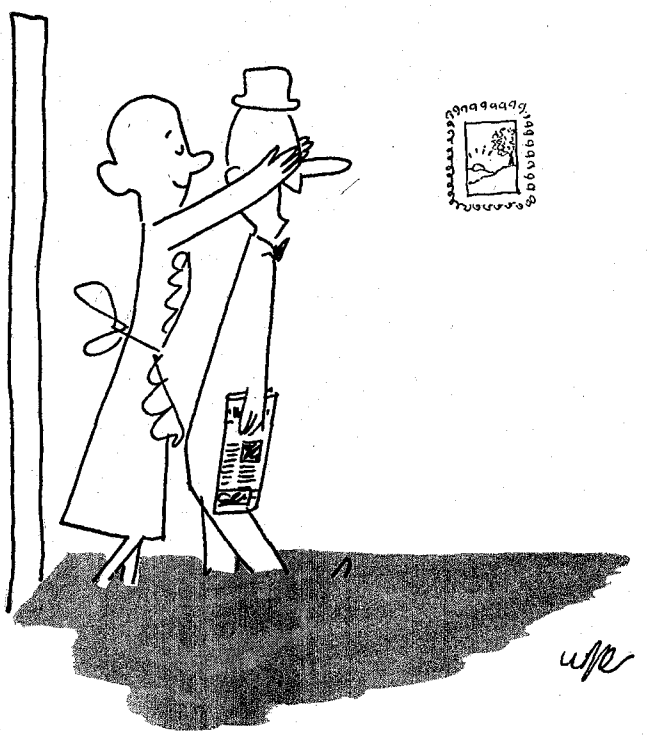
Needless to say, the specialists did not object too vigorously to this turn of events. With more of them entering practice every day, they were only too glad to see the patients, referred or unreferred. They quite sincerely believed that they were better equipped in the first place to deal with the patients who came to them than the general practitioner was, and often they established warm and satisfactory "family doctor" relationships with patients.

Somewhere the concept of the specialist as a second line of defense in the event of unusual problems began to disappear. The obstetrician felt better qualified to care for any obstetrical patient, complicated or not, than his colleague in general practice. The surgeon argued that he should be consulted in all surgical cases, and the pediatrician welcomed any children, not just those whose illnesses baffled their family doctors.

And finally, as the specialists invaded the smaller cities and towns, the general practitioner was dealt the cruelest blow of all—the increasing popularity of medical liability suits.

Traditionally the conscientious general practitioner had been all but unassailable in the way he conducted his medical practice. Malpractice suits were judged on the standard of medical care prevailing in the community (*Continued on Page 117*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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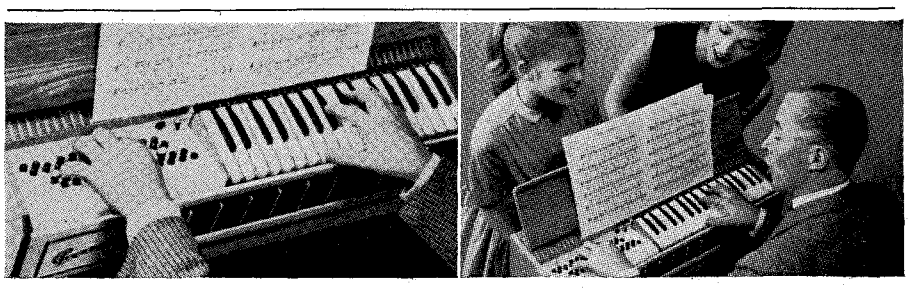

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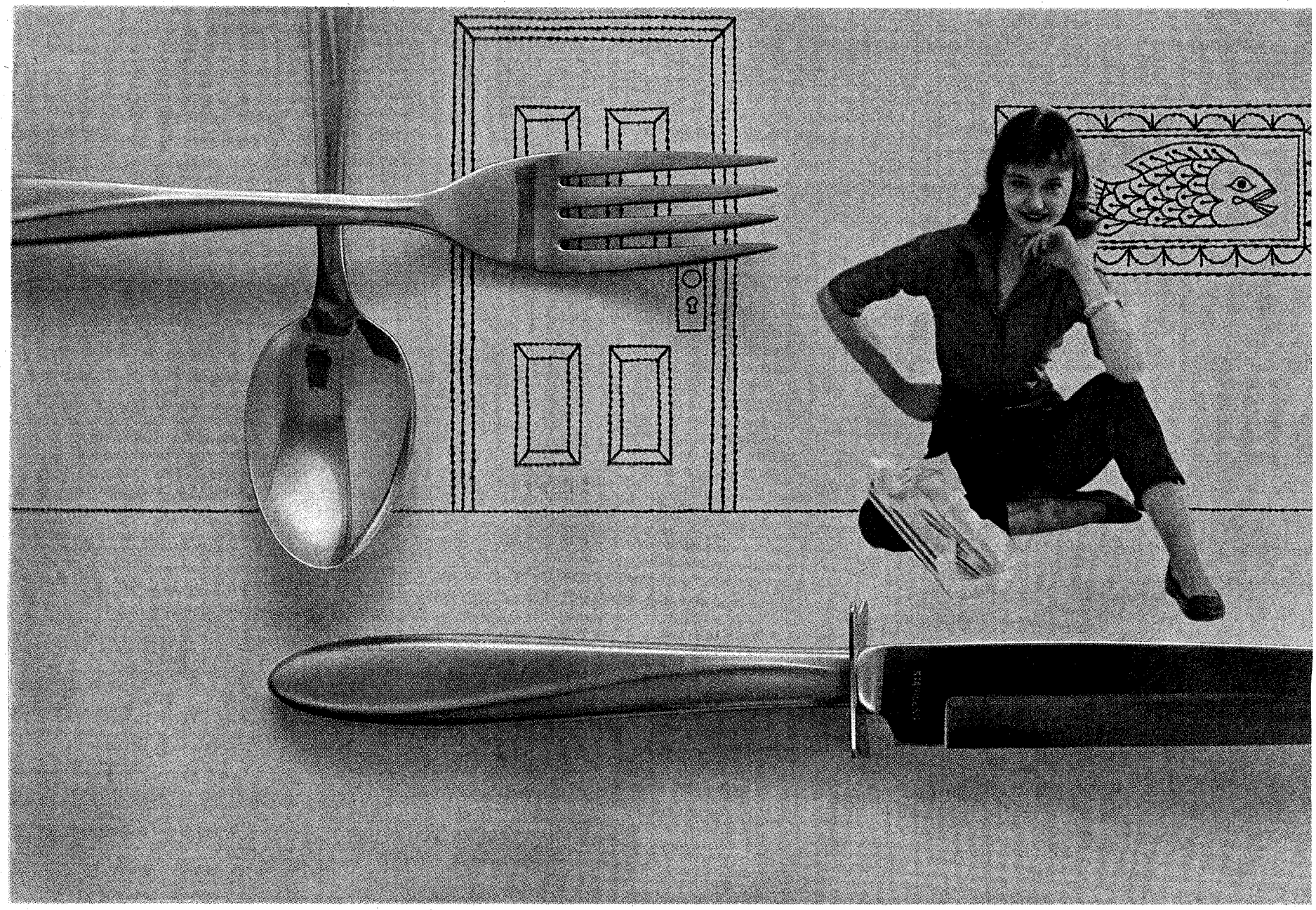

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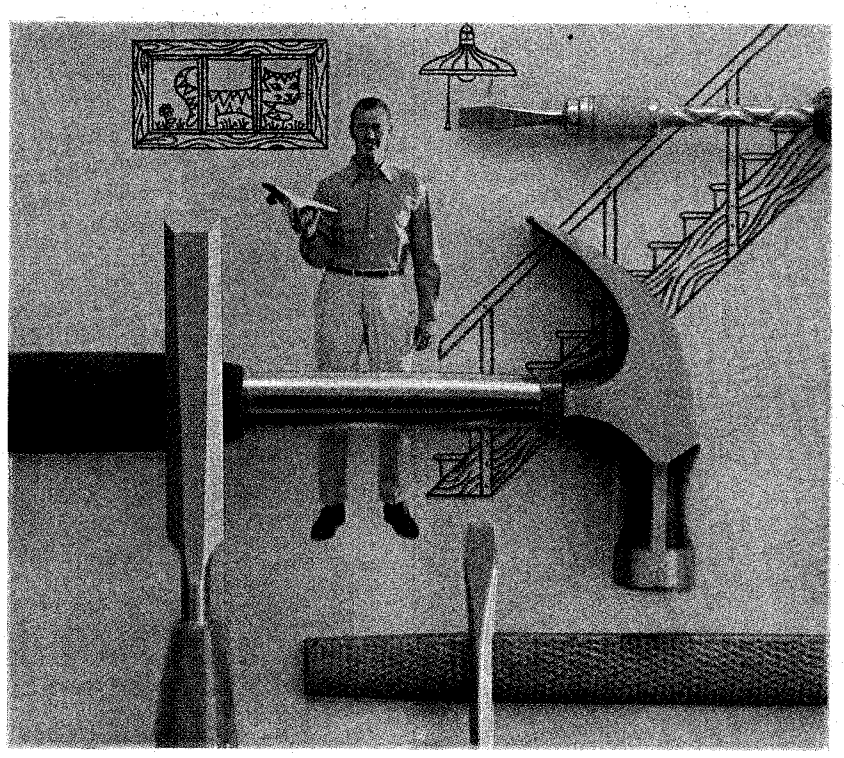

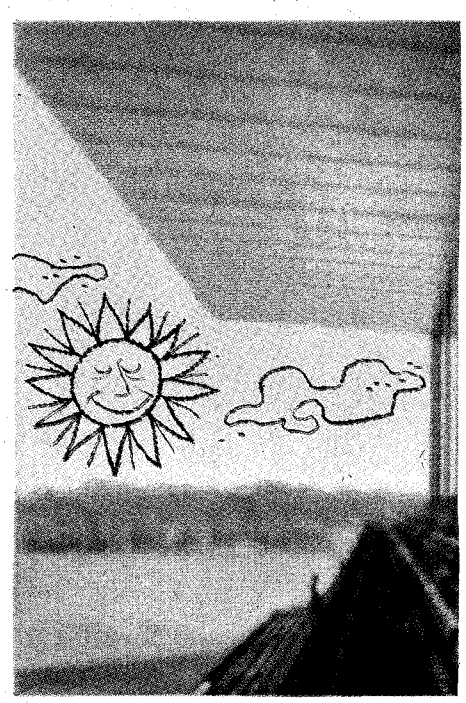

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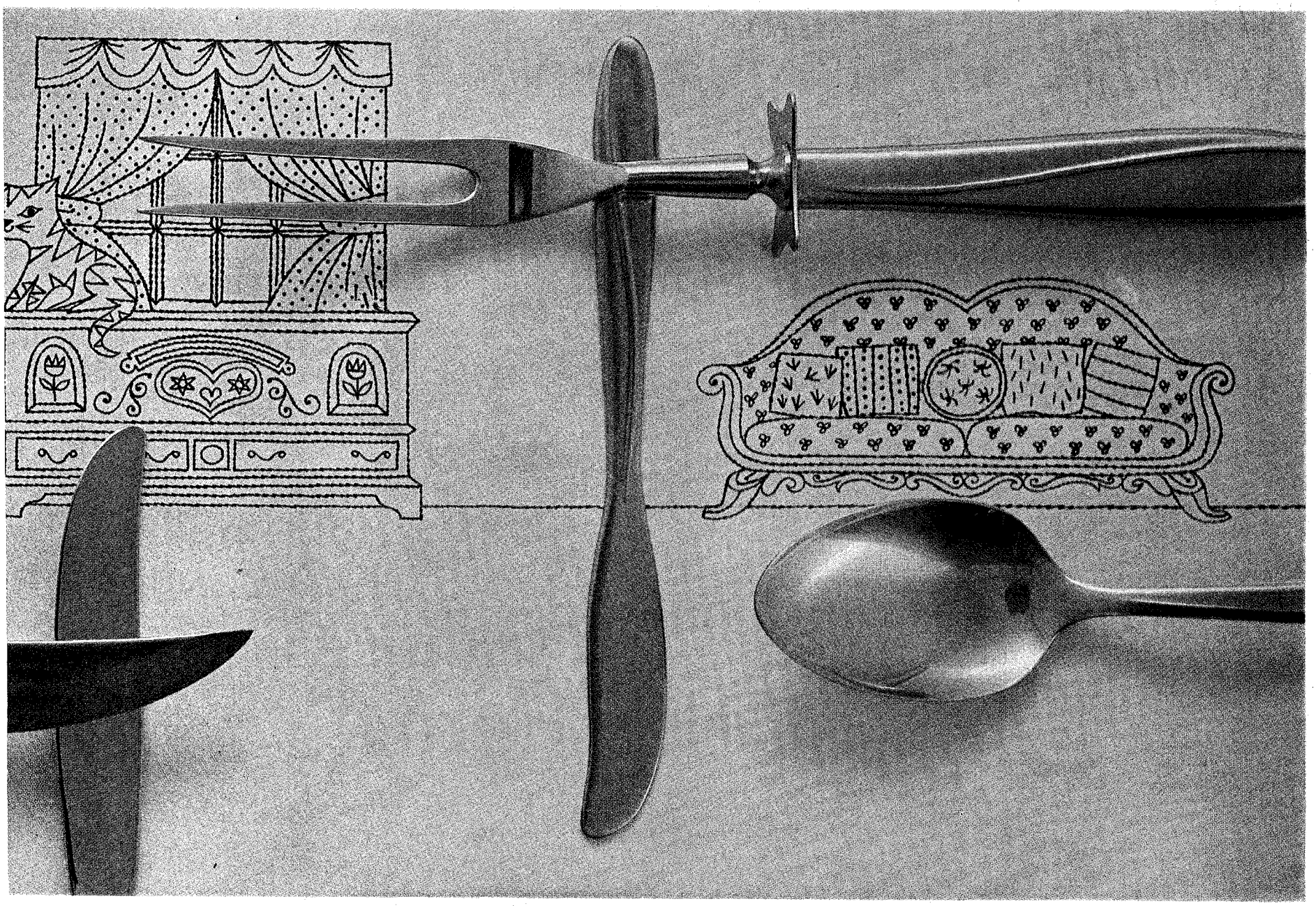

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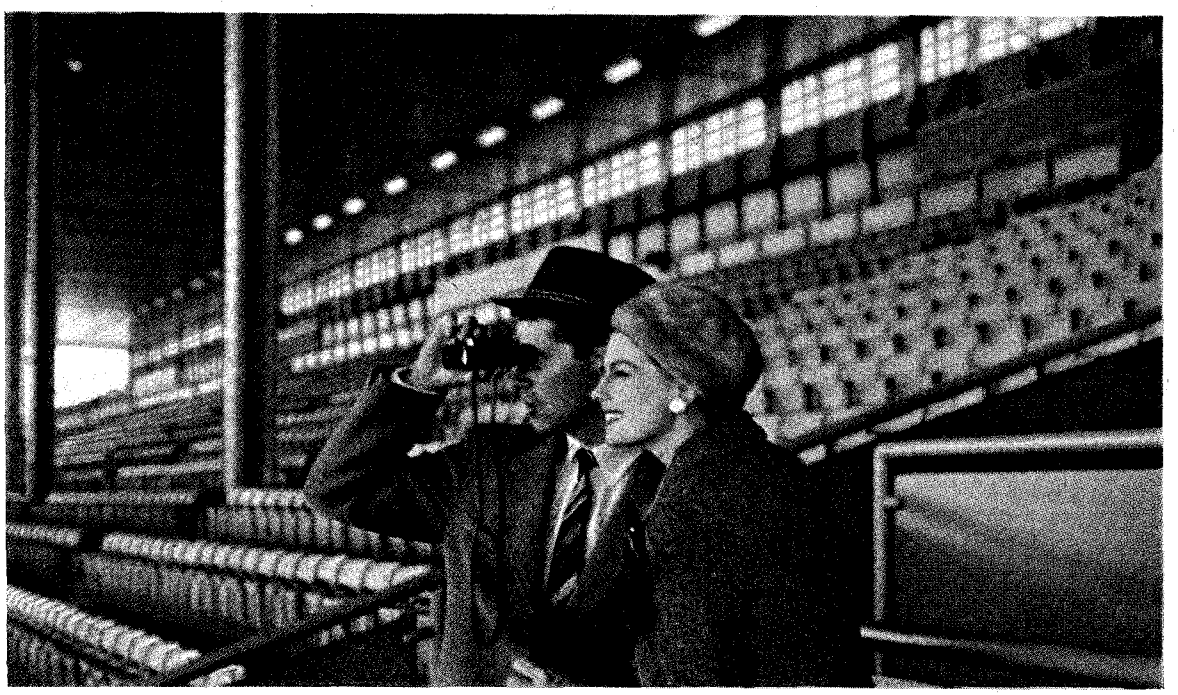

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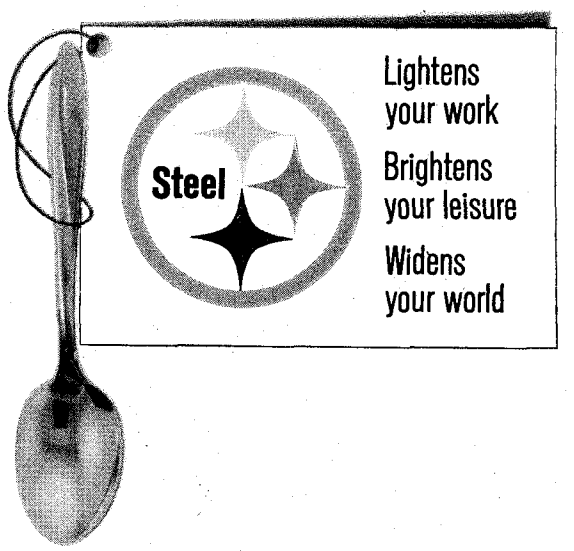

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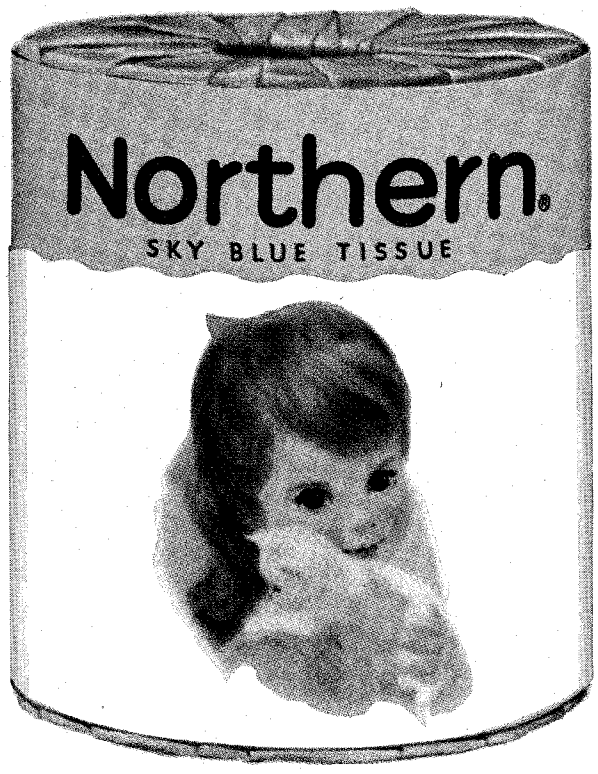

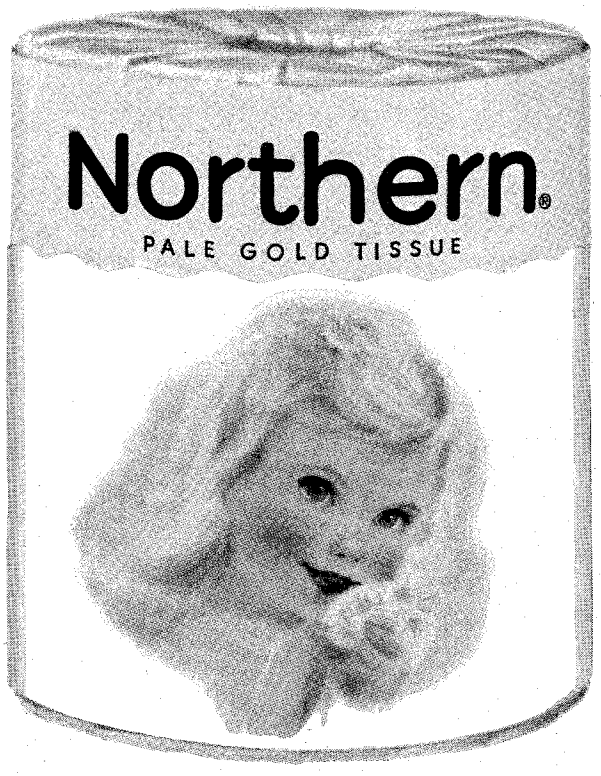

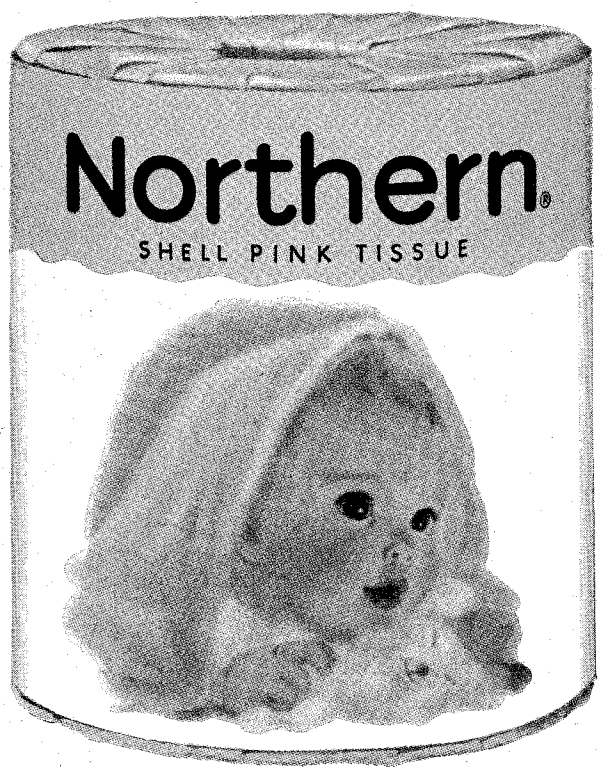

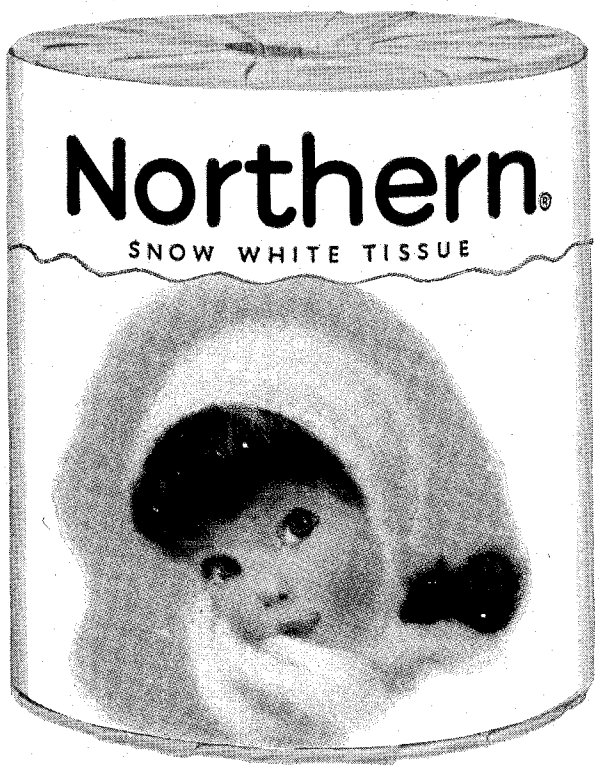

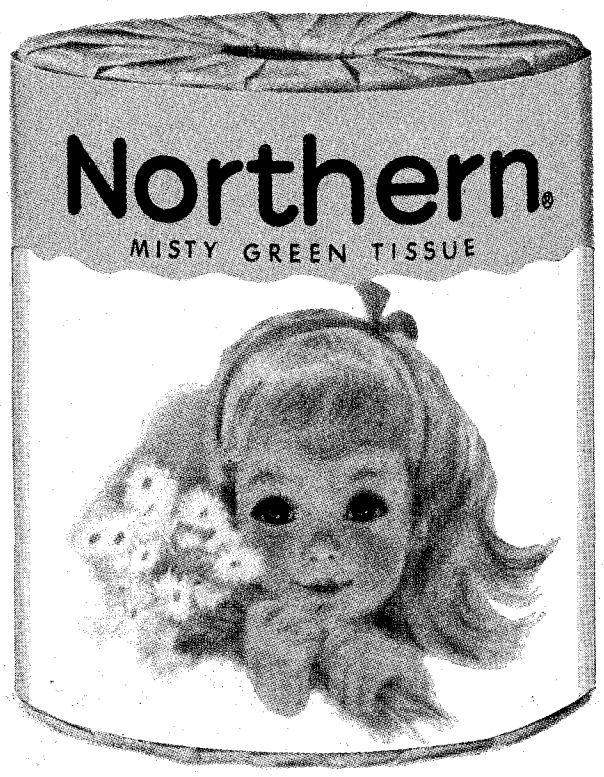

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(*Continued from Page 113*) where the doctor practiced, not on the basis of the best possible care available in the world. Except in forthright cases of negligence, malpractice suits against the family doctor rarely came to court.

But as the obstetricians, surgeons and pediatricians came to the suburbs, the general practitioner became more vulnerable. He not only lost his patients to the specialty practitioners, he lost his freedom to practice among the patients he didn't lose. Hospitals began restricting his surgical and obstetrical privileges. Procedures he had once undertaken without hesitation were suddenly barred to him; if he dared undertake them he did so at his own risk, because now other doctors in the community were, at least technically, better qualified to do them than he.

But aside from malpractice worries, many a conscientious general practitioner, aware of his limitations in a community where specialists were available, felt morally bound to refer any difficult case in order to assure his patients the best possible medical care, much as he might want to treat them himself. "It gets discouraging," I heard a local general practitioner complain with some bitterness not long ago. "Every time something really interesting comes along I have to send it into town. But what else can I do, and do right by the patient? My hands are tied."

And indeed the general practitioner has found himself circumscribed and limited, bit by bit, in the way he may practice medicine. In recent years he has made a valiant effort to fight back; many medical schools have encouraged a renewal of interest in general practice, and the American Academy of General Practice has organized an excellent program designed to help the conscientious general practitioner keep himself up to date in medicine.

But the changes of the past few decades have already cut the ground from under his feet and made it increasingly difficult for him to contend with his specialty-trained colleagues in providing his patients with the best possible medical care.

Of course, the changes we have discussed have not yet gone to completion. Possibly they never will. But ironically it is very difficult to argue that these changes are for the worse. Medicine has in fact become an overwhelming field for any one man to master in its entirety. We might even argue that the solo general practitioner is becoming an anachronism, that the sooner all doctors limit themselves to special fields of practice the better. Certainly the scientific standards of medicine would be higher, and possibly patients would receive better informed and more capable medical care. And if highly expert but impersonal medical care—"businesslike" medicine that leaves no scientific or rational hole unplugged in diagnosing, preventing or treating illness—were the greatest possible service the medical profession could render, then none of us would grieve the passing of the traditional family doctor for an instant.

But I wonder if this is really the profession's highest calling. As the familiar image of the family doctor changes, the one great contribution which he and he alone could make is lost—his time-honored function as friend, counselor and listener-to-troubles, bringing comfort to his patients not by the kind of medicine he practiced but simply by being there, listening and understanding and helping. There is almost no one in the new hierarchy of medicine who makes this his assigned role.

Yet ways have been sought to preserve the traditional role of the family doctor and still provide a better quality of medical care through specialty practice. Of all possibilities, perhaps the brightest hope for a comfortable solution to the dilemma in the future lies in the small-group-practice type of medical care.

Certainly the concept of group practice has been growing in popularity in all parts of the country, and the number of such groups of physicians is increasing rapidly. Even in rural areas medical groups have appeared, building small but attractive "clinics" and pooling their equipment and medical resources. Often founded and organized by general practitioners, these loose, two- or three-man partnerships may grow to include a surgeon, an internist, an obstetrician and a pediatrician and thus become true clinics. Some expand to include a radiologist, an orthopedist or representatives of other specialties.

Originally such group practices were opposed by the medical societies; they broke the pattern of individual medical practice and further sealed the fate of the solo general practitioner. But slowly group practices have been gaining respectability in the profession. They were able to provide the specialized medical care that patients had a right to demand and still offer a comfortable substitute for the family doctor of old. Significantly many groups retain the general practitioner as an integral part of their structure.

As a general practitioner I would not want to practice medicine any other way; and I think more and more of my colleagues every year see their futures in group practices. Practicing general medicine, I can see any and all patients who come to me, confident that I have sound consultation in surgery, internal medicine, obstetrics or gynecology available at any time just across the hall. From my specialty-trained colleagues I have constant encouragement and stimulation to improve my knowledge of medicine.

Most of our patients have their "favorite doctor" in the group, whom they call upon first—a practice we encourage to help retain a close family-doctor type of contact. Difficult cases are almost always followed by two or more of us, and patients are comfortable in the knowledge that at least one of us is always specifically on call night or day when emergencies arise.

Such groups of doctors—general practitioners and specialists working together—in fact represent composite and complete general practitioners, "family doctors" to replace the inadequate, sentimentalized image of yesterday. If they seek to do so, such composite "family doctors" can offer their patients far better medical care than the individual family doctor of fifty years ago. They can fill the gap which the solo general practitioner alone finds harder and harder to fill.

But for all their advantages, the group practices still must struggle to fulfill the one greatest function of the traditional family doctor—the individualized, personalized concern of one man for the health and well-being of another. Strive as they may, no group of doctors can completely substitute for the personal touch of the old-time family doctor, for the reliance of the patient upon one individual for wisdom, counsel, friendship and help.

It was this that made the angry young father in my office feel cheated, I am sure; and it is one great flaw in the growing pattern of superspecialization in medicine. Somewhere along the line we risk losing a priceless ingredient in the doctor-patient relationship—the feeling of warm personal regard and concern of doctor for patient, the feeling that the doctor treats people, not illnesses, and wants to help his patients not because of the interesting medical problems they may present but because they are human beings in need of help.

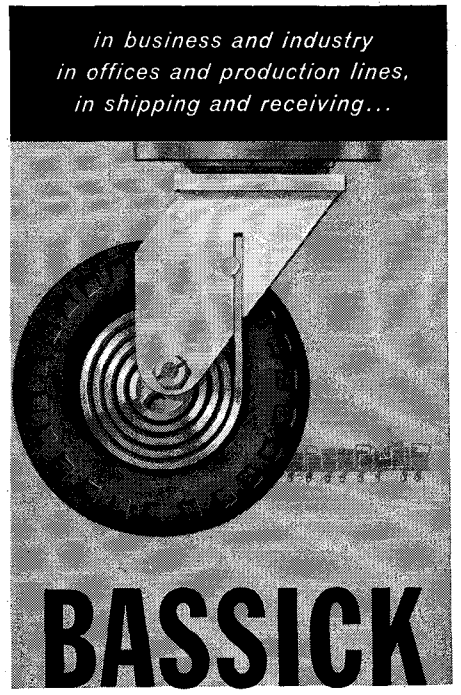
This one ingredient in medicine the family doctor of old did contribute, and no amount of efficient, expert, even brilliant medical care can ever really replace its loss. The family doctor's traditional role is changing, forced into a new and sometimes uncomfortable mold which ultimately can mean better medical care for us all. Yet, as with the passing of an old and trusted friend, we view the change with sadness, and hope we will not discover too late that part of what we have lost is irreplaceable. THE END

What's Going On Here?

An outstanding young politician with a distinguished war record endangers his political future by defending a civilian charged with wartime treason and sentenced, with Presidential approval, to be hanged. The war hero argues that the President of the United States cannot declare or administer martial law; that only Congress can do so. He wins his case and later becomes a candidate for President himself. Can you name him? Was he elected?

Olney Rhode

(*See page 119 for answer*)



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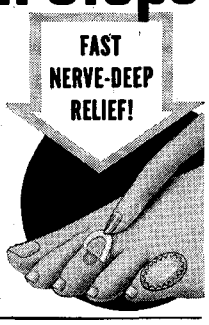

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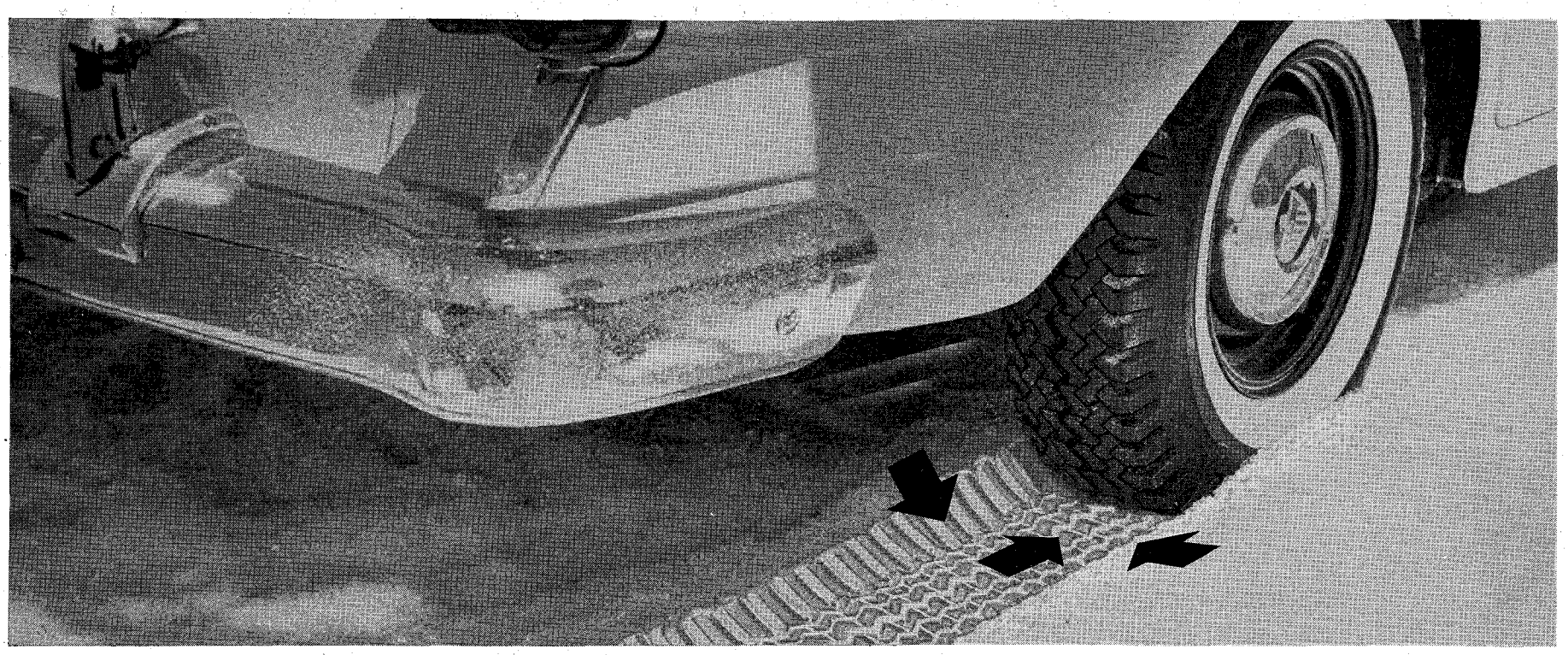

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Hunter's Reward (Continued from Page 49)

"hunting." But now it means the flesh of all the antlered critters. In the United States that includes the white-tail, the black-tail and the mule deer, and the elk, the moose and a scattering of the prong-horn antelope.

Before the advent of the home freezer, venison was a bag of game that could break a modern hunter's heart—especially hunters from the cities and the suburbs, which is where most hunters come from these days. He could shoot his limit of ducks or upland birds or catch his legal count of trout and bring them proudly home, and the result was gay and happy. They are small morsels easily consumed. But a deer or an elk dressing out from seventy-five to 250 pounds, or 500 pounds of moose carried all the way down from New Brunswick or Quebec or Newfoundland, where moose still are legal kill, was usually something else again. It was no prideful trophy to the gal who had to try to cook it and serve it up tender and appealing and do it all before the great thing spoiled.

Now, however, with the freezer waiting to store venison chops and cutlets and haunch roast and deliver them in prime condition any time during the next twelve months, a deer is a grand prize all the way. It freezes like a dream. It can be, if she is worthy, a great delicacy and boost to any gal's ego, to say nothing of her kitchen budget. A deer is budgetable, possibly the one game bag that is. A fishing trip or a vacation after birds can bring home meat that figures $18.50 a pound, like home-garden peas or the apples off the front-yard trees. But if a man can get himself a deer in a week and does not drink too much bonded whisky or smoke too many fifty-cent cigars or bet too many inside straights, like a kid playing hooky, just because he's off in a hunting camp, he can come out quite well on a deer—maybe get his sport for free. And these days not many junkets can do that.

Nationally, too, venison is budgetable. Last year—just average—some 183,000,000 pounds of dressed-out edible meat came from the national legal kill of venison. That ranks venison fourth among the red meats in the United States, following the three big commercial varieties—beef, including veal, pork and lamb in that order. But aside from the small amount that is raised on game farms in this country and imported from Europe and that can be bought and sold, venison is not commercial. You are breaking the law if you try to sell it. It is game out of America's woods, amateur killed and for the most part amateur dressed and hung and, heaven knows, amateur cooked. Its very tonnage figures are amateur too. The official tally includes, as it must, only the legal, honestly bagged critters registered with the various state game-departmental checking stations during licensed hunting seasons. If the illegal kill—the deer that are sneaked around the checking stations because they are night killed or June killed or dragged out over February's snow—could be counted, the tonnage figures would be much higher. Here in Maine, where we are writing, white-tail country, the old-timers who have looked at deer hair in front of their rifle sights since boyhood say the figure can be doubled. In any case, within and without the law, it is an amazing amount of wild food to be coming out of the woods and off the mesas and prairies and out of the draws and canyons of a teeming, industrialized, burgeoning country. And the strange aspect of all this, possibly the main part of venison's miracle, is that aside from the moose, who is a civilization-sick lad and very likely on his slow way to join one of his cousins, the mastodon, the rest of the antlered ones are asking nothing but wise management and intelligent hunting to carry on as America's fourth-ranking red meat forever. There are more deer now than when the first pioneer entered the wilderness.

His predatory enemies, the wolf and the bobcat, are diminished, for one thing. But the main reason for his thriving is that he is one of the few wild creatures that does not loathe man. The problem in most areas is to keep a balance in the antlered critters' population, restrain them from exceeding their food supply. Here in Maine, worry about this centers not in the thickly settled counties along the coast, but in the big wild lands to the north and east—Washington, Penobscot, Piscataquis counties. There the weights of deer coming out in the past few hunting seasons are beginning to average less than they should, and unbred does are showing up now and then. The cure, now in the legislative mill, is to add a week or two onto the season and get more guns into the areas and prune down the population to fit more closely the graze and browse. To the west and south the deer—fat on the clover pasturage and orchards and the new growth that follows timber cutting that settlement and tillage offer—shine in the sun like show-ring curried cattle and hang fat and enormous in November from the hunters' gambrels.

Good as they are, they are no better than the deer the pilgrims shot with blunderbuss, or that Natty Bumppo, the Deerslayer, took with his smoothbore in Cooper's woods or, very likely, than the dun deer that Robin Hood's arrows brought down in Sherwood Forest. That is another amazing aspect of venison. Beef breeds (*Continued on Page 122*)

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 117)

James A. Garfield, an Ohio lawyer who became a Civil War major general and then a wartime congressman before he was thirty-five, was elected President in 1880. In 1866, he had risked his popularity by defending a fellow attorney, Lambdin P. Milligan, whom an Army court in Indiana condemned to death for treasonable activity as a Confederate sympathizer. President Andrew Johnson approved the sentence. Milligan then pleaded that, as a civilian, he was not subject to a military court. Garfield argued the case before the U. S. Supreme Court. The court, in a notable decision, held that the jurisdiction of military courts is "confined to the locality of actual war" and cannot exist where civilian courts still function. Milligan, having been tried outside the war area, ultimately went free.

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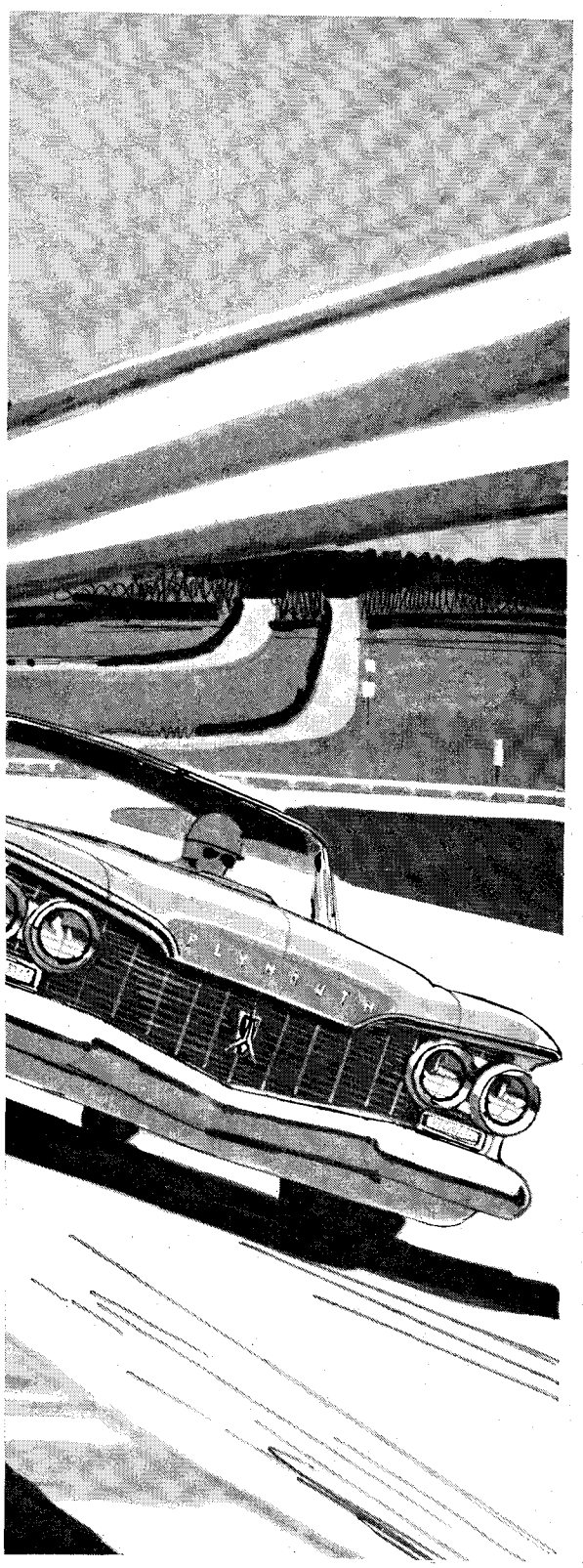

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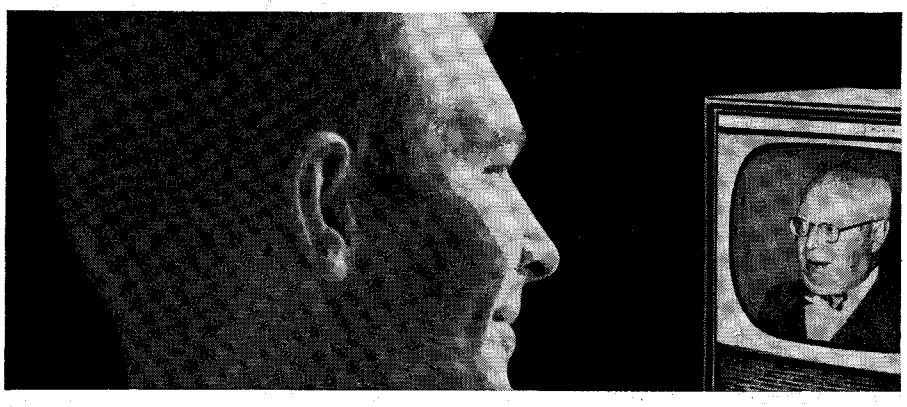

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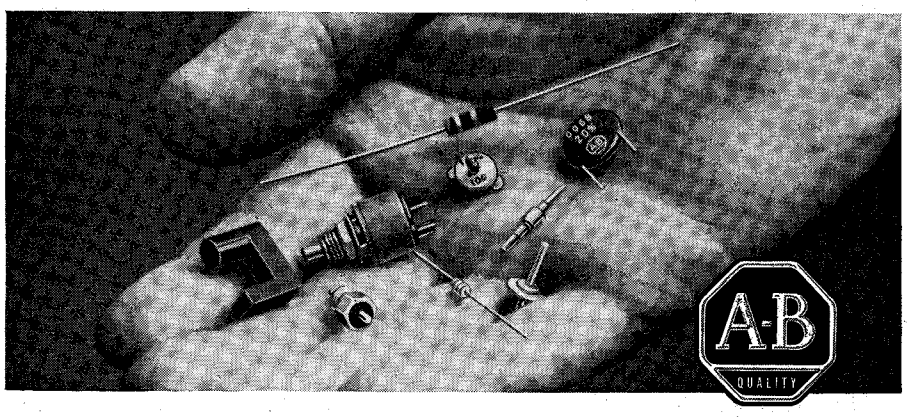

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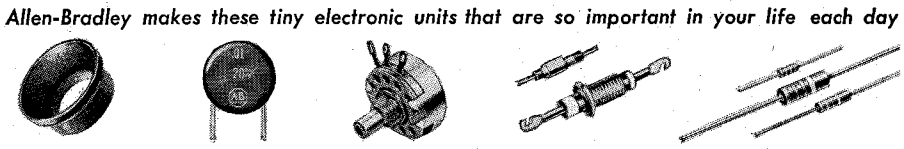

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(*Continued from Page 119*) have come and gone, been crossbred and inbred, imported and exported, but venison in Plantagenet England probably tasted no whit different than it does in Maine this fall. And that is very good indeed. Musing on this romantic fact makes dreaming pleasant. There was a venison pie back in Plantagenet England which we would have relished drawing up a chair to.

"About two months," answered the father hastily.

"By the true Lord," answered the knight, "everything in your hermitage is miraculous, holy clerk! For I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week."

And of course it had, and of course the pie was not two months old. For the father was Friar Tuck, and the knight was Richard the Lionhearted, both incognito, telling lies with great gusto to each other as the pie was devoured and the evening waxed into the drinking and then the singing contest, with the beaten-up harp being handed back and forth and the little hut roaring with their great laughter, and the colors dancing as they will dance for boys forever in the rich tapestry of *Ivanhoe*.

It was not, very likely, an especially delectable or tender-meated pie. A venison pie is fancy cooking. And with a buck hung only a week? Uh-uh! That pie was tough. But the flavor was there, and the men were stout and hungry.

That venison, like the meat in Friar Tuck's pie, has been considered a prime delicacy down the ages under the primitive conditions that confronted it is proof enough of the rich flavor and indestructibility of the meat. In our North temperate climate the deer was generally killed before the does were bred—which means the first frosty spell of November. It was hung in a barn or shed, an inviting haven for the last of the bluebottle flies. Then winter shut down, and by degrees it was frozen, then thawed in a mild spell and frozen again. A "junk o' meat" at a time was butchered from it with an ax and a carpenter's saw; and it was cooked in a kettle or roasted black in a woodstove oven. Yet it was the best-loved meat of the frontier—and still is.

Lyndon Hardwick, a neighbor of mine, who with his wife Betty has probably cooked and eaten as much venison as anyone in this northeast country, nodded his head when I asked him if he could explain the undying yearning for venison. The Hardwicks for years had a hunting camp a long carry beyond the nearest road end in Aroostook County close up on the Quebec line, a place that was teeming with game then.

"You never get sick of venison," he said. "We had it on the table every day from the opening of trout season to heavy freeze-up in December. You can get sick of trout in a week. After ten days of grouse you get so weary of it you gag when you just hear one fly. But venison—I could eat it every day. Don't ask me why."

Hanging the frontier deer was what it needed—or was until it started really to rot. In this day of scientific food chemistry there is still no substitute for just letting a critter hang still and start to decompose and break down enough of the cell structure to make it tender. But today it is done under controlled conditions which include atmosphere not too dry or yet too damp and an even temperature hovering right around thirty-eight degrees. Unless you are very lucky, late fall weather will not be as faithful as that. The cold room in a good butcher shop or a cold-storage or locker plant is the answer. In many of them you can buy expert butchery, too, which makes for better meat—not just better looking, but better cooking, better texture, better tasting. Why an expert knife produces this alchemy is a bit of a mystery; but take it from one who has eaten good deer hacked and ragtail, and good deer expertly cut—there is no comparison. It may be simply the way a perfectly cut steak slaps down plumb in the pan and meets the heat evenly and wells out its juice. It may be the good surgeon's knowledge of the way the grain lies in a muscle. In any case it is worth what it costs.

Near where we are writing is one of the biggest and best venison factories in the Northeast, Waldoboro Lockers Inc. It specializes in the expert hanging, butchery and packaging of deer for home freezing. On November first it clears the deck and for the next thirty days handles nothing but Maine and New Brunswick white-tail deer. The rest of the year it processes beef and pork and local lamb; but animal chemistry decrees that these bland viands be gone in deer season, especially in the thirty-eight-to-forty-degree hanging room. The wonderful gamy odor of deer, a woods smell like cordwood with a good stout waft of musk, will be absorbed by the other meats. A beefsteak from such a perfumed beef carcass cooks up into a conversation piece, very perplexing.

In midseason the place can bemuse a hunter. In the frosty hanging room the rows of white (*Continued on Page 124*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I've never seen a girl so eager to start housekeeping."

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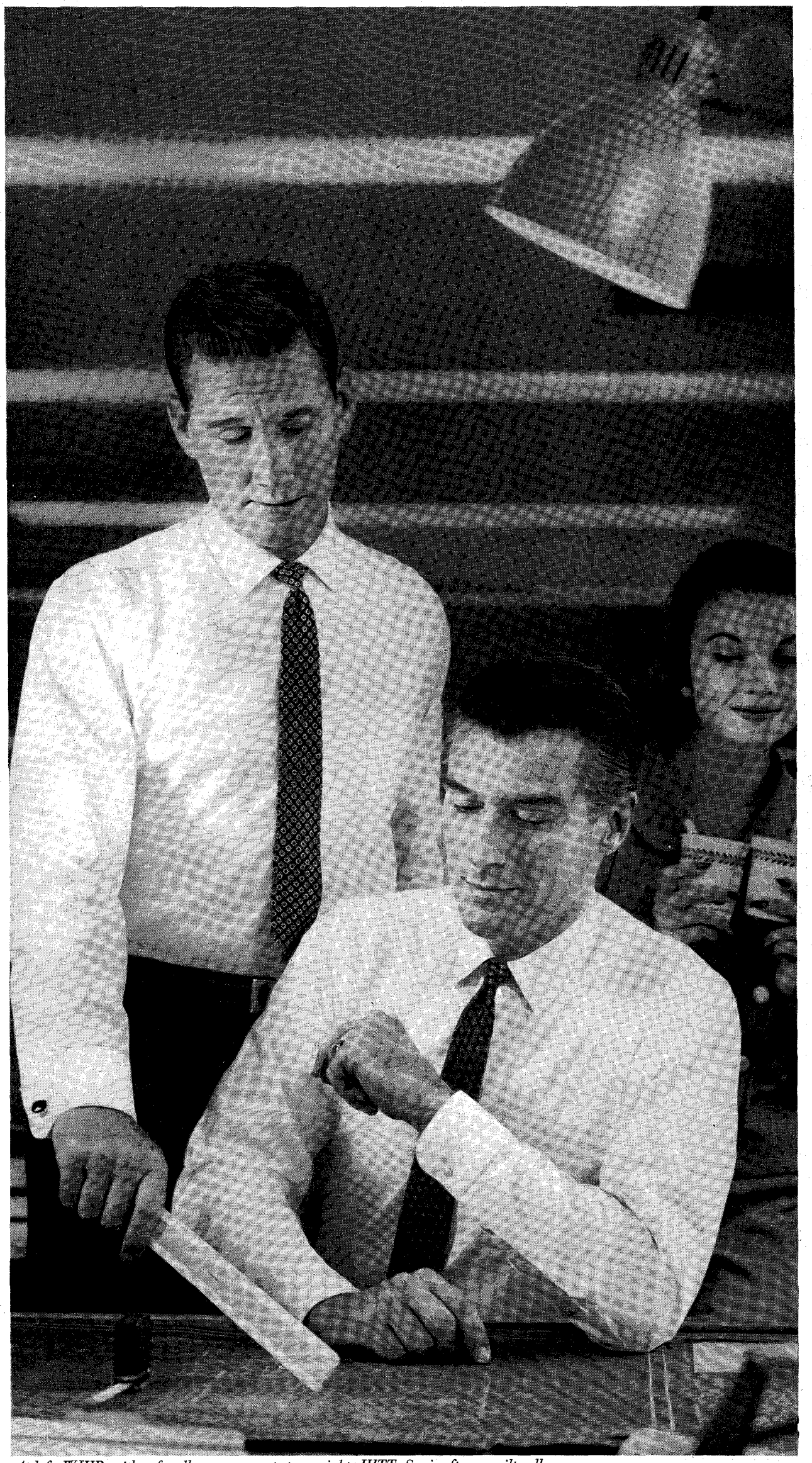
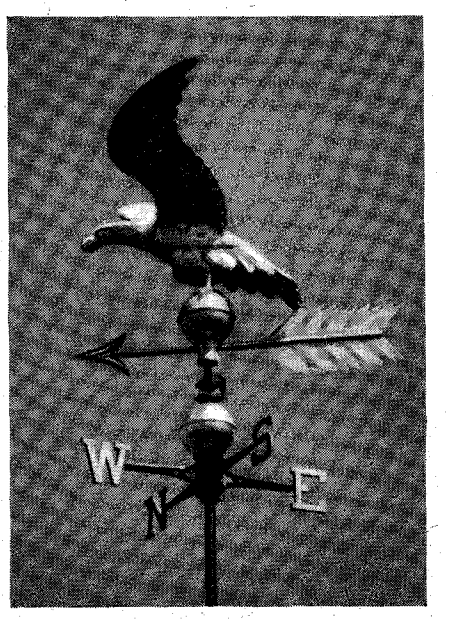


At left, WHIP, with soft collar, permanent stays; right, HITT, Semi-soft, non-wilt collar.

Wherever you go...



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(*Continued from Page 122*) tails and the ruddy, furred haunches stretch away in regimented ranks. Here is a magnificent rack of horns with the sur-royals, the outer tips, brushing the floor; and the name on the canvas tag stapled into the left ear is the name of a lucky hunter who killed himself a grand buck. Here is a small prong-horn buck with a different look to his hair, a lighter, dun look, lusterless compared to the shine of the others. Its chest cavity is sooted black where it was smoked heavily with a birch-bark torch, an old Indian trick to discourage flies. It came down a long way from upcountry and is one of the deer that is worrying the game department. It has had a hard grubbing for subsistence and it shows it.

Out in the skinning room the hides are coming off with swift expert hauls and fistings and swift little dabs with the keen blades of the skinning knives. The legs come off at the knees, for there is nothing but bone and sinew on the lower half of these dainty limbs, made for great soaring leaps and springing. Nothing is there but grace and beauty, nothing gross enough to eat. There is a barrel of these cast-off legs ready to join other barrels already filled out on the back platform awaiting the bone-meal truck, enough handsome legs to make gunracks for half the gun-owning boys in New England. Horns are waste, too, tossed into their scrap barrels. They have had a grim significance these past few years, however, and the time may come when they will receive more serious treatment. Atomic medicine may want them for study. Bone absorbs radioactive fallout. A deer's antlers are bones that grow afresh every year. Each antler is a neat record of how the ghastly atomic business is going in its neck of the woods, a neat record of the net fallout.

Out in the bright cutting room the red of meat, the white of aprons and scrubbed wood and enameled appliances and the blue of steel make an operating-room color scheme. Two of the best deer surgeons on the Coast ring their sharpening steels on their knives and read the name tags and the orders, then swiftly turn the carcasses into something that a hunter's wife can look at without a shudder—appealing, prime cuts of pretty meat. One of the butchers is Francis Reed, cutting-room foreman; the other is Donald Johnston, one of the county's largest apple orchardists, a former member of the governor's council, former member of the state legislature and a former first selectman of his town. Butchery has long been his hobby and his art. Rather than take a vacation hunting, he puts on a white apron and cuts up other men's deer. Shortly after last season was over last year, the plant needed a new manager, and Johnston's hobby carried him on up into that. He changes a deer into food with a trimming knife, a scowl and a sigh.

Advice to Husbands

If you waver
You are lost;
He who hesitates
Is bossed.

Bob Herz

The amateur aspect of venison shows up in the cutting room. Sometimes deer are blasted by a whole magazine of shells, victims of the exact opposite of buck fever, where a hunter cannot shoot at all. Both are a greenhorn's emotional panic. Gut-shot deer, with the taint of gastric acids deep into the surrounding tissue, are all too common. There are deer half dressed out with the remaining viscera rotted and reeking.

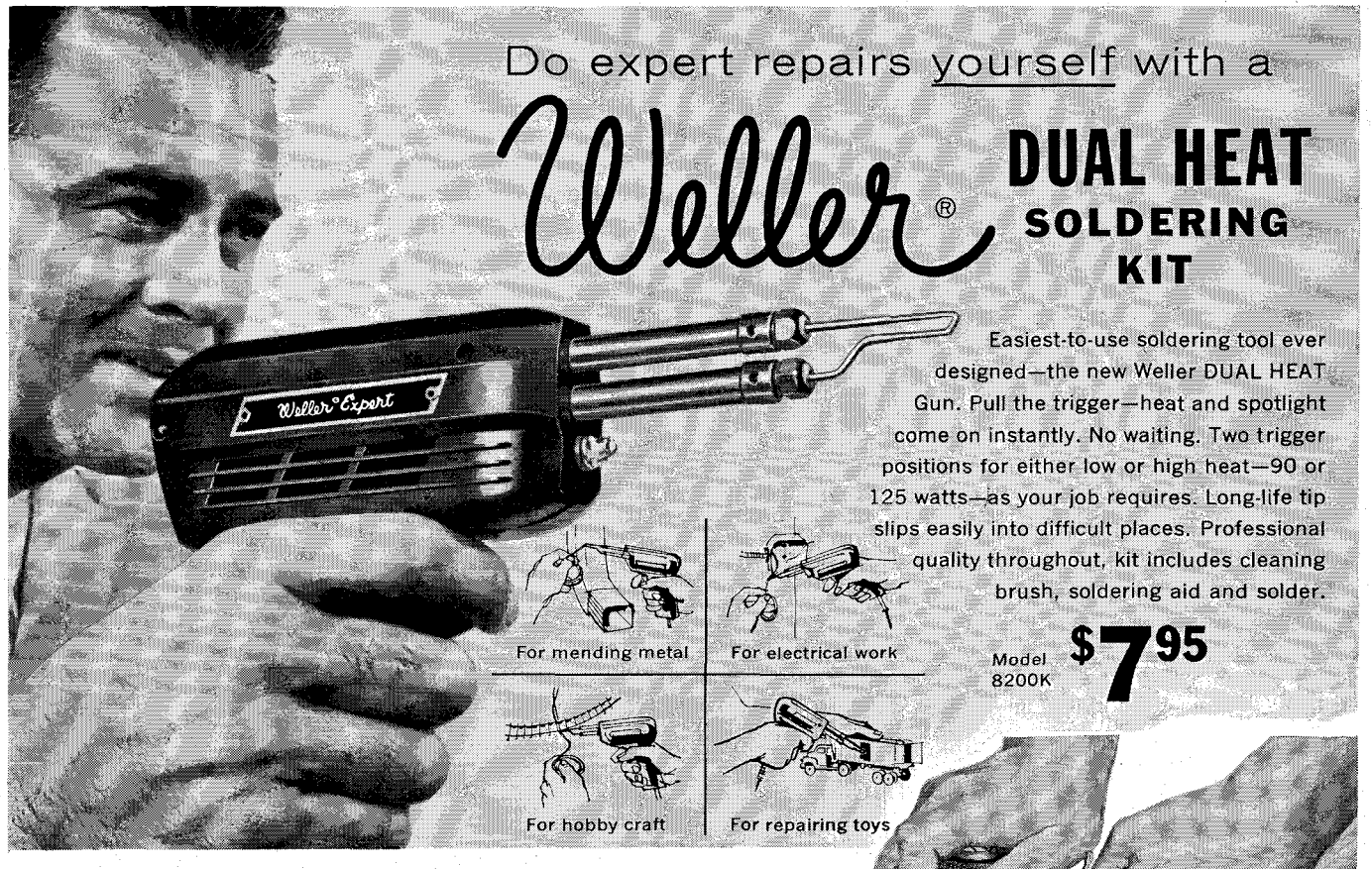
But most deer are better cared for than that, and even the abused ones end up looking like good food. The meat piles up in its neat white trays of chops and steaks, rumps and shoulder roasts. The rest is boned and chunked for the grinder. Deerburger is what it becomes. It has taken the place of meat chunked up for stews and pies—which are a culinary accomplishment apparently beyond today's cooks. Venison ground into burger seems a sad end for even the neck meat of a noble creature; but the kids love it, according to reports, and it is just dandy to take on picnics.

The finished product—a deer no longer, but an assortment of appealing red meat that would look good under any delicatessen's glass-topped counter—goes to the women wrappers and ends up in a wire basket packed with neat white packets, each one stamped with what it is and the date. Most of the meat is picked up by hunters' wives on their shopping trips in the family car. From then on it is in their care.

Meat that must travel a good distance is packed frozen in insulated cartons and, if it is to cross state lines, it bears the plant's processing inventory attached to the deer's original tag to satisfy border inspection. With its owner or his agent accompanying it, the meat can safely reach reasonably distant kitchens if there is no dallying. The shipping of hunter-killed venison by common carrier without its owner accompanying it, however, is almost unknown. It is so fraught with spoilage danger and so surrounded with suspicion and red tape and special permits and licensing fees that it simply is not worth it. A pity, too, for most deer heading out of state are transported, ear tags dangling and hide still on, draped over a fender or lashed atop their owner's car. If the hunter has waited too long or travels too far or too slowly and runs into an unseasonably warm November day on the road, he can lose his prize—or half lose it. In any case, it will end up as meat—good, bad or indifferent—and be turned over to some cook's care.

It is to be hoped that it is a wise and watchful care. Venison cookery is not for fools. A deer carries most of his fat directly under his hide and around his kidneys. He does not "marble" it into the meat structure the way a steer and a hog do when they get enough to eat. Venison is a close-textured meat, tending to dryness. There are three ways to treat it. Coal- or pan-broil it with plenty of heat and just long enough to delight the gourmet and the wise, and to heck with your maiden aunt. The second method, and this is the big one in the few cookbooks that treat on game, is to marinate it before cooking. The marinades include vinegar, white and red wine, olive oil, onions, carrots, peppercorns, bay leaves, juniper berries, and so forth. There are scores of different mixtures and a variance of marinating time ranging from forty-eight hours to a full week. The purpose, of course, is to tenderize and flavor by action of the acid and the seasonings. The meat so treated can be cooked in any manner from ragout to roast. The third method is to throw it into a pot and stew the bejabers out of it.

Betty Hardwick, wife of Lyndon, who shared in that sportsman's camp in upper Aroostook (*Continued on Page 126*)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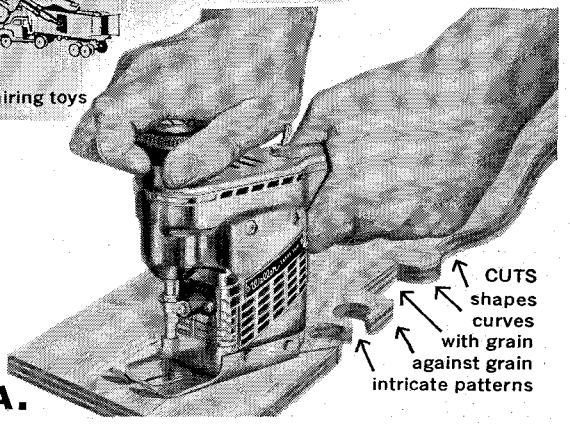

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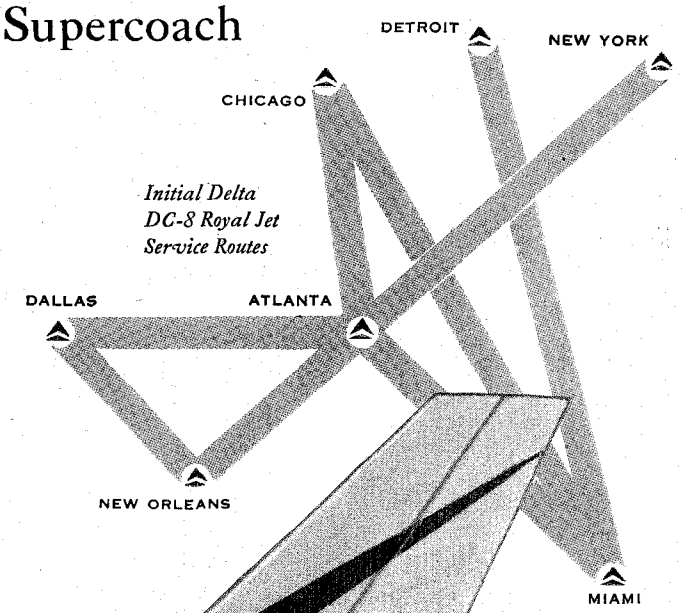

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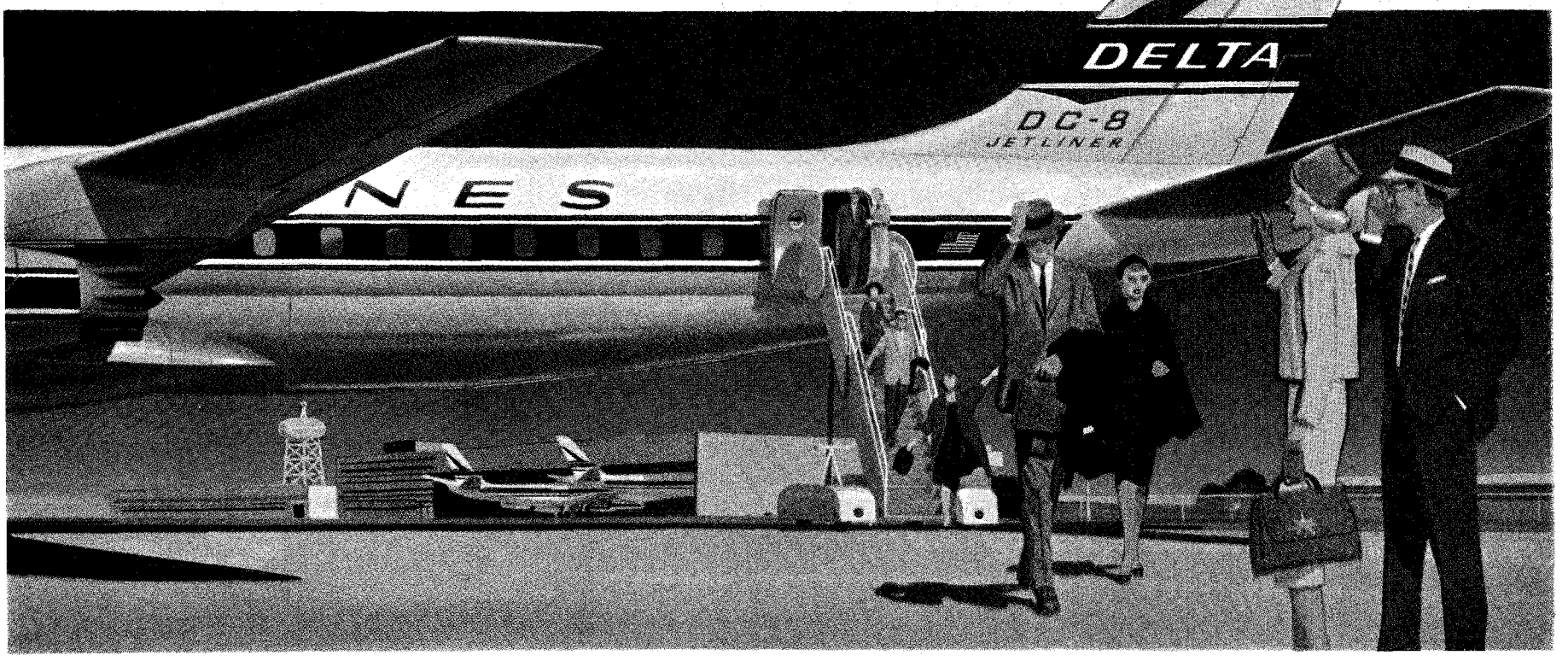

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(*Continued from Page 124*) County, has gone through the mill with all the methods in the books and some she made up herself. She supervised the cooking for a big table of trout fishermen, upland-game hunters and their dogs, and the deer hunters who followed in that order during the three game seasons in Maine. There was venison on the table every day. She came out of the woods with the conviction that the best way to treat a good deer is to fillet out as much as you can—tenderloin, chop loin, top round, shoulder steak—slice it across the grain in one-and-a-half-inch slices and then give it the rare, hot-skillet treatment. She selects an iron skillet, the heavier the better and so hot that the dry salt, which is all she uses, is jumping up and down in the pan's bottom. Outside color is the cue. When the meat is the lovely Rembrandt brown of properly seared flesh, that's it. No need to check on the inside color—it will be the proper juicy red. If you have to take a bit more of the live quiver out of it, she says, for heaven's sake, slow the fire way down. Add butter at the end if you must. If, to overcome the dryness bugaboo, you feel you must broil in fat, use salt pork, for it can stand the high heat. She said many of her guests, starved or shamed into eating her red meat for the first time in their lives, ended up licking their fingers. Out in the woods they did anyway.

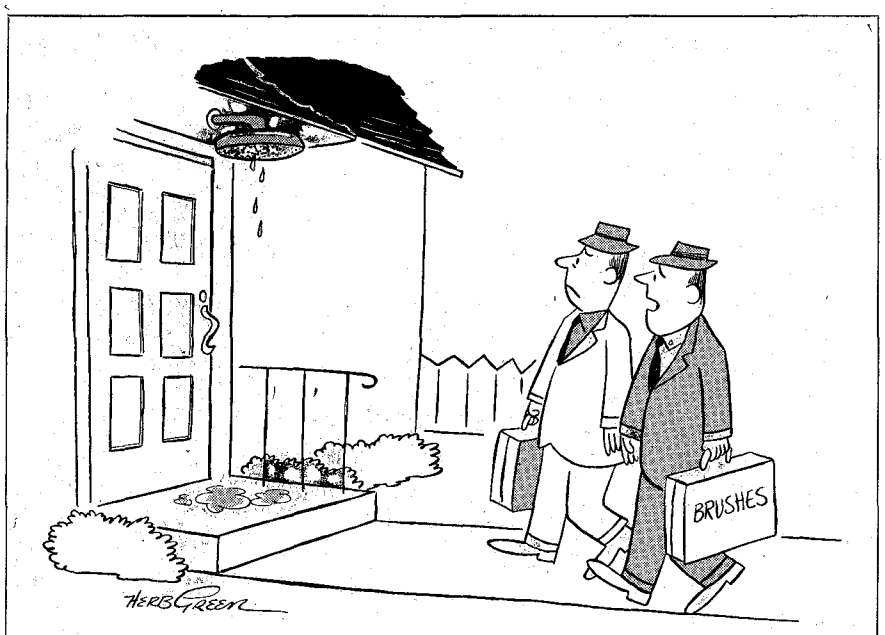
The cook-the-bejabers-out-of-it school has its advocates. Elmer Ingraham, Maine's chief game warden, likes a bean-pot stew when conditions are right. The recipe is probably as old as bean pots, but when canned tomato concentrate was produced, Elmer brought the formula up to date. The old recipe undoubtedly used whole tomatoes. It calls for two pounds, more or less, of boned neck meat or shank or anything you have left, cut into two-inch chunks; one can of the tomato purée; two jars of stuffed olives (Elmer insists on the stuffed ones) drained of the salt brine they are packed in and each olive cut in two; one big onion chunked up. Toss it all into the pot. Put the cover on. Then let her go slowly but surely, with a checkup now and then to see that it does not cook dry. All night in the ashes of a campfire is a good place to cook it if someone gets up now and then and tends the fire. Or cook it all night and all the next day in the camp cookstove oven if that suits you better.

We tried one of Elmer's stews the other day in a wood-burning range, and it came out fine. It's a nourishing, heart-warming dish—colorful, too, in a Byzantine sort of way. Everything had blended into a thick, black porridge save the olives. They, being indestructible, were intact, like dark-green gems gleaming in the blackness. The flavor was pure paradise. On a bitter morning, when you need something to stick to your ribs, try a scuttle of that atop a high pile of pancakes. Or when you come in cold and wet after a hopeless day with a wet rifle in soggy woods and not even a flash of a deer's tail, a hot bowl of Elmer's stew and a chair left before the grate fire sure help to cheer a man.

But we'll still vote for Betty Hardwick's pan-broiled tenderloin or a big platter of coal-broiled tender little chops off a small deer. But they should be cooked right, and no tomfoolery about "well done" or "medium" or "just pink inside" to please cowards or dilettantes. Make them brown and smoking and hot and juicy-red inside, with an aroma to drive you mad, and plenty of 'em. Maybe that is the best big platter of eating in the world. You'll go far to find a better one.

This is America's great amateur protein on the hoof. A beautiful, delicious critter—and maybe one with a destiny. Sitting on a stump on a crossing with the rifle across your lap and your pipe bowl warm in your trigger hand in the November chill, trying drowsily just to think one of the handsome things into that good line of fire ahead and knowing that's the last place he'll really come, you can marvel at that destiny, that deer paradox. Why, with all the rest of the fine game that fed the pioneers vanishing before man's noise and stench and onrush, has this creature been singled out to stay and prosper? The other game that was here in great plenty—the grouse, the moose, the salmon, the native trout, the pigeon—served their purpose. They fed the Indian and then the paleface explorer and the pioneer, when often without them they would have died. Now, their purpose fulfilled, they have faded. But the deer, he stays. Has he a purpose still? It will take a big atom bomb and a wide, wide fallout to find that last white-tail buck with his little herd of does out in the farthest puckerbrush. Maybe when the cities and the stockyards and the canning factories are blown to dust and the fire dies on dune and headland and out of the rubble come the last boy and girl, some venison wearing white tails will stroll out and they will look at one another. The boy and the girl, at least, could have much worse company.

THE END



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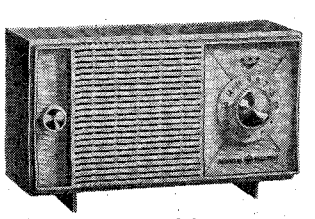

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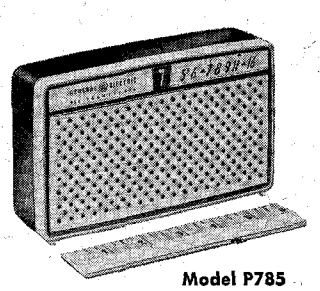

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The Mountain Murderess (Continued from Page 43)

some of the sickness left me. He didn't like this any better than I did. "Think she'll try to cut out to some road?"

"Heck, no!" the warden said. "Where'd she go? She's got nobody. All she's got is these mountains, the clothes on her back and the rifle in her hands. This is the biggest stretch of woods in the whole Adirondacks. She'll live off the land."

"Yeah," the sheriff said. "And someday, when she's down to her last shot, she'll look down the barrel of her own gun. Unless you boys get her out."

"We'll get her out," the lieutenant said.

The sheriff puckered his lips. It was the nearest he could come to a smile. "I got ten to your five says you'll have to carry 'er out—and some of your boys, too—'less they shoot first."

"I don't bet on lives," the lieutenant said. "This isn't a game."

"How about I try?" I said to him. I didn't mean to say it. But I was part of the details toward the ultimate end. It had to be said.

... ...

Youth

By Audrey M. Lee

Ah, sweet youth! flighty,
agile,
Gaudy as the buds of April,
Like a bird, quick to take
wing,
In and out of everything:
Into mischief, out of
reason—
Youth's the sprouting
season!
But then comes frolic's
sobering
When age takes youth
Octobering.

... ...

He turned to me. He didn't look surprised—as if it were a play, and the time had come, and I had spoken my lines. And then I realized why he had singled me out for this assignment: I had been born and reared in these mountains, hardly thirty miles away.

"How would you go about it?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Couldn't track her," the warden said. "Woods be bone-dry."

"Wounded creatures got a way of following certain paths," I said. "Maybe I can figure out her trail. I don't know."

"She ain't wounded," the sheriff said.

"She's scared. It's almost the same thing."

The lieutenant got up and walked to the rack of chained guns on the wall case and stood with his back to us, thinking. It was quite a rack. A couple of .30-30's like you'd expect to find in any sheriff's office; the rest—a good dozen of them—were fancy, handmade target guns. I wished I were out now with that beauty with the telescopic sights, lining up the cross hairs and squeezing off a few, instead of sweating it out by that hot stove.

"Maybe a man alone can do better at that," the lieutenant said to the guns. He turned to me. "How much time?"

"I don't know. Give me three days," I said.

He hesitated. "I'll cover the roads in case she tries to sneak out. I'll have men ready to comb the woods if you have no luck."

"Or if you don't come back," the sheriff's lips puckered. "Take my tip, young feller, and shoot the minute you catch sight of 'er. And keep on shootin'."

I turned to the warden. "I'll need some grub and stuff. Topo maps. I've heard there's a big swamp hereabouts."

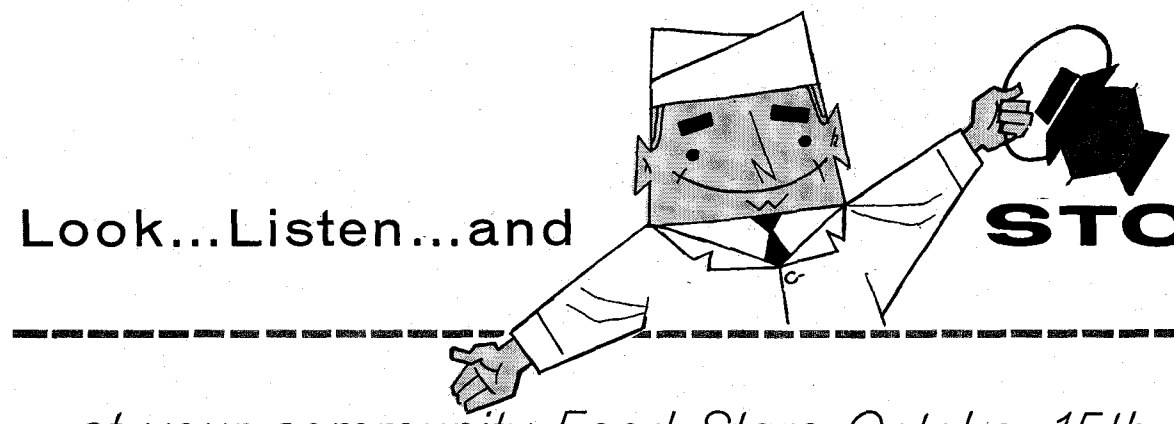
His faded blue eyes smiled at me, and he nodded as if I had passed a test. "Biggest. Bear Trap Swamp. Fourteen mile long. Five mile wide some places. Wounded deer purely love to hide out in it." He chuckled and it made him cough. I realized that he coughed a lot.

"Let's go over the whole thing once more," Lieutenant Ithan said. "I feel that something doesn't add up."

"There's nothin' to add," the sheriff said, "exceptin' who's the guy Bessie potted."

"Let's go over it."

"O.K.," the sheriff sighed. "Hank Colvin, her pa, used to be a guide. Then he teamed up with a couple of men and held up the lumber-company payroll down Johnstown. It was the spring payroll, and big. There was a bit of shootin'. One of the holdup men got hit and they caught him—feller by the name of Skippack. Turned out he worked for the lumber company. Well, Skippack tossed the payroll into the car before he went down, and the other two fellers got away with it. Skippack clammed up. Never did tell who the others were. Turned out one of them was Hank Colvin. You troopers found the car (*Continued on Page 129*)



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ANOTHER **SPECTACULAR VALUE** OCT. 15-24

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(*Continued from Page 127*) abandoned. One of the shots had gone through the back window and hit Hank. He was dead. The other man got away with forty-three thousand dollars. That's a right handy sum, wouldn't you say, lieutenant?"

"I wouldn't know," the lieutenant snapped. "What about the girl?"

The sheriff leaned back, and his solid oak chair creaked painfully. "Yep! That's a right handy sum. "Well, it didn't help Hank none. His wife died a couple of months later, and the girl ——"

He stopped and looked across at the warden, as if the old man could better explain the girl.

The warden nodded and the motion made him cough in a long, sweating spasm. He held up one hand as a command to wait for him. We waited.

"Folks tried to take her in," he said at last. "Bessie'd have no part of it. Stayed on in Hank's cabin up the hill. Summers, made some money waitin' tables. Winters, she trapped. Guess she got her share of illegal fur, but I never caught her at it."

"A wild one," the sheriff said. "Had no use for folks. Now and then a young buck'd get likkered up and try to cotton up to 'er, but it was like tryin' to get cozy with a lynx. Folks let her alone, and she left them alone—up to a few hours ago. Then Homer came in here. . . . You finish it, Homer."

"Ain't much left to tell," the warden said. "I heard a couple of shots and sort of mosied around, and by and by I found this man on the path between Hank Colvin's cabin and the road. He had a bullet between the eyes. Stranger. Packin' a pistol. Bessie was gone—pack basket, gun and all the ammunition."

"How about the empty shells?" the lieutenant asked. "Have you got them?"

The warden didn't answer. He was looking down at his hands, frowning, kneading his knuckles as if they hurt him. Then he looked up as if the words had just reached him. "Shells? No. No, I didn't find any shells."

"Didn't find any? That's odd."

"She must have picked them up," the warden said.

"Picked them up? A girl shoots a man right in front of her cabin, and then goes around picking up empty shells? It doesn't add."

"She loads her own ammunition. Maybe she picked them up out of habit."

The lieutenant turned to the sheriff, and the sheriff's mouth puckered. "That's right," he said. "Habit. You don't know Bessie. She could do anything. And besides, she always loads her own stuff."

The lieutenant snorted. "Maybe she went out the back window from habit too! Maybe ——" He turned to me. "Come on," he said.

We went outside, and the warden followed us. The sun was up, but the small town was still asleep. There wasn't much to it. A typical mountain town with one street lined with boardinghouses on a ridge that crouched over the town like an angry cat; the leaves were beginning to turn. It was the period between the tourist season and the hunting season, the period of rest and waiting. The town slept.

Lieutenant Ithan went to our car. The warden took me to his quarters over the general store. You could smell age in the rooms and the fear of age. But the man had been a woodsman. His equipment was old, but good. His maps were good. The rough maps of the terrain that he drew to my questions were even better. They showed things those old Coast and Geodetic Survey maps never showed—the spring holes, the beaver ponds, the windfall areas, the major deer run. Hesitantly, from old memory, the warden drew them for me. "Don't get around much nowadays, exceptin' by car," he apologized for his hesitation.

The sun was high when the lieutenant drove me to the foot of the path leading up to Colvin's cabin.

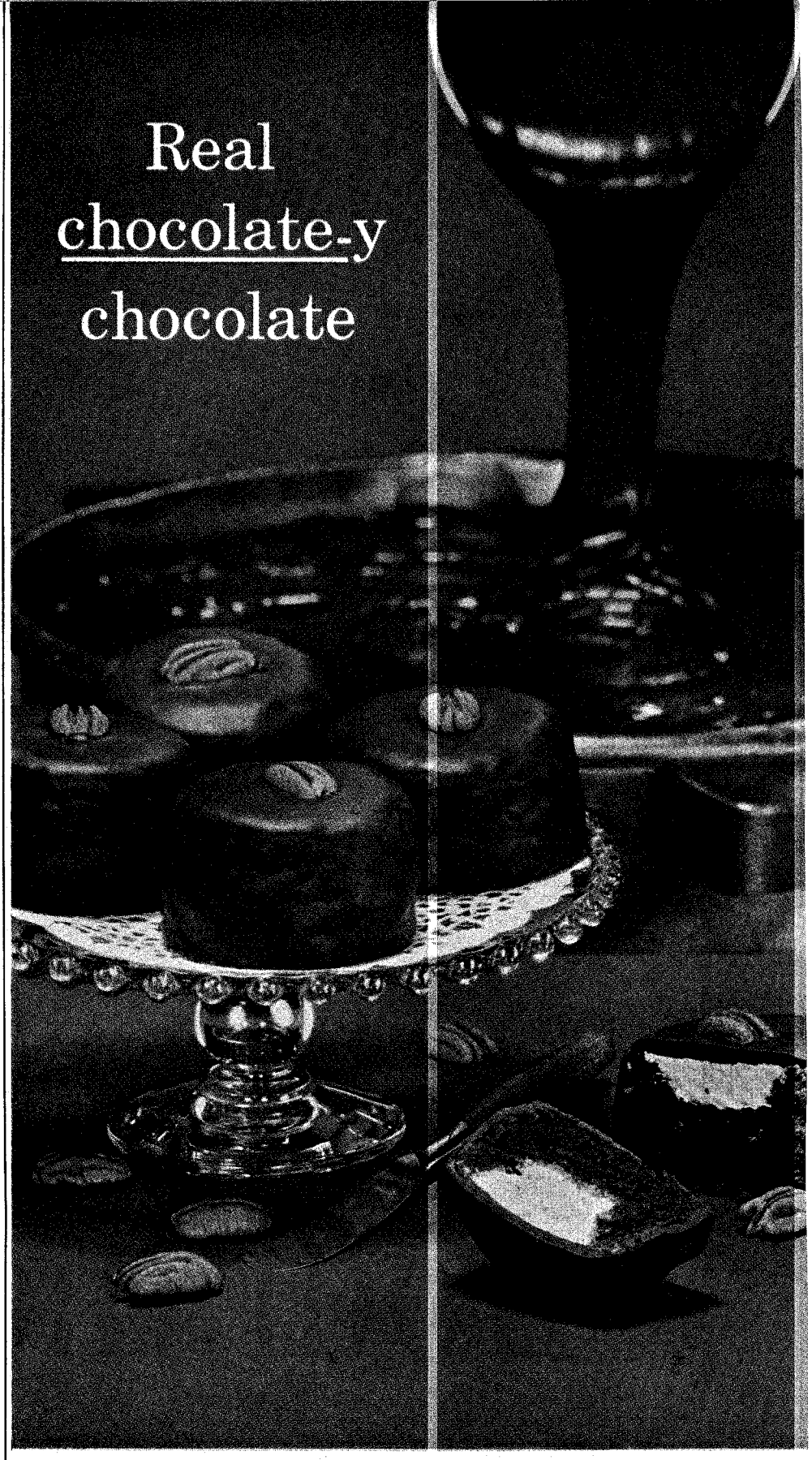
"Word came through," he said. "They identified the prints. The man she killed was Skippack. He was paroled a month ago. We got a mess on our hands out here. It doesn't add up."

I worked the pack basket over my shoulders. I flipped him a none-too-formal salute, and headed up the path.

"You didn't take the rifle!" he called after me. I (*Continued on Page 132*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now go in there and sell insurance."



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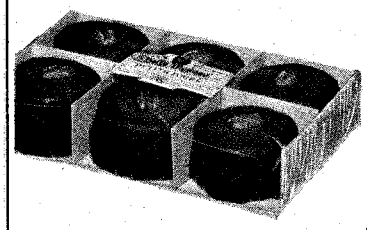

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ANOTHER SPECTACULAR VALUE OCT. 15-24

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$30,000 GARDEN PARTY SWEEPSTAKES

6 Separate Sweepstakes each for $5,000 cash

The more times you enter...the more chances you have to win

Just send in your name and address on the back of the label of any product shown here

(or an acceptable copy according to the rules)

Enter all 6 separate $5,000 sweepstakes as often as you wish (every time you enter you increase your chances of winning).

RULES:

1. Just print your name and address on the back of a label from any product shown here (if you have one). Or use a piece of paper approximately 4″ x 6″ on which you have copied by hand the descriptive name of any one of these products. The words comprising the descriptive names are as follows: "Great Big Tender Sweet Peas"; "Medium Small Early Peas with tiny imported Onions"; "Whole Kernel Shoe Peg White Corn"; "Fresh Corn Vacuum Packed"; "Corn with sweet red and green Peppers"; "Golden Sweet Corn Cream Style".

2. Mail entries to Garden Party Sweepstakes, Box 8016, Chicago 77, Illinois. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 31, 1959 and received before midnight, January 9, 1960. Be sure to use adequate postage.

3. Enter any or all six sweepstakes as often as you like. You increase your chances of winning by entering each sweepstakes and entering often. Remember, you can use the label from both regular size or small size cans (or an acceptable copy according to the rules).

4. The winner of each sweepstakes gets $5,000 in cash. Winners to be chosen by drawing 30 days after close of sweepstakes. Winners notified by mail; list of winners available to those sending self-addressed envelope.

5. All residents of the continental United States and Hawaii may enter except residents of Wisconsin, New Jersey and Nebraska, and except employees (and their families) of Green Giant Company, its advertising agency and the judging organization. These sweepstakes are subject to governmental laws and regulations.

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Send entries to: Garden Party Sweepstakes, Box 8016, Chicago 77, Illinois. **All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 31, 1959, and received before midnight, January 9, 1960.**

ANOTHER SPECTACULAR VALUE OCT. 15-24

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(*Continued from Page 129*) raised my hand to let him know I had heard him and kept going. I felt the sickness deep inside of me once more. It was always like this at the beginning of every hunt.

The spot where Skippack had fallen was halfway between the road and the cabin, about a hundred yards either way. There were brown stains on the grass. The cabin was like any other cabin a trapper would have. The only feminine touch to it was that it was clean.

I sat on a stump and opened my maps. Like the warden had said, the country beyond was big. Two mountain ranges rolled to the west. Between them wound Indian Brook. It made up at the height of land about twelve miles back, and emptied into Wolf Lake just above the town. The height of land showed flat on the topo map. Maps lied when it came to mountain swamps. Mountain swamps were full of little ridges and ponds and beaver meadows. They were full of alder and patches of spruce so thick a mink couldn't crawl through. They were full of bogs and windfalls and quicksand. A city hunter could get lost in a mountain swamp and never be found. A trapper who had traveled the frozen swamp on snowshoes could hide out in it—and never be found.

I folded the maps, shouldered my pack and stepped into the woods, heading for Indian Brook. The sickness left me. It always left me once I stepped into the woods.

If Bessie Colvin left in such a hurry, she'd have only one thing in mind: to put distance between her and the cabin. She wouldn't do any climbing if she could help it. She'd follow the contour of the land and head up toward Bear Trap Swamp.

I could hear the brook up ahead of me when I came on an old tote road. It was overgrown and probably hadn't been used since the old days of lumbering, but you could feel its hardness underfoot and follow its path by tracing its course in the open pattern of the branches overhead. The warden hadn't mentioned it; maybe because it was such an old trail; maybe because such old trails run through most of the mountain valleys and he expected me to find it.

I followed it for a couple of miles; then it dipped down and crossed the brook. In logging days there must have been a log bridge here, but I had to jump from rock to rock to get across.

Halfway across I stopped and looked upstream. In the opening I could see the mountains rising big and strong on either side of the brook valley, and fading blue in the distance. It was big country. Beautiful country. Country to hunt for the sheer pleasure of the hunt.

And then it occurred to me that I made a perfect target standing out there in the open, and the feeling of beauty left me, and my flesh cringed, and I jumped from rock to rock to the safety of the thicket beyond.

The old tote road dimmed and narrowed and disappeared, and for a while I followed it by the hardness beneath my feet and the sensed pattern of the branches overhead; then I lost it. From then on I followed a direction rather than a trail.

I found no signs that Bessie Colvin had come this way; but a wounded deer would have come this way. I would have come this way if I had killed a man and was frightened and wanted the safety of the great swamp. And now and then I would have left the invisible trail and climbed to higher ground—the way an old wounded buck would—to look down at my back track for signs of pursuit.

I stopped and studied the slopes above me, feeling eyes suddenly on me, feeling the black muzzle of a gun probing at me. But I saw nothing. Once, when a deer crashed off through a thicket, my hand went to my pistol and I dropped on one knee, and even when I saw the white flag bobbing through the woods, the sudden fist of fear inside of me was slow in opening up again.

It was dusk when I came to the edge of the great swamp. A beaver pond and the silver-gray skeletons of drowned trees marked its beginning. Beyond I could see yellow beaver-meadow grass and spruce ridges rising above the flat like the backs of whales above the sea. Fourteen miles long, five miles wide.

On the woven causeway of the beaver dam a small snake felt the vibrations of my presence with quivering tongue, and slithered off between the branches. He had been sunning himself; and now the sun had dipped beneath the mountain ridge. He had not been disturbed. Bessie Colvin had not crossed this dam in the last hour or two.

I may have been wrong in my guesses. She may not have headed for the swamp. She may have climbed any of the ridges I had passed. She might be nearby, waiting for morning rather than enter the swamp with dusk approaching. And again I fought off the feeling of the rifle muzzle pointing at my back.

Far above me, to my right, a mountain rose tall toward the darkening sky. PANTHER MOUNTAIN, it was marked on the map. There were rock cliffs on its face, almost vertical, judging by the thick cluster of the brown lines on the topo map. I headed up toward them, then changed my mind when I found a small spring hole. I decided to stay beside it and make my camp.

Some camp! I found a level spot and unrolled my sleeping bag, and that was that. I sat cross-legged and stared at the little spot of gleaming water and munched a sandwich. I didn't want a fire. I was too tired for a fire. I had never felt so tired in my life.

Fear must do that, I thought. *I've been scared ever since I left the cabin and stepped into the woods.*

It was black night when I smelled smoke. It was faint. It was unmistakable. Nothing else in the world smells like smoke in the woods.

I got up, but there was nothing to see. I moved a few paces and the scent disappeared. Then I smelled it again.

Somewhere in the darkness—a hundred yards away, or a mile away—was the murderer I hunted. There was no wind to give me direction. The soft drafts of air created by the cooling earth at night may have brought the scent to me from anywhere.

I should have gone back to my sleeping bag. I should have waited for dawn. But I didn't. I thought that if I could spot the campfire, if I waited until she fell asleep ——

The woods are never completely dark; the night is never completely black. I climbed slowly toward the invisible cliffs above me, sensing what I could not see, straining for a glimpse of the campfire flicker. I felt that she was up there somewhere, in a small cave, perhaps, or in the shelter of the boulders which usually lie at the base of such cliffs. She must have found protection to dare a fire—unless the darkness had accented—beyond all caution—the fear of being hunted.

I had not thought of her as a person before—as someone capable of hunger or hate or unbearable fear. I thought of her only as Bessie Colvin, a girl who had killed a man. "Witch," the sheriff had called her. "Crazy." Yet up there on the lonely mountain she might be just a frightened girl trembling by her small fire.

There was a lot of down timber on the steep slope, and I had to skirt some of the fallen trees; once I got tangled in the branches and experienced the horror of being caught in a clutching maze before I worked myself free. When I came across another fallen tree, I made a mistake which no woodsman in his right mind would ever make; I climbed on the trunk and used it as a bridge.

Somewhere ahead, a supporting branch snapped, and the trunk settled and rolled. I fell flat on my back, and before I could scramble away, the tree trunk settled across my middle.

There was no violence to it. Just the slow settling, and then the branches supported it once more. The resistless weight of the tree held me firmly against the earth, and no effort on my part could free me. My arms were free and I tried digging the earth beneath my body, but I had hardly scraped the thin layer of humus when my fingernails grated on rock.

There was nothing I could do. Nothing. Scraping away all the earth to the rock made the pressure more bearable, but I could not wriggle out. I lay in the darkness wondering how strong were the branches supporting the tree trunk.

"Three days," I had told the lieutenant. Three days! And three nights. And how many more days and nights before they found me? The only person who could help me was the killer I hunted—the crazy killer, who might be a hundred yards away from me, or a mile!

I sniffed the air hungrily. The scent of smoke was gone. I never again smelled it through the long night. It may never have existed.

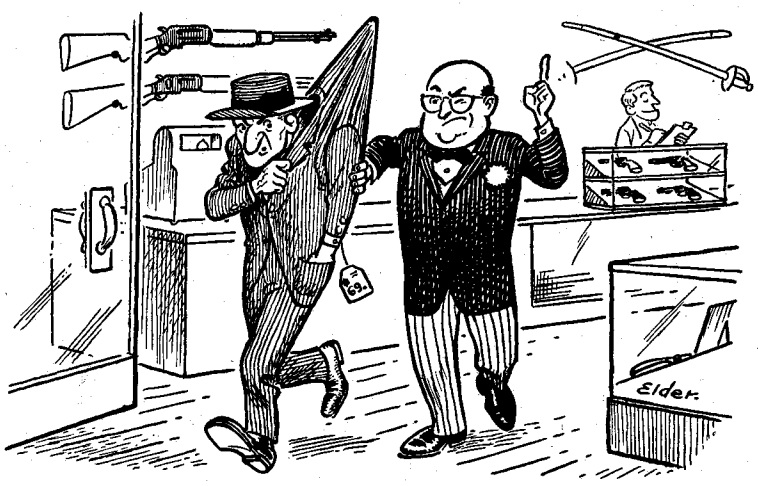
I dozed sometime during the night, only to wake up shivering and bathed in cold sweat, suddenly startled, suddenly certain that the trunk had settled its crushing weight deeper against me.

Then I dozed once more through sheer exhaustion, and when I woke it was dawn and in the ghostly cold woods mist I could see my prison. I was lying in a shallow depression, and above me the tree was poised on the branches that supported it as if it had stopped only for a second before continuing to roll downhill. When it resumed its motion, it would pass over my chest and face.

Even if the branches held, it was doubtful that I could last until the searching party found me. The very suspense of death hanging over me like this would drain me and kill me with its poison before the three days were up. Even if I lived, I might be too weak to attract their attention. A man could pass within ten feet of me and not see me.

I panicked. I heard my voice yelling for help. The sound was so unexpected in the silence, so ugly in the cold mist, that my throat convulsed and strangled it.

But I had to cry out for help, not through panic, but because it was the only thing left for me to do. I had to cry out to the only human being who might be near enough to hear me. I overcame the silence and (*Continued on Page 134*)



You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Ned priced each gun in the store display before selecting one at $69.95. The manager halted him as he hustled out with it. For, unfortunately, he had spent nothing except the time to choose it. Ned confessed, but insisted he committed only a misdemeanor rather than grand larceny.

"The store paid only forty-four dollars and five cents wholesale for that crazy cannon," Ned argued, "and the theft of an article of that value isn't grand larceny in this state."

"It's the actual worth that counts under the law, not what the owner originally paid," the prosecutor replied. "As the law says any theft of sixty dollars or above is grand larceny, and the gun dealer expected to get sixty-nine, ninety-five for this gun, Ned clearly committed grand larceny."

If you were the judge, how would you rule?

• •

Guilty of grand larceny. The court said the value of an item is its fair market value on the day it is stolen, not the book cost or what the owner originally paid.

Based upon a 1958 Colorado decision.

YOU BE THE JUDGE is not intended as legal guidance. Laws vary from state to state. Anyone having a legal problem should consult an attorney.

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ANOTHER **SPECTACULAR VALUE** OCT. 15-24

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(*Continued from Page 132*) called for help, over and over again, until my voice grew hoarse and terribly small in the immensity of the wilderness.

But I heard no answer.

The smoke may have come from far away. Bessie Colvin may have long ago abandoned the little fire and gone deep into the swamp. Or at this very moment she might be sitting on the ridge above me, watching me, laughing to herself at the irony of her pursuer begging for help. "Crazy." "Witch." But the warden had said, "Best woodsman." *Best woodsman. . . .*

There was one call for help no real woodsman would fail to answer. I fumbled until my hands reached the holster at my side. I had trouble with the flap, but at last I drew the gun out. I pointed the muzzle at the sky and fired one shot, counted slowly to ten, then fired two shots close together.

I waited. I waited until the echoes died and the ringing in my ears stopped and the acrid smell of powder drifted away in the rising mist. There was no answer. I repeated the signal. There was no answer.

I lay back and stared at the interwoven branches above me. Three days. Maybe more. I would get to know their pattern well.

The mist lifted. The light grew stronger. Then it dimmed and became diffused. I had seen snow clouds like these many times before. They had always been exciting. Now I watched them and tried not to think, not to associate them with meaning. And then I felt eyes on me. I heard no sound and saw nothing, yet I was certain I was being watched.

When she spoke, her voice was so near it startled me. "Toss that revolver away," she said.

I twisted my head and saw the muzzle of a rifle pointed at me from the crotch of a tree, a hand holding the barrel, the top of her head, two eyes.

"It's empty," I said, but tossed the gun away. She came from behind the tree then, and the first thing that struck me was the lithe grace with which she moved over the uneven ground.

She moved as if the gun in her hand was a part of her, and the woods a part of her, and the silence, all belonging together. She was tall, and perhaps appeared taller in hunting shirt and dark wool trousers rolled lumberjack style to her boot tops. What surprised me most was how young she was and how odd her light gray, upslanted eyes appeared in her deeply tanned, high-cheekboned face. She wore no hat. Her hair was braided in two shoulder-length braids as black as an Indian's.

Her face was expressionless as she stood above me. She looked down for a long time, cautiously, as a wild creature might stare at something it does not fully understand. Then she walked over and picked up my gun and emptied the six fired shells in her palm.

She turned her strange gray eyes toward me and frowned. "I thought it was a trick," she said.

"Believe me, it's no trick! I'm caught here. There's rock under me and I can't dig out."

"You're a trooper," she said. "What are you doing out here?" She was still frowning, still trying to understand. It wasn't an act.

"I—I was hunting for you. To arrest you. To bring you back."

"Arrest me? Bring me back? But why?"

"For murder," I said. I watched her eyes. They seemed to contract—like the eyes of a cat when light is suddenly flashed in them. "For the murder of a man by the name of Skippack."

"I didn't kill him," she said. "Someone else did."

"Who?"

"I don't know. It could have been you." It was difficult to tell if she was frightened or angry. "The man who shot him was in a car down the road. I only caught a glimpse of him. He was leaning out the car window with a rifle. He had on a wide-brimmed hat—like yours. He shot Skippack, then shot at me. It could have been you."

I almost said it. I almost said, *You're crazy*. I kept quiet. I let her figure it out for herself, how ridiculous it was. Troopers don't go around shooting strangers.

But the cloud of suspicion did not leave her eyes. She looked at me for a long time, then she leaned over and touched the tree trunk and pressed against it. I felt it move, shift slightly, settle a fraction of an inch deeper against me. I tried to keep my voice even.

"You've got to help me get out of here," I said.

"Why? So you'll arrest me for murder?"

"I have to," I said. "It's my job."

"Even though I didn't kill Skippack?"

"If you didn't kill him, you've got nothing to worry about."

She threw back her head and laughed, and even though the laughter was ugly in its bitterness, I suddenly realized how beautiful she was.

"People will believe me!" she said. "A man's found shot in front of my cabin, and people will believe I didn't do it? Me, Hank Colvin's daughter! People will believe bad blood!"

She turned and walked quickly away down the hill toward Bear Trap Swamp. In a few moments I lost sight of her.

I was alone in the silence. I was alone, and the cold grip of panic tightened inside of me once more and the poison of my fear was a drowning in my throat. Three days. Maybe more.

The slow moments passed—an hour, or two, or maybe only a few minutes. And I felt rather than heard a movement in the woods, and I turned my head and saw her. I almost cried out with joy, forgetting she was my enemy and I hers. And again I marveled at the animallike grace of her motions. She was coming down the ridge toward me, not up from the direction of the swamp. She was carrying a double-bit ax in her left hand. She was breathing hard. Her face was flushed from the exertion. Her lips were set in anger. She took a small hone from her pocket and began sharpening the ax blade.

"Who'd believe me!" she said, and it was a statement rather than a question. "Who'd believe the daughter of a criminal!"

"I might," I said. "Why don't you try me out?"

She didn't answer. She tested the gleaming edge with an expert thumb. She looked around and picked out a maple sapling and cut it down with angry, powerful swings of her ax, trimmed off the branches, and cut a ten-foot pole.

"Sure," she said. "Why not? Might as well tell you. Nothing to lose; nothing to gain."

I noticed that she picked up conversations where they had been left off, as if she used physical action to help her reach decisions.

"A man came up to the cabin. He said his name was Anton Skippack. I'd never seen him before. Said he'd been with pa on that robbery. I guess you heard about that?"

"Yes. I heard about it."

"Said he wanted the robbery money. He got rough."

She put the ax down, and with a quick motion she pulled her hunting shirt off her shoulder. There was an ugly bruise on the golden flesh.

"Knocked me clear across the room. I kept rolling. Rolled clear into the bedroom. My rifle was leaning against the wall. I got it before he could get to me. Made him get out!"

She was angry. Her slanting cat eyes were blazing. "I hate to be mauled," she said. She was capable of murder. She was capable of anything.

"Is that the last you saw of Skippack?" I asked.

She was silent so long I thought she wouldn't answer, but at last she said, "No. Followed him out. Stood on the porch and watched him going down the path. There was a shot from down the road. It near blew his head off. Then there was another shot. I felt the wind of the bullet against my cheek. I heard it hit the logs in back of me. I went inside, threw some stuff in a pack basket and went out the back window. I don't like getting shot at."

"Who fired those shots?"

"It could have been you," she said.

"Why would I want to kill you? Why would anyone want to kill you?"

She looked down at me and laughed again, that same bitter laughter. "Why would anyone want to kill me?" she mimicked me. "Even Skippack. Why would Skippack want to kill me? It doesn't add up, does it?"

I couldn't answer. I could feel death in that laughter. I could feel death in that bitterness. She read it in my eyes. Her face became a feline mask. Suddenly she picked up the pole she had cut and thrust it under the tree trunk close to my body. I could no longer see her. I heard the pole creak against the trunk. I felt the trunk shift, roll slightly, press deeper against me, and begin to crush me so I could no longer breathe.

Suddenly it lifted. "Now!" she cried.

I wriggled sideways, and back, and crawled crablike out of my trap. I was on hands and knees when the sapling splintered. But I was free.

"Thank you, Bessie Colvin," I said, without looking at her.

I got up stiffly and picked up my pistol and put it back in the holster without reloading it. Her rifle was leaning against a tree beside her.

"I'm a state trooper and I have a job to do," I said. "It isn't always easy. All I can promise you is that I'll do everything I can to prove you didn't kill Skippack."

"You believe me then?"

"Yes. I believe you. It may not do you any good, but I believe you."

She picked up her rifle and looked at it thoughtfully, then raised her eyes. But she did not look at me. For a long moment she looked longingly in the direction of Bear Trap Swamp and freedom. Then, still not looking at me, she held out the rifle, butt first.

It was night. The lieutenant lay back in the ratty hotel armchair, smoking a vile cigar. I was pacing up and down the dingy room. I had been pacing for a long time. And once again I repeated, "I'm telling you, she didn't do it."

"Take it easy, son," he said. "Tomorrow we'll dig out that bullet she claims hit the logs behind her. It might help—if we find it."

"We'll find it."

"So, relax."

"Relax!" I exploded. "How can I relax with her cooped up down there in that cage in the sheriff's office. Come here and look. You can see her pacing up and down like a caged animal."

"Pull down the shades and you won't be able to see her."

"I'm telling you she didn't do it. This 'bad blood' business! Why didn't the sheriff or the warden tell us what Bessie told me on the trail? The reason Colvin went on that holdup was because he'd been hit in the leg by a stray bullet and had been crippled so badly he couldn't earn a living as guide. Why didn't they tell us that he went on that holdup because his wife was dying and he needed the money for her?"

"It had nothing to do with the girl plugging Skippack."

"She didn't plug him. The third man in that holdup did. (*Continued on Page 136*)

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ANOTHER SPECTACULAR VALUE OCT. 15-24

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(*Continued from Page 134*) Can't you see how it adds? He got wind that Skippack was out. He had to share the money with him or silence him before he talked. It adds, I tell you! Skippack never told who the third man was, and the money was never found. It adds!"

"You're doing fine," the lieutenant yawned. "You've been doing fine for an hour. I'm going to sleep."

"Listen! Can't you see it—he had to kill Skippack *and* the girl. Why the girl? Because he didn't know how much Skippack may have told her up at the cabin. That's it! Because the girl knows him, but didn't know all this time that he was in the robbery."

"You're doing fine. Only don't keep it up."

"Look! He sees Skippack leaving the cabin, and he panics. So he plugs one between Skippack's eyes and darn near gets Bessie too."

"Good shot," the lieutenant said sleepily. "Sharpshooter."

"Darn right! He almost got her at two hundred yards. He ——"

I stopped suddenly. *A good shot. Or a man with a telescopic sight on his gun—a gun like the one in the sheriff's rack.*

I took one quick look out of the window at the little square of lights and the dark figure endlessly pacing before it.

"Telescopic sights!" I yelled at the lieutenant. "Get down to the jail! Get her below window level. Hurry!"

I didn't wait to see what he did or how he reacted to being given orders. I ran down the hotel stairs. I ran through the kitchen and out the back door and across the yard to the woods that pressed so near to the back of the town. I ran toward the little ridge that rose like the back of an angry cat above the slope. It looked over the town. It looked over the houses. It looked right down to that little square of light and the pacing figure.

I was panting up the slope when I saw the orange tongue of flame lick out, and a fraction of a second later heard the shot. I was yelling like a madman when I cleared the last few feet and flung myself on the moving shadow.

I expected to meet a lot of flesh—a huge bulk of it. But I didn't. I met the skeleton frame of a big man. It folded beneath me like a bird cage. My fingers found his throat, and his coughing started before my fingers tightened.

The convulsion brought me back to sanity. I pulled him to his feet. I picked up the rifle. There was no scope on it. "If you killed her ——" I said.

"Didn't." The warden gulped air noisily. "Somehow I never seem to shoot straight when that gal's in my sights."

"Why?" I said. "Why?"

"Sickness and money," he said wearily. "Same as Hank Colvin. He needed it for his wife. I'd just found out about my lungs. I was scared. I wanted to go where the sun shines. I guess we were both scared. Then Skippack got drunk one night and told us about the spring payroll. He gave us hope. Hope!" He laughed bitterly, and another spasm racked him. "Hope!" he repeated when the spasm stopped. "It all ended with Hank dead and his wife dead and me trapped here with all the money. I couldn't use it as long as Skippack was alive. He'd tell who was on that robbery with him if I tried to run away. I had to sit here and wait, and wait! But at last he came to claim his share. I heard there was a stranger in town lookin' for me. I found him leavin' Bessie's. I killed him. Then it came over me that maybe he'd told Bessie it was me who'd been with her pa. I guess I lost my head. I shot again ——"

He chuckled and coughed. "Never seem to shoot straight, somehow, when that gal's in my sights."

We walked slowly down the ridge that was like the hunched back of an angry cat. The hunt was over.

The lieutenant and the sheriff, with Bessie between them, were crossing the street toward us.

I reached between them and took Bessie and held her tight like a man holds tight to something dear that he's almost lost. And like any man might, in a moment like this, I said something really stupid—or something which, in the long run, might be very important indeed.

"My name is John Bertram," I said.

Football for Fun (Continued from Page 45)

the Old Millhillian side, my opponent looked me up later, and we did London together and got to be good friends. Maybe that's the real appeal. Football is all win, win, win. Rugby is for fun."

This may explain why England's traditional game has taken such a hold in this country lately. A decade or so ago there were only three or four active Rugby clubs in the whole East; today there are upward of 200 teams in the United States and Canada. Most of the big Eastern colleges play Rugger now; the game is booming in the Midwest, where the Missouri Rugby Union stages an annual conference series with the Ontario league; on the Pacific Coast the number of candidates reporting for Rugby challenges the turnouts for such established sports as baseball or track. Nor is its appeal limited to college age alone. In New York and St. Louis and Los Angeles, groups of businessmen in their thirties or even forties have organized their own clubs to enjoy what is probably the only contact sport still played in later years. "At the rate it's growing," predicts Edmund Lee, president of the Eastern Rugby Union, "the game may come to be as popular in America as it is overseas."

So rapidly has Rugby caught on, in fact, that many sports fans are still unaware that it is played over here at all. Not long ago, when Dartmouth met the New York Rugby Club for the Eastern title, I stood beside a couple of spectators who were obviously seeing their first Rugger match. They stared openmouthed as thirty combatants in horizontally striped shirts, reminiscent of the 1890's, devoted an amiable hour or so to kicking each other in the head, pausing now and then to fling their arms around one another's shoulders in a mysterious formation which resembled a cross between a four-leaf-clover hunt and a close-harmony rendition of *Sweet Adeline.* Having tried in vain to figure out the rules, one of the spectators concluded vaguely, "It's something like football, isn't it?"

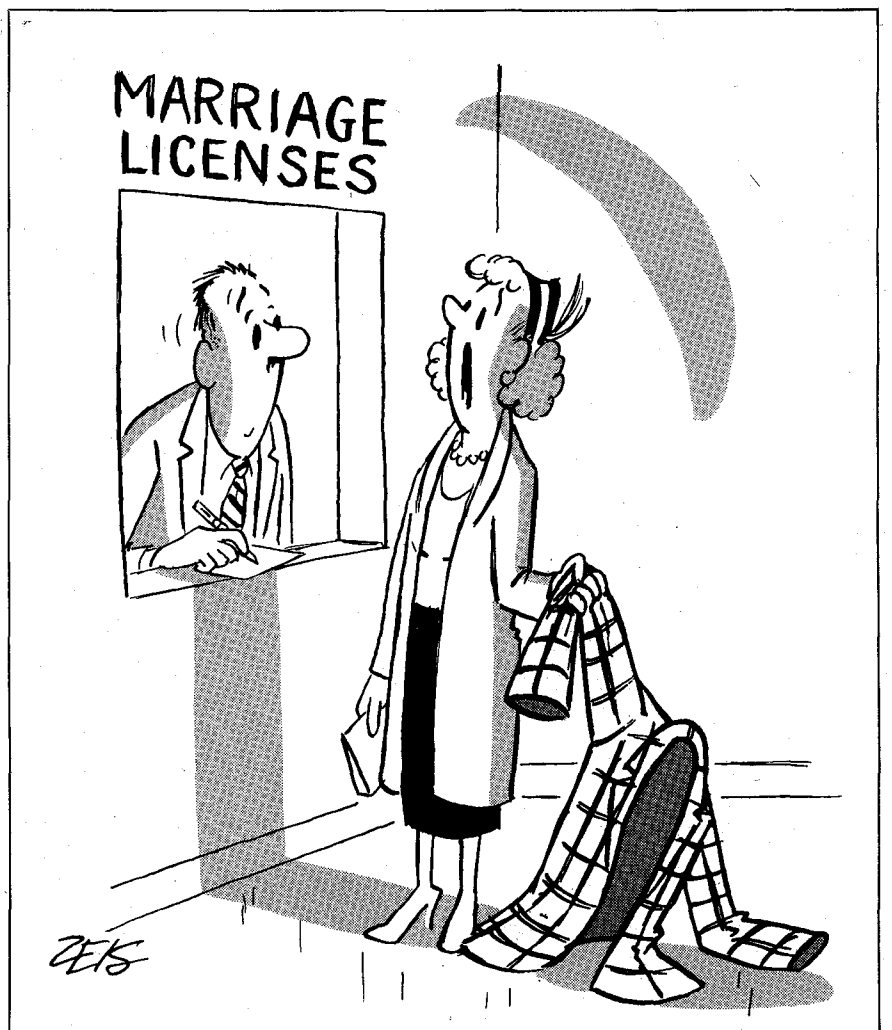
His companion shook his head. "It's like football used to be," he sighed nostalgically.

Not that Rugby is a better game than football. Basically the two are much alike; Rugby is properly called Rugby football, in fact, and is the father of the American game. The difference—the real reason, I think, for Rugby's popularity—is its complete amateurism. Football, a lucrative spectator sport, is often forced by this very fact to shoulder the main burden of a college's athletic deficit; and therefore it must go in for high-paid professional coaching staffs, million-dollar stadiums, organized recruiting and hand-picked squads. Hence the annual hue and cry against the evils of overemphasis, and the occasional attempts to cure the ills of football by killing off the patient altogether. Hence also the increasing number of former grid stars, weary of all the big-time pressure, who look instead to a more casual sport. Granted that Rugby can never convert the athletic-scholarship player who depends on football to pay for his education. But in the Ivy League or similar colleges, where the player has a freer choice, the current trend is toward this new idea—or maybe it is the old idea which has come around full cycle—of sport for its own sake.

Rugby, in short, is football for fun. There are no high-paid coaches, for the simple reason that International Rugby Union regulations forbid any professional coaching at all. Instead of a million-dollar stadium, the playing field is more apt to be a city park or vacant pasture lot; our Dartmouth-Yale game last spring was held in a public recreation grounds near Woburn, Massachusetts, and the only goal posts were a couple of spare players who stood in place of the missing uprights, holding up a hat on a long stick to indicate the approximate height of the crossbars. Instead of receiving any economic benefits, the members of the Rugby Club pay dues for the privilege of playing, and on their trip to England they pawned watches and rings to take care of personal expenses.

By the same international rules—since Rugby operates as an independent sport—freshmen may be invited to play along with upperclassmen or even graduates, to help make up a side for a Saturday meet. Better still, the sport is not limited to any particular season; Rugby, like golf or tennis, is practiced in the fall or spring or during college vacations. Nor are there grimly efficient buses to transport the players to a match and whisk them back again the moment it's over; they travel at leisure in their own cars, and linger on after a contest, in the best English tradition, to enjoy the hospitality of the other team.

It is this fraternal feeling that makes the game unique. When the Harvard squad arrived in Hanover with one member missing, for example, Dartmouth's Rugby Club president, Dick Liesching, donned a crimson jersey and fought valiantly, albeit unsuccessfully, against his own teammates. A well-executed play will elicit cheers from the other side, and if a player is injured and returns to the fray, the members of the opposition lead the hand clapping. And when a match is over, following another hallowed British custom, the hosts form a double line and applaud their visitors off the field; the visitors return the courtesy, after which they all adjourn arm in arm to share the fruits of victory, or at least their juices. Here in Hanover this convivial ceremony usually takes place on my lawn, and it is a common sight, on a Saturday afternoon, to see my lilac bushes blossom with sixty or eighty pairs of cleated shoes, knotted by their laces, while the erstwhile combatants wander across the grass in their stocking feet to barbecue hot dogs and clink steins to each other. Faculty neighbors have (*Continued on Page 138*)



"Better hold it—I think he just changed his mind."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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National Restaurant Association

That fresh, inviting look of Schlitz means just what it says—*great refreshment*. True because Schlitz takes extra care . . . brews with just the kiss of the hops. Ask for Schlitz and see for yourself why it's the choice of those who know beer best.

Eat out more often during National Restaurant Month . . . one of the joys of good living.

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Move up to quality...move up to Schlitz!

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(*Continued from Page 136*) learned to hold their ears as the night air resounds to the strains of the time-honored Rugby song:

Why was she born so beautiful, why was she born at all?
She's no bloody use to anyone, she's no bloody use at all. . . .

The game itself, to an uninitiated observer, seems as uninhibited as a free-for-all in a Wild West saloon. The players are bareheaded and bare-kneed, scorning such effete devices as shin guards or protective padding of any kind. In the same Spartan tradition, there are no substitutions in Rugby; the original starting team must play the entire eighty minutes, with only a five-minute breather between halves. If a combatant is incapacitated, he is dragged out feet first, while his teammates continue playing with one man short. The only time outs, the rules state, are "to move an injured player out of the way, or to replace a torn pair of pants." Despite all this, injuries are remarkably rare, and a whole season of Rugby produces fewer splinted bones than a single afternoon on the ski slopes. In fact, our only serious casualty a couple of years ago occurred when the father of one of the players had to be taken to the college infirmary with a damaged ankle, suffered when his son missed a flying tackle and landed on his parent instead.

To make it even more confusing for the spectator, Ruggers employ an obscure nomenclature all their own. Thus a team is known as a "side," a playing field is a "pitch," and a successful touchdown, for some inexplicable reason, is called a "try." Fumbling the ball forward is a "knock-on," kicking at it wildly is "fly-hacking," and putting it out of bounds is a "touch." If you hear a game referred to as a "fix," moreover, it doesn't mean the contest is in the bag; it is merely an abbreviation for "fixture," the proper term for a match. Newspapers seldom cover Rugby, probably due to the fact that they can't find any sports writers who speak the language sufficiently to report it. I recall a Boston columnist who traveled all the way to Hanover last spring to see the Harvard game—I mean, fix—and complained bitterly in print later that he couldn't even find out who won.

Rugby might best be described as a combination of soccer and American football. There are fifteen players on a side: eight in the scrum and seven in the backfield. In contrast to football, no downfield blocking or forward passing or substitutions are allowed. Any teammate who is behind the ball carrier is eligible, as is the ball carrier himself, to run, kick or pass the ball laterally at any time. The offense is basically a flanking movement by the backs—referred to as a three-quarter line—and the defense is man for man.

The game is started by a kickoff from the center of the field. This kick is angled toward the side line—touch line in Rugger—so that one of the eight forwards can gain possession of the ball. Any player who is on-side—that is, not ahead of the ball in the direction in which it is advancing—may handle the ball. Only the player with the ball may be tackled, but, unlike football, a tackle does not make the ball dead; the carrier releases it for someone else to kick, usually sideways into the crowd of innocent bystanders. (It was during a match at Twickenham Stadium, in London, that I saw a Rugger establish what may be an all-time record by knocking off the bowler of a spectator seated in the nineteenth row.) Since this kicking is generally done on the dead run, without the protection of a wall of forwards, it calls for coolness and a sense of timing unsurpassed in any other sport.

Should the action be halted for a minor infringement, the referee puts the ball back into play by awarding a set-scrum—also known as scrummage, scrum-down, or simply scrum—to the nonoffending side. Then the eight forwards of each team form a tight huddle, grouping themselves around their two middle men—called locks—and leaning on their two outside men—known as props. The scrum-half of the nonoffending side rolls the ball in at their feet, and the two opposing scrums shove each other back and forth across the turf until someone succeeds in heeling the ball out again. The scrum-half then darts in amidst the flying cleats to pick it up and toss it to a teammate in the backfield, who flings it sideways to another backfield man as they work the ball downfield. (It was from this play, incidentally, that gridiron coaches Kerr of Colgate and Harlow of Harvard developed football's popular lateral pass.) The attack continues until the ball carrier sees an opening in the defense and tries a broken-field run, or kicks the ball to establish a tactical advantage.

Scoring is simple enough for even a coach to understand. A "try" counts three points, and is made by grounding the ball in the opponent's end zone. Just crossing the goal line isn't enough; the ball must be touched down by hand, the origin of the football term "touchdown." The conversion kick must be attempted from a point directly opposite where the try was scored, and if successful adds two more points. A "field goal"—drop-kicking, not punting, the ball over the crossbar—is good for three points. And a "free kick"—which follows a major infraction of the rules and is scored by a place-kick from the site of the foul—also scores three. There is only one official, the referee, who handles the entire match.

All in all, it is a much faster game than football. The action is continuous, with no delays for substitutions, no huddles while a quarterback calls signals, no clock-stopping until the linemen have measured yardage for a down. More important, all fifteen men on a side have an equal chance to handle the ball or initiate a play—a far cry from depending on the constant control of a coach on a bench.

This spirit of independence which characterizes Rugby goes all the way back to its origin in 1823, during a soccer match at Rugby School in England. In this historic contest a player named William Webb Ellis picked up the soccer ball and carried it, stubbornly refusing to surrender it when asked. Criticized by his teammates for this obdurate attitude, he founded a game of his own, in which ball carrying was legal, and named it after the school where it started.

Today Rugby has spread to every part of the globe. It is widely played in Germany and France—which won the championship from England this year—as well as Mexico, Argentina, Australia, the Fiji Islands, Malaya, Ceylon, Hong Kong, Egypt, India and Japan. It is the leading amateur sport of New Zealand and South Africa, where a recent match at Johannesburg brought out a crowd of 90,000 fans. From New Zealand, in 1906, the game emigrated to the States by way of California, establishing its initial foothold during the years when David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, was crusading for the abolition of football. Actually the first intercollegiate football game in this country, a match between Princeton and Rutgers in 1869, was played under Rugby rules, and the striped jerseys in old football photographs were regular Rugger shirts.

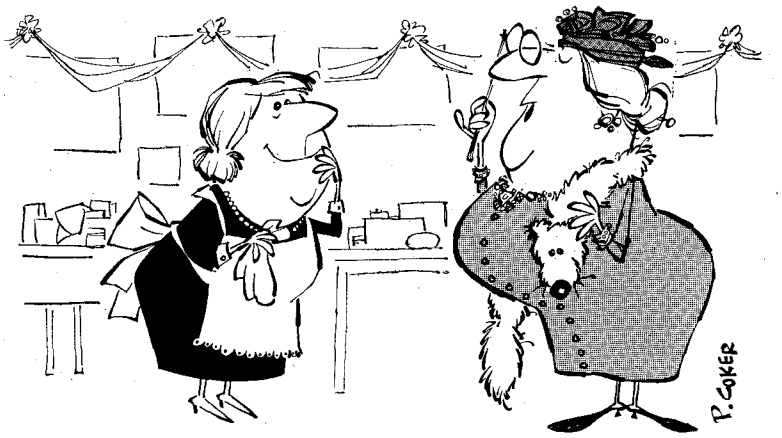
Temporarily halted during World War II, Rugby was reactivated at Princeton and Yale in 1947. Harvard followed in 1948, M.I.T. in 1949, the New York Rugby Football Union in 1950, Dartmouth in 1953, and Cornell in 1955. Handing on the torch, Dartmouth's former captain, Barry Stompe, picked up a hitchhiking football player from Amherst and filled him with holy zeal, and two years later Amherst's fledgling Rugby club won the Eastern title. This past spring the Dartmouth champions inaugurated a new East-West series with Southern California, the first amateur athletic unit to travel to a game by modern jet. Unfortunately in their haste they forgot the lower halves of their uniforms, and American Airlines officials forwarded the missing items by a second jet, delivering them just in time to save the Green team from setting still another tradition by appearing in the Rose Bowl without any pants.

If Americans are surprised to find that England's game is so widely played in this country, the discovery came as even more of a jolt to the English themselves. When the Dartmouth Ruggers staged their own D-day invasion during the Christmas holidays—the first American "side" ever to beard the British lion in his own den—the London press greeted these brash upstarts from the States with tolerant amusement. Their attitude changed to stunned disbelief, as the visitors proceeded to whomp their hosts five fixtures out of seven. "Now English Rugby knows the worst—the Yanks *can* play our game," admitted the London *Daily Express*. And the *Daily Telegraph* commented a trifle plaintively, "The British are not unused to rude reverses, but this victory of an American Rugby XV must be considered one of the nastiest upsets since Bunker Hill."

Even more impressive than their victory was the good will they generated abroad. Traveling under the auspices of President Eisenhower's People to People Sports Committee, these amateur ambassadors won new friends wherever they went. United States Ambassador John Hay Whitney told them, "This venture you have undertaken is an excellent contribution to the growing ties between British and American people." English Rugby enthusiasts took them to their hearts, and leading players like Gerry Jenkins, a famous Cambridge Blue, volunteered to train the newcomers in the finer points of the game. "They weren't so much interested in winning over us," said Dartmouth Capt. John Hessler, "as they were in teaching us to be a better Rugby team. We learned something else in England," he added thoughtfully. "We learned that the game is more important than the score."

Which is the whole meaning of Rugby, I think, and the reason that its cleated imprints in a sand lot or city park may mark the most progressive step that amateur sport has taken in many years. Sometimes, to be sure, college athletic authorities show a certain lack of enthusiasm for Rugby's traditional independence, and itch to make it conform to their established rules. But if its individuality is destroyed, if it is ever regimented and controlled like football, then its value is gone. At least, as coach of the Dartmouth Rugby team, I know enough about the game to leave the players alone. They have more fun that way, and so do I.

THE END



The Perfect Squelch

The society queen had been asked to lend the prestige of her name to a charity affair. She swept in prepared to contribute just that—no more. So she became annoyed when an enthusiastic little woman with an alien accent urged her to devote her personal efforts to the charity. Loftily she explained that, because of her social position, her time was fully occupied by other and more important causes. The little woman was unimpressed.

So the society leader added sharply:

"You—whatever you call yourself now—don't seem to understand. The most valuable contribution I can make here is to permit the use of the famous name which my family has borne for generation after generation after generation."

"Ah," said the little woman, "so many generations and still the same name. No progress at all?"

Drayton Shipp

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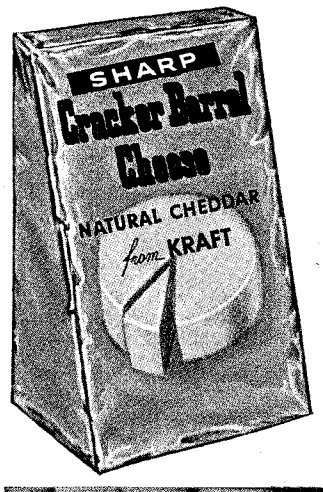
Now real old-fashioned cheddar also in handy new stick form!



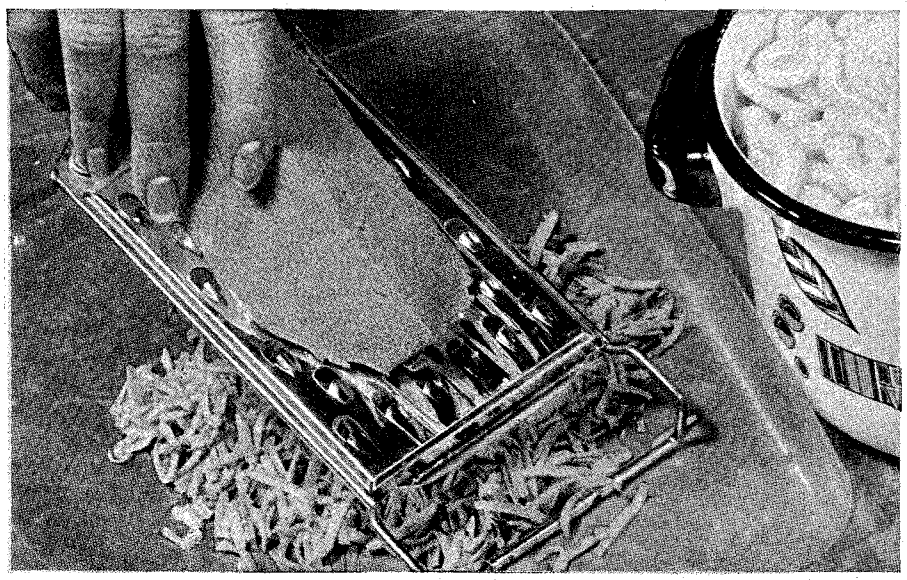
You know this great cheddar in Kraft's foil-wrapped wedges marked Cracker Barrel.

Now you can get this same fine natural cheese also in a handy big 10-ounce stick—just perfect to slice or cube or shred.

This is the kind of cheese great grandad had cut from the big wheel. Kraft brings it to you in a convenient shape, with the fresh-cut goodness protected by aluminum foil.

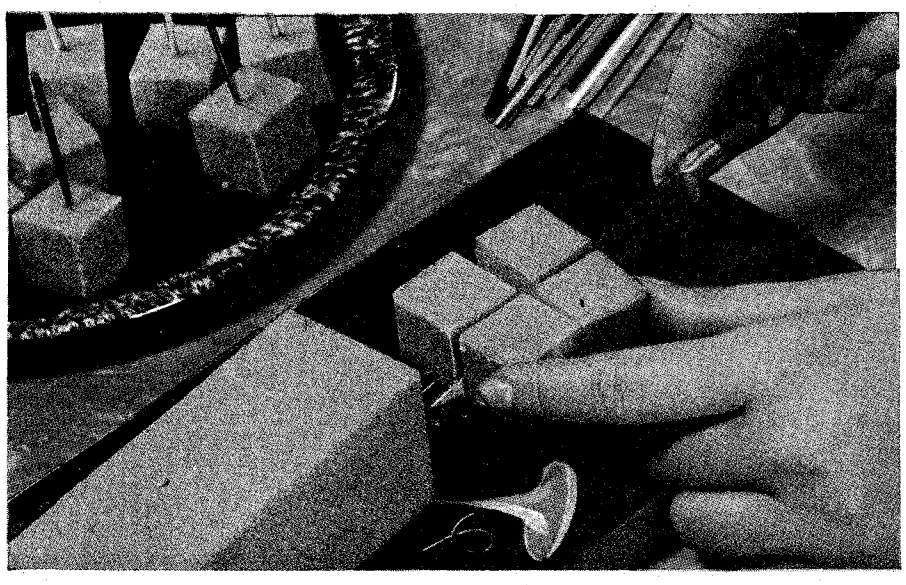
Near the traditional Cracker Barrel wedges in your grocer's dairy case look for the handy new 10-ounce stick. You'll love it!

Mellow in silver foil
Sharp in gold foil
Extra Sharp in red foil

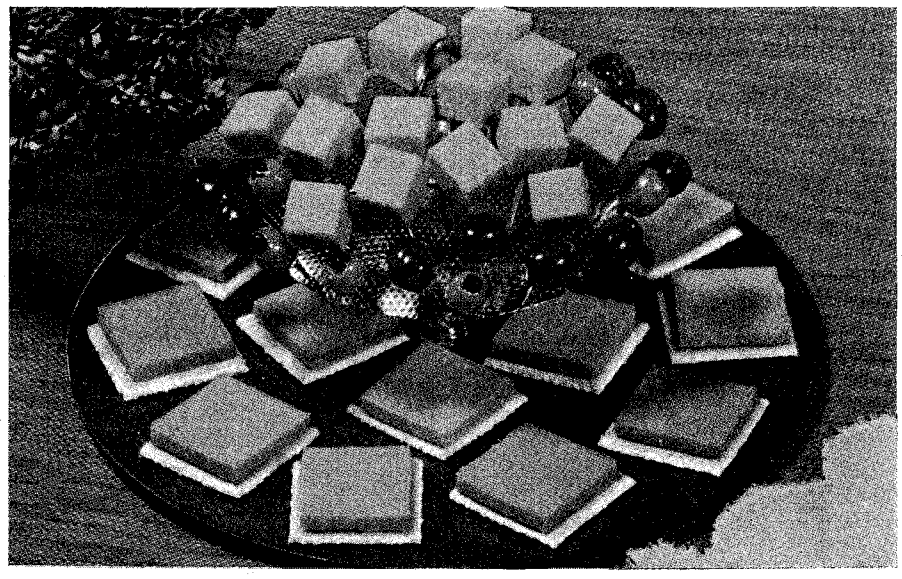


The gold aluminum foil brings you sharp cheddar for macaroni. And the stick is *so easy* to shred.

Such great cheddar you enjoy it straight—just sliced on crackers. And the slices fit beautifully.



You get cubes in a jiffy with the new Cracker Barrel stick. And how guests appreciate this great oldtime cheddar!



Sliced or cubed, these tempting cheddar appetizers are quick to prepare—so attractive served together.

Naturally from Kraft...the finest of natural cheddar

Cracker Barrel Brand

ANOTHER SPECTACULAR VALUE OCT. 15-24

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The Railroads Are Fighting Back

(Continued from Page 39)

is by motorcar; the remaining 10 per cent is divided among railroads, airlines and bus systems—and wrangled over like a lonesome bone in a crowded kennel. Here is a dramatic, if not entirely typical, example of motorcar dominance. Yellowstone Park is one of the nation's greatest tourist meccas. Yet, of the 1,442,428 visitors there last year—Park Service figures show—only 15,425 came by air, rail or bus.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss railroad finances in detail or to weigh proposed measures of relief. It should be mentioned briefly, however, that the rail lines complain that Government regulatory agencies compel them to compete with rival carriers which are directly or indirectly subsidized by the Government itself. They also point out that the railroads pay taxes on their property and rolling stock to every community and school district through which their trains pass. They pay immense taxes on their big-city terminals: $6,600,000 a year for Grand Central and $1,480,000 for Penn Station in New York; $298,000 for Union Station in Washington, and $1,051,075 for South Station in Boston. All these things are contributory to the problem.

It is also an immutable fact that somewhere along the line in the last twenty years the railroads lost contact with the public's imagination. Even with the rise of trucking services and the improvements of waterways, railroads still handle 45 per cent of freight traffic; the latest annual figure for net operating income (after taxes) for freight service alone is $1,645,858,000. Passenger traffic was profitable during World War II when military traffic was heavy, gasoline was rationed, and plane tickets needed a Government priority. But, as in all technical change, the airplane captured the interest of young people; it is a fast and adventurous way to travel. Airline publicists did a voluptuous job of selling, while many railroad executives, indifferent to public opinion, were cutting service and sometimes being arrogant about it.

"Here in the East particularly," wrote George Dixon, the Washington columnist, "most of the railroads seem to feel passengers are unwelcome intruders who should be discouraged at all costs."

As a matter of fact, there are now a dozen roads of varying sizes which carry freight only; best known, probably, are the Rutland, the Western Maryland, and the Virginian. And last year both the Lehigh Valley and the Monon asked the ICC for permission to end their passenger service. The historic Baltimore & Ohio—which operated America's first commercial passenger train away back in 1830—successfully petitioned for permission to discontinue all passenger service on its Washington-New York run. Passenger trains on the hundreds of branch lines which once crisscrossed states and connected hamlet to hamlet are long since vanished, early hit-and-run victims of the automobile. Today the lion's share of the transcontinental business—the plush trade—has gone to the airlines.

Most vociferous about passenger deficits have been presidents James M. Symes of the Pennsylvania, the nation's largest railroad, and Alfred E. Perlman of the New York Central. "I am tired," said Symes a year or so ago, "of carrying passengers at a loss, mail at a loss, express at a loss." From 1948 through 1957 the Central cut its passenger-train miles 41 per cent; since that time the Pennsy and the Central have reduced expenses in diverse ways. Yet the Central operated in the red last year. The Pennsylvania made a small profit: $3,544,000 or twenty-seven cents a share as compared with $19,000,000 and $1.45 a share in 1957.

Congress took a long look at the railroads last year, and in a bill rather extravagantly called the Transportation Act of 1958 hurried up the process by which unpatronized lines could be abandoned. The bombshell was a report made to the Interstate Commerce Commission by an examiner named Howard Hosmer on September eighteenth. His conclusions were arrived at after a two-year investigation at which railroads, state regulatory commissions, Government agencies, freight shippers and receivers were heard.

"If railroad passenger-miles, other than commutation, continue to decline at the average rate of reduction between 1947 and 1957," said Hosmer, "the parlor and sleeping-car service will have disappeared by 1965 and the coach service by 1970. It is possible that some development may stop the decline and stabilize the traffic at some level lower than that of the present time, but no such development is now in sight."

To say the least, this grim prediction shook up a considerable portion of press and public which had been ignorant of or indifferent to railroad problems. Hosmer rather cavalierly consigned the passenger coach to the transportation museum where it would take its place "with the stagecoach, the side-wheeler and the steam locomotive." He predicted further shrinkage in traffic when commercial jet transports would begin to buzz the upper air in five-hour trips from coast to coast.

> Almost the only person who can curb teen-agers these days is a motorcycle policeman.
>
> MAURICE SEITTER

The jets are now with us. Recently a railroad president, Donald J. Russell of the Southern Pacific, flew into Boston by jet liner to attend a stockholders' meeting. He told reporters that the jet age eventually would force the discontinuance of cross-country runs by railroads.

A swing around the country and interviews with scores of working railroaders have convinced me, however, that the passenger coach is still a long way from the dusty museum and that—granted some sort of relief to offset high operational costs—overland travel is here to stay. It is a plain fact that the finest passenger trains in the world operate west and south of Chicago and over some of the finest roadbeds. Most Western railroads, and some Eastern roads, are not trying to discourage passenger business; they are fighting to get it back.

There are almost as many programs as there are points of view. In the main the railroads agree that a heavy amount of long-distance transportation is irrevocably lost to the airplane. Business is now keyed to swift travel, and the businessman who must get to California in a few hours will continue to fly. But there are armies of travelers whose schedules are less urgent, who admit to a distaste for flying, who may even conceal a fear of flying, who have learned to dislike the monotony of empty altitudes, who prefer the changing landscape and the uncramped quarters of today's parlor cars and modern, luxurious passenger coaches.

These are the long-distance customers the Western railroads woo. As a matter of fact, the "name" trains in the West have continued to pay their way in recent years despite plane competition. These include the Northern Pacific's *North Coast Limited*, the Great Northern's *Empire Builder*, the Illinois Central's *Panama Limited*, the Santa Fe's *Super Chief* and *El Capitan*, the Union Pacific's *City of San Francisco*, the Southern Pacific's *Sunset Limited*, and the Rock Island-Southern Pacific's *Golden State*. The very fact that these roads have spent millions of dollars in the last decade for new cars and new equipment—said a rail executive in Minneapolis—would seem to be evidence that they have no real expectation of early obsequies.

A simple slogan for their merchandising tactics could well be, in the words of one advertising writer, "Getting there is half the fun." The *North Coast Limited* was the first to enlist stewardesses as a pleasant additive to passenger comfort; now many Western transcontinental lines—and the Baltimore & Ohio and the Atlantic Coast Line in the East—employ them. Dome cars, magnificent scenery, crew courtesy can convert a long trip—for those not too much in a hurry—into the equivalent of a pleasure cruise. The *California Zephyr* has been operating for ten years now in competition with the increasing speed of airlines. It logs a spectacular 2500 miles over the Burlington, the Rio Grande and the Western Pacific, and every summer is loaded to about 90 per cent capacity.

Medium-distance travel, 100 to 500 miles, is generally agreed to have the greatest potential for profit-making. People now drive these distances by motorcar, but some are tired of traffic troubles, tensions, and turnpike tolls. There are many of these medium runs between populous centers—New York-Washington, San Francisco-Los Angeles, Chicago-Detroit, Washington-Pittsburgh. With proper equipment they are efficient and economical. The Wabash's domed *Blue Bird* makes a round trip between Chicago and St. Louis every day—thus getting 17,000 miles a month from one train. Burlington's Chicago-Twin Cities *Zephyrs*—I rode one recently—make daily round trips over a 437-mile route, getting 26,000 miles a month per train.

The speeds which new equipment and modernized signal systems have made possible is counted on as a solid asset in winning back passengers. The eighty-five-mile trip from Chicago to Milwaukee now takes seventy-five minutes; it is two and one half hours by bus. The Western transcontinental trains have sharply reduced running time. The Pennsylvania has cut the running time of some Washington-New York trains by thirty-five minutes. The Seaboard and Atlantic Coast lines have quickened Florida schedules.

On May twenty-fifth of this year the Interstate Commerce Commission concluded an investigation begun in the spring of 1956; the commission took cognizance of the Hosmer report's delineation of the perils to the rail industry occasioned by passenger-train deficits. The commission recommended steps that can be taken by Federal, state and local governments and the railroads themselves to alleviate the problem. These recommendations will be discussed later.

There is no doubt that the ICC action put a brighter coloration on the industry face which had been glum so long. But, even before, there were a number of leaders who were willing to go all out to scramble for passengers. One of them was Missouri Pacific's Russell Dearmont, chosen in 1958 for his civic enterprise as the city of St. Louis' "Citizen of the Year." In railroad circles he is a controversial figure: At a time when many lines sought and won increased fares from regulatory agencies, he reduced fares. As his critics often point out, he is not an operational railroad man. A lawyer, he served in his younger days as a Missouri state senator, ran unsuccessfully for governor in a Democratic primary. For many years he was an able, persuasive, politically wise general counsel for the Missouri Pacific.

When Dearmont became president two years ago, he started riding his own trains. He wanted more knowledge than he could get from the ledgers; he talked with passengers, conductors and brakemen, and dining-car employees. He found that the coaches were pretty well filled. He was appalled to discover that Pullman cars, carried at much greater expense, often had only two overnight guests.

Dearmont made his calculated first experiment on the M.P.'s Brownsville-Houston run in Texas. The Southern Pacific had already abandoned passenger service there; in competing with the bus lines Dearmont had to provide more service at a comparable price. He did it by offering sleeping-car accommodations at coach-fare rates. The result was a 67 per cent increase in Pullman occupancy and more money in the till. "Maybe it didn't mean much to the industry as a whole," Dearmont told me, "but it was a smoke sign for the M.P." Dearmont next, with a subsequent increase of business, reduced first-class fares from New Orleans to Houston. His most publicized innovation was the so-called Thrift-T-Sleeper which he attached to the crack M.P. *Eagle* trains which operate between St. Louis and Denver-Colorado Springs, and between St. Louis and points south.

The gleaming *Eagles* carry coaches as well as modern parlor and sleeping cars. Dearmont and his staff bought and reconditioned a number of patriarchal Pullmans. One of these Thrift-T-Sleepers is attached to every *Eagle*; here an upper berth can be hired for $2.50 and a lower berth for six dollars. And with no extra fare. In the Pullmans up ahead the cheapest accommodation is a roomette at thirteen dollars, and the occupant must also pay first-class fare. The Thrift-T-Sleepers operate most of the time to full capacity; when space is available, it is hawked through the aisles of coaches.

There is no evidence that the Thrift-T-Sleepers have pirated business from the fancier Pullmans. Repeated surveys among passengers indicate most of them would have spent the night in coach seats if they had not been able to buy cut-rate beds. Pocketbook makes the difference. I questioned the Thrift-T porter on the *Colorado Eagle* about his tips. "Poor take," he said. "These people aren't traveling for pleasure. They're moving to a new job, going home to visit the old folks, or there is a death in the family. They just aren't used to tipping."

Kansas City Southern went a step further. On July 1, 1958, the K.C.S. began honoring coach tickets in all sleeping cars upon payment of the regular Pullman charge. "This was an immediate success," S. A. Watson, passenger traffic manager, wrote me recently. "Statistics are often misleading and difficult for the layman to interpret, but there is one yardstick for infallible measurement—revenue. Even with lower rail fares, we have increased our passenger revenue thirty cents per train-mile, and it continues to increase. We have reduced our Pullman deficit almost fifty per cent."

Pres. W. N. Deramus indicated his faith in the passenger train's future by spending $3,000,000 for new equipment and refurbishing existing equipment. Earlier he had studied declining patronage. The rise (*Continued on Page 142*)

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ARE YOU GETTING THE MESSAGE? IT'S YOUR fresh, clean taste!

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Nothing does it like Seven-Up

When your throat feels scratchy as an old 78, just reach for 7-Up! That's all *you* do. Seven-Up does the rest with its wonderful fresh, clean taste! When you finish the bottle, your mouth feels fresh . . . your throat feels fresh . . . and life is a song. Come to think of it—why wait till you *need* it? Have sparkling 7-Up anyway—just for fun!

"FRESH UP" WITH SEVEN-UP

ANOTHER SPECTACULAR VALUE OCT. 15-24

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(*Continued from Page 140*) of automobile traffic was plain enough: the K.C.S. line is paralleled by major highways from Kansas City to New Orleans and Beaumont. Deramus became convinced that, panicked by rising costs, the railroads had priced themselves out of the mass market by successive fare increases. The evidence seemed to him irrefutable that, with each increase, revenues and passenger totals lost ground. He made the decision to cut fares.

"We met the automobile challenge," wrote Watson, "with our Thrift-trip fare of one and nine tenths cents a mile, which is lower than bus fares and much lower than the cost of operating a private automobile. We did not stop there. The dual-fare system is archaic and expensive; we abolished first-class fares. Many roads have Family Plan fares which offer bargain buys four days a week, but, in effect, tell these particular passengers they aren't wanted on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. We made our Family Plan good for any day in the week, and it offers parties of five or more persons a round trip for one-way coach fare. The Family Plan competes with chartered buses and carload automobile travel, and we are competing very well."

The problem of the dining car befuddles all railroads. On both medium runs and long runs the customers must be fed, and, in general, it's an unprofitable operation. The man who travels on an expense account wants steak and roast beef and a variety of choices; even on the crack trains, however, there are travelers who find the prices too high for their budgets. Most railroad executives agree prices are too high—and wish they weren't. But the dining car is immutable: there are labor costs and fixed charges which remain the same whether anyone eats there or not. High prices on the menu and, perhaps more important, fear of high prices keep many coach passengers away.

Several years ago the Wabash placed sample menus on every coach seat; these invited the customers to have a meal or a snack in the dining car—a sandwich for forty cents or a hot special for eighty-five cents. The invitation was so warmly received that the Wabash decided low-cost meals were worth a full-fledged advertising and publicity campaign. What J. A. Barrett, passenger manager, came up with was the "Silver Dollar Dinner." This dinner—and lunch—is available on all Wabash trains except the West Coast domeliner *City of St. Louis*, which is a joint operation with the Union Pacific. Bills of fare change as costs of primary goods change, but on any particular day you might find one of these on the menu: (1) beef stew, (2) spaghetti and meatballs, (3) tuna and noodles, (4) diced turkey, (5) Salisbury steak. During the first six months of the "Silver Dollar Dinner" the number of meals served increased by 12 per cent. Losses from dining-car operation decreased 25 per cent.

The Missouri Pacific has its own plan for low-priced feeding. This is called "Travel Tray Meals"; the serving by tray at the passenger's coach seat is frankly borrowed from airplane practice. Food is cooked in the diner kitchen. The passenger may eat at his seat or in a semisnack bar. Prices are seventy-five cents for breakfast and one dollar for lunch or dinner. Menus change from day to day, but there is only one entree—with fish or meat on Friday. The M.P. started Travel Trays in December, 1957, and served 1059 meals that month; it currently serves about 7000 meals a month. This does not include meals served in the diner, where many coach passengers still prefer to go. M.P. reports that Travel Trays show a slight profit when one attendant can handle the customers. When volume of business requires the cost of a second attendant, the ledger shows a slight loss.

Many other railroads have experimented with low-priced meals, and with conflicting results. The Rock Island tried quickly preparable frozen foods with paper plates and doilies, and subsequently surveyed its passengers. Some 75 per cent—R. E. King, passenger traffic manager, told me—disliked the innovation, disliked tray service, wanted dining-car service and multiple choices on the menu. More aristocratic passengers, amusingly enough, sometimes go for plebeian things. Several years ago the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were passengers on the Rock Island. The company hierarchy carefully put aboard kidneys, for Britain's traditional kidney pie, and the finest aged prime beef. The duke spurned the kidney pie and sent the pedigreed beef back to the kitchen to be ground into hamburger.

Snack bars have long been in service on the New Haven and other Eastern and Western roads. These provide light meals for daytime travelers. Last summer the Santa Fe began to sell "meal coupons" on its all-coach *El Capitan* between Chicago and Los Angeles. This is, of course, the old-time restaurant meal ticket brought up to date, but it does let the apprehensive passenger know just what his transcontinental rations will cost. He pays ten dollars for a ticket which entitles him to five meals. When I interviewed Pres. Ernest S. Marsh in Chicago, the experiment was too new to provide reliable statistics.

The Atlantic Coast Line is also trying the meal-ticket approach—which it calls the American Plan—on the New York-Miami run. A five-dollar ticket entitles the passenger to three meals at a reported 20 to 30 per cent saving on regular dining-car prices. A.C.L. officials say 45 per cent of their passengers are buying American Plan tickets.

One of the most interesting innovations in sleeping travel is the Slumbercoach, developed independently by the Budd Company. It is a stainless-steel eighty-five-foot sleeper which accommodates forty passengers—twenty-four single and eight double rooms—as contrasted with the twenty-two passengers accommodated in a standard Pullman. The C.B.&Q.—the Burlington—bought the first Slumbercoaches in 1956 and has operated them successfully on its Chicago-Denver-Colorado Springs route. The Baltimore & Ohio installed them on its all-coach *Columbian* last year; the *Columbian* operates between Washington, Baltimore and Chicago. Recently the B.&O. bought three more Slumbercoaches for the Baltimore-Cincinnati-St. Louis run.

The Slumbercoaches are popular and have earning power. The private sleeping rooms are built on two levels in a dovetail design. The one-way fare on the Slumbercoach between Baltimore and St. Louis is only seven dollars more than the one-way coach fare. This can be compared with a $15.10 cost above coach fare for a roomette. The Burlington reports 80 per cent occupancy, the B.&O. in its briefer experience 97 per cent occupancy, and long waiting lists for reservations.

Does the Slumbercoach steal business from regular Pullmans? The Burlington's questionnaires add up to a substantially negative answer. Most of those queried had no intention of paying first-class tariff. Some 47 per cent would have spent the night in the coaches; 29.9 per cent would have traveled to the destination by plane or automobile. A B.&O. survey shows that 30.2 per cent would have used other means of transportation if the Slumbercoach had not been available; 23.8 per cent would have traveled by air, 6.4 per cent by bus or private automobile.

A recurrent criticism of railroad management is that its competitive instincts are no longer sharp, that it lacks drive in seeking new business. Yet the Baltimore & Ohio—which, for fear of pricing itself out of the market, did not accept recent Eastern fare rises—assiduously beats the prairies for the tourist trade. The attraction for its hinterland pilgrims is Washington, D.C. The B.&O. shows movies of Washington in schools all over the land, works out special rates and chaperoned expeditions for students and other groups. These Washington excursions annually transport 50,000 persons to the nation's capital and account for about 15 per cent of the company's total passenger revenue.

Passenger managers I interviewed were, when upstairs policy permitted, creative and combative. The solicitous Seaboard has added uniformed passenger attendants and registered nurses to comfort the older people who ride the Florida streamliners. John Barrett of the Wabash devised package deals which moved 30,000 persons by theater train to such productions in Detroit as *My Fair Lady*. Another 60,000 persons have used Wabash trains to attend the *Ice Capades*, Big Ten football games, and crucial baseball series in St. Louis. The Rock Island and the Burlington have capitalized on the historic interest of old towns. They run heavily patronized youth excursions to Ulysses S. Grant's Galena, Illinois, and Mark Twain's Hannibal, Missouri.

Policy on airline rivalry differs. The Northern Pacific chooses to ignore its sky competition. The Great Northern—which shares a jointly owned office building in St. Paul—not too long ago challenged airline claims of cheaper passage to the Pacific. In a series of newspaper advertisements it totted up all railroad costs, including meals, tips and taxis; by G.N. reckoning, rail coach was the thriftiest mode of travel. The Santa Fe has also made public answer to air claims.

The Milwaukee Road has made its transcontinental pitch with the Touralux sleeping car. This is a Pullman-made lightweight sleeper; upper and lower berths can be purchased on coach-class tickets. It is the Milwaukee's contention that a man (*Continued on Page 144*)

NEXT WEEK

THE MYTHS ABOUT THE OAKES MURDER

Why a Famous Criminal Case May be Reopened

By John Kobler

SID GILLMAN, BELEAGUERED BOSS OF THE LOS ANGELES RAMS

IN COLOR:

NO HOUSING WORRY HERE

An Oregon Solution to Postretirement Living

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 38:

NATURAL HISTORY OF A STAR

By Jesse L. Greenstein

THE WATERWAY'S NO CINCH

A "Sunday Sailor's" Cruise to Florida

By Dean Jennings

MY FATHER F.D.R.:

THE STRUGGLE BACK FROM HELPLESSNESS

By James Roosevelt, as told to Sidney Shalett

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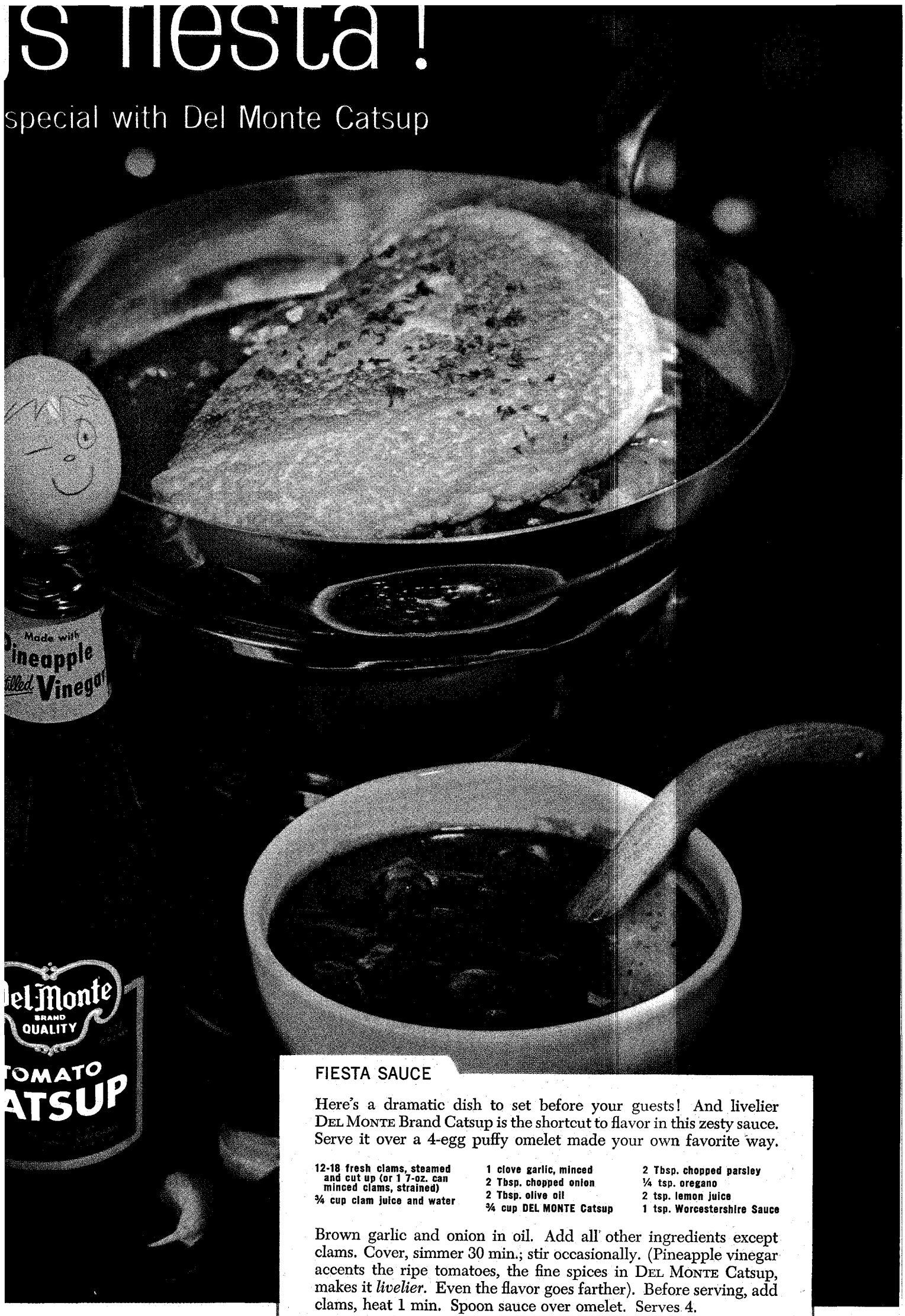

FIESTA SAUCE

Here's a dramatic dish to set before your guests! And livelier DEL MONTE Brand Catsup is the shortcut to flavor in this zesty sauce. Serve it over a 4-egg puffy omelet made your own favorite way.

12-18 fresh clams, steamed and cut up (or 1 7-oz. can minced clams, strained)
¾ cup clam juice and water
1 clove garlic, minced
2 Tbsp. chopped onion
2 Tbsp. olive oil
¾ cup DEL MONTE Catsup
2 Tbsp. chopped parsley
¼ tsp. oregano
2 tsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce

Brown garlic and onion in oil. Add all other ingredients except clams. Cover, simmer 30 min.; stir occasionally. (Pineapple vinegar accents the ripe tomatoes, the fine spices in DEL MONTE Catsup, makes it *livelier*. Even the flavor goes farther). Before serving, add clams, heat 1 min. Spoon sauce over omelet. Serves 4.

negar makes DEL MONTE® CATSUP the liveliest you ever tasted!

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(*Continued from Page 142*) and wife utilizing Family Plan rates and Touralux accommodations can buy roundtrip tickets between Chicago and Seattle on the speed-liner *Olympian Hiawatha* at a cost of $96.69 cheaper than air-coach travel. Average dining-car prices are included in the estimate of cost.

Out in Denver, passenger manager Harold Eno faced a more localized problem: Too many potential customers of his Denver & Rio Grande Western were going to Salt Lake City by air. The D.&R.G.W. operates an overnight streamliner between the two cities. The problem was thorny; air mileage to Salt Lake City is 390 miles, rail mileage 590 miles and over mountains. Because of the mileage, the round-trip rail fare, including lower berth, was slightly higher than first-class air travel and considerably higher than air coach. Eno and the Pullman Company went into a huddle.

Pullman agreed to provide the same accommodations at a moderate reduction. The Rio Grande cut its tariff. But that still left Eno faced with an airline free meal and what he calls "all the hoopla." So Eno provided hoopla of his own. He devised a round-trip meal package. Today the passenger can buy, for five dollars, coupons which entitle him to two dinners and two breakfasts, and his choice of the menu, including steak. (They eat steak.) Later Eno extended his package to absorb a recognized nuisance of rail travel—redcap charges. How has he fared? I telephoned him recently. Patronage of *The Prospector* has increased, diner losses have stayed about the same, and the D.&R.G.W. has won a lot of friends in the West. Eno hopes *The Prospector* will soon break even.

It has seemed to this correspondent that, in recent months, railroad executives are increasingly abandoning their mourning coats. Things are happening fast. President Symes of the Pennsy announced in June that he wanted passenger business and would promote it "where there is an opportunity for enough additional business to support the costs." ICC advocacy of the railroads' case has kept the ball spinning. The waning of the recession has been evidenced in increased revenues, and the anticipation of better times has caused railroad shares to rise on the stock exchange. What is this based on? Well, for one thing, on the agreed inequities of railroad taxation, and the hope they will be remedied. Here is what the ICC said about one state:

New Jersey leads all the states in the amount of taxes per mile of road which it levies against railroads. In 1956 these amounted to $10,244 per mile, which was more than five times the national average. The railroads have a long-standing grievance against the New Jersey taxing authorities for assessing their property at 100 per cent of value and recognizing a lower basis for other taxpayers.

This was studied at Trenton, and the New Jersey legislature late last summer passed a bill designed to utilize some of the profits from the New Jersey Turnpike—one of the best toll roads in the world—to improve the railroad situation. This bill must be submitted to the voters in a state-wide referendum; bondholders must be protected and their equity insured by state credit. Opposition to the plan is strong, and no one yet can predict the outcome of the referendum.

In New York state the Purcell committee appointed by Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller recommended state, local and Federal tax relief, and laws have been enacted to reduce state railroad taxes each year for five years. If New Jersey will participate—and perhaps Connecticut—an interstate fund will be provided to buy new equipment which railroads can lease for suburban service. Another form of aid has been pioneered in Philadelphia. There the city subsidized the increase of service and lowering of fares on one suburban line to determine whether more passengers could be lured from the public highways. The experiment continues.

Adequate commuter service is vital to such cities as New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. If all the passengers who ride the Pennsy and the Reading to and from downtown Philadelphia were forced to use their automobiles, there would be confusion and catastrophe. It has been estimated that the city would have to spend $610,000,000 for new expressways and parking areas to accommodate them. The comparable cost in New York City has been calculated at $660,000,000. Many students of the problem believe that, in one form or another, subsidization of commuter service is inevitable.

Here, somewhat telescoped, are the recommendations of the Interstate Commerce Commission for brightening the passenger-traffic picture: (1) repeal of the 10 per cent Federal excise tax; (2) amending of Federal tax law to encourage local and state tax relief; (3) similar relief on an independent state and community basis, and (4) subsidization of unprofitable but essential commuting service. Incidentally, Congress recently cut the Federal excise tax from 10 to 5 per cent, effective July 1, 1960.

The ICC also recommended that railroad management take steps to eliminate duplicate passenger trains and terminals, continue experimentation with new types of coaches, sleeping cars and other facilities, improve the attractiveness and quality of service to stimulate more traffic. It suggested depth studies of schedules and the effect of prices on traffic volume. It also urged on management "systematic, continuous and higher quality advertising and promotion . . . designed to improve public acceptance of rail travel." Throwing a few rocks in its own back yard, but politely, the ICC recommended in stately prose that the Post Office Department and the Department of Defense give the railroads a better break in the handling of mail and the shipment of military personnel.

The earlier Hosmer report singled out the forty-year-old work rules under which railroad labor operates as a cause of passenger losses. Railroad management maintains that "featherbedding"—pay for unneeded workmen and unneeded jobs, and limitation of the amount of work to be done in a day as a means of stretching work—costs more than $500,000,000 a year. Union labor does not agree. The issue is currently important. Three years ago a moratorium on changes in working rules was signed by management and the rail brotherhoods; it expires on October thirty-first, and both sides are bracing themselves for a struggle. Management is bitter because it considers "make-work" obsolete and wasteful. Labor is bitter because 500,000 employees have been dropped from railroad payrolls since World War II.

During World War II the railroads handled 97 per cent of all organized troop movements and the great bulk of civilian traffic. In a future war they would have to do so again, and military experts testifying before congressional committees have all been in agreement on this point. In short, railroads are vital to national defense. Somehow or other they must be maintained. Daniel P. Loomis, president of the Association of American Railroads, may have had this in mind when he spoke before a New York civic group.

"I venture to predict," he said, "that passenger trains will still be running across this continent as long as you and I are alive."

Tugboat Annie and the Killer Ship

(Continued from Page 29)

eggs, cottage-fried potatoes, hot biscuits and steaming coffee, her discontent instantly disappeared.

"Oh, boy!" she chortled, vigorously wedging her bulk into place. "I'm so starved I could chaw me way through a bull walrus!"

"Sh-sh-h, Annie!" someone said. And, aware now that they were intently listening to the radio news, she settled back. But immediately she sat up again, concerned, for the newscaster graphically was describing the sinking of two ships in the Bering fog. He included in his terse account the unexplained last-minute failure of their radar and a description of the mysterious vessel that stood by, with no attempt at rescue.

"Any clue to the identity of this ship should be reported at once," he concluded, "to Command Headquarters at Port Tundra. And now a brief word from our spons——"

Abruptly, Big Sam, the engineer, snapped the radio off and raised his enormous hands. "Just one sweet second wi' these around that stinker's neck—that's all I'd ask!" he raged.

"Yeah, ye're right, Sam," said Annie heavily. "Fog or no fog, if they could see him, he surer'n hell could see them. Well ——" She sighed. "Mebbe they'll have the answer when we git to Port Tundra. Meanwhile you boys keep yer eyes skimmed, hear?"

It was after nightfall before the two tugs entered Port Tundra harbor and made fast, with their charges, alongside the cargo-cluttered wharf. The *Salamander* was moored immediately ahead of the *Narcissus*. Parallel with the water front was the town's main street, lined with garishly lighted, noisy cafés and honky-tonks, and ordinarily Annie's gregarious nature would have responded after the long, lonely days and nights at sea. But tonight she was moody, depressed by recurring thoughts of the disaster in the fog; so she stayed on board and presently joined Big Sam, who was enjoying a smoke on the forward deck.

Then, as they chatted, a cabin door on the *Salamander*, ahead of them, opened and there was revealed the person of the powerfully built, bandy-legged and ginger-thatched Mr. Bullwinkle. He paused to give a jaunty rake to his hat, slammed the door shut and moved toward the ladder.

"Looka the dirty ape!" said Annie derisively. "He's put a shirt on, so he thinks he's Don Lothario goin' out fer a night on the tiles!" She rose from the rail. "An' that reminds me. I was gonna l'arn him a lesson in manners when we come in!"

"Sit down, Annie!" said Big Sam, grabbing her arm. "Start any brawls ashore here and ya'll land in the clink!"

"So what's wrong wid fetchin' him a boot in the starn jest fer kicks?" Annie demanded righteously.

"Aw, let it ride. And say—why don't we go up to the Chilcoot Café, an' ya can buy me that drink ya owe me?"

"You kiddin'?" said Annie, grinning. "You've owed me one fer so long the int'rest alone amounts to about a fifth! But O.K., then. Wait till I git me bonnet."

Outside her cabin, however, she was met by Clem, the radio operator. "Glad I got you, Annie," he said hurriedly. "Command Headquarters just phoned! It's urgent!"

"About what?" she asked quickly.

"I don't know. But they want you and Bullwinkle; they've already notified him to come up there."

"So that's where he was goin', hunh?"

"—— as soon as possible!"

"Will do!" said Annie promptly. "Tell 'em I'm on me way."

Characteristically, Mr. Bullwinkle had paused, en route, to fortify his spirits; so he and Annie met outside the Command Headquarters building.

"I thought you was on the lam, dear," he said solicitously. "What made ya give yerself up?"

Annie's fists bunched. "Look, Bullwinkle, don't tempt me," she rasped. "Not now. Later—if ye're still in a suicidal mood—fine! But not right now!" And she flung open the door.

They were conducted at once to the office of the port superintendent, Captain Bartlett, a fat, wheezy old ex-shipmaster with deceptively sleepy eyes. With him were Commander Sorensen, tall, lean, intelligent-faced, and skipper of the locally based Coast Guard cutter; and a weathered teakwood block of a man, with the unmistakable stamp of seaman, whom Bartlett introduced as Captain Hughes, of the Royal Canadian Navy and commander of the big destroyer *Saguenay*, now at anchor offshore.

"Annie and Bullwinkle are two of our most competent tugboat skippers," Bartlett assured the Canadian. "Sorensen and I have known Annie for years. And ——"

"Yeah," murmured Mr. Bullwinkle in Annie's ear, "ever since ye got up offa all fours."

"—— and Captain Bullwinkle's name ——" Bartlett was continuing.

"—— is on every police blotter atween here an' San Diego!" Annie finished loudly for him. "But he has got a tug what stays afloat if he pumps it off the bottom every day. So what kin we do fer you gents?" She paused uncertainly, then plunged on. "If it's in connection wid them sinkin's last night ——"

"It is," Sorensen said quietly. "So anything we discuss will be strictly confidential."

"Ye kin count on us!" said Annie grimly, and Mr. Bullwinkle nodded solemn agreement. "When we heerd what happened yesterday ——"

"Those sinkings were not the first, Annie—nor the last," Sorensen said, then went quickly on. "There were two more—and bad ones!—last night in the same area, just before the fog began to lift. If it hadn't lifted there probably would have been others."

"And I hate to think what's going to happen," Bartlett put in, "during the next heavy fog!"

"Ya say, commander," Mr. Bullwinkle addressed Sorensen, "they was others, before yesterday?"

"Yes. In the spring, right after the ice breakup. Two Navy supply ships collided and one of them went down."

"In foggy weather too?"

"Yes. Dense fog. It was thought to be an accident at first. But each time the story was the same. Fog and last-minute

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radar failure. And then we began to get reports of this vessel, standing by, then disappearing without trying to help."

"How come," said Annie, shaken, "nobody heard nothin' of it? It wasn't in the papers or we'd ha'——"

"Security reasons. We clamped down while we tried to figure it out. Then suddenly the collisions stopped—until these last ones."

"Why'd they stop?" Mr. Bullwinkle asked.

"Less fog in summer. But now that we've stepped up the supply shipments, with thick weather coming on ——" Sorensen shrugged. "How else can you figure it?"

"Looks to me," said Annie, her voice deep with anger, "like somebody don't want these defense installations up here. Where'd these sinkin's take place?"

"All within a three-hundred-mile radius, where the sea traffic is thickest and the islands—as possible hiding places—most numerous. Here . . . I'll show you."

They crossed with him to a large wall chart of the area, upon which were marked small red circles.

"Them circles show where the sinkin's was?" Annie asked.

"That's right. You can see how they're concentrated."

"Ye said hidin' places. Ye mean where that strange vessel could duck into?"

Sorensen nodded. "We're pretty well convinced now that she belongs to—well, to an unfriendly power, let's say, and that she has equipment on board to ——" He broke off, looked at the Canadian. "I'll let Captain Hughes explain that. He's the radar and electronics expert. That's why he was sent to take over the *Saguenay*. I'm handling the sea and air search."

"I'll keep it simple," Hughes said. "She's probably carrying an electronic device that's capable of destroying our radar reception by projecting at will, and at a crucial moment, any number of false blips onto our radarscopes, or of wiping them off altogether, while remaining unaffected herself."

"And ya've no idea," said Mr. Bullwinkle huskily, "how it operates?"

"We've been working on that for weeks. But, so far, no luck!"

"That last goes double!" Sorensen rasped out. "Regardless of weather, we've combed every inlet, island and coastal indentation, both by day and night—with ships and planes—but with no result. But somewhere in there"—he tapped the chart—"is her hide-out. And whenever fog appears from now on, she'll slip out, strike—and disappear. And now time's running out—and fast!"

"But what about fuel an' supplies?" Annie asked. "She'd hafta put in some place to git 'em."

"This is the atomic age. With atomic power she could remain at sea almost indefinitely, carrying stores enough to last for years."

"And you'd better tell 'em," Bartlett wheezed, "what you meant by time running out."

When Sorensen replied, his tone was cold, precise—and frightening.

"Annie, you remarked that someone doesn't want these installations up here. Quite true; and they can buy precious time by delaying them. But unless we can find this vessel and learn its secret in order to take countermeasures, the installations are already useless." He paused; then, quietly, "And no need to describe the result to our West Coast aircraft factories, Navy yards and cities if a remorseless enemy was able—instantly and without warning—to throw into confusion, or totally blank out, our whole arctic radar-detection-and-defense network, then suddenly attack!"

In the silence that followed, there drifted from out of doors the thin, cold whisper of the night sea wind and the hiss of surf on the nearby beach.

"So what's the answer?" Annie asked at length, and Captain Bartlett answered.

"Maybe you or Bullwinkle. We've got to locate that vessel, Annie. Government vessels, or cargo carriers off their normal trade channels, would be suspected at once. But tugs and their tows can go to any of the hundred smaller bases and installations among these islands without question, putting in anywhere, on any pretext, along the way."

Annie looked at Mr. Bullwinkle. "That make sense to you?" she asked.

"Yeah, it does, Annie. Ya—ya willin' to give it a try?"

"That's a stupid question, even from you," said Annie with a grin. Then, to the others, "When do we start?"

"Right away, now that the weather's cleared a bit," Bartlett answered. "You may work independently or together, and we'll consider this job an extension of your present Government towing contract, plus a twenty-per-cent bonus. That satisfactory?"

"O.K. by me," Mr. Bullwinkle replied, as Annie nodded. "But wouldn't it be better if we was to tow somethin' while we're out? It'd look more legitimate. And we could always cut it adrift."

"Good idea," Bartlett approved. "What about a barge apiece, loaded with light building material, such as laths, shingles, studding and such? There's two of 'em already loaded over at the barge pool."

"Swell!" said Annie. "G'night, gents. Come on, Cap'n Dry-rot, le's git goin'!" and she waddled toward the door, with Mr. Bullwinkle in her wake.

The three others glanced at one another, smiling, and Sorensen spoke. "Oh, just a minute; there's one thing more. We didn't mention it earlier in case it might influence your decision. But the Canadian Government, along with our own, will give an award of twenty-five thousand dollars to whoever turns up information leading to the capture or destruction of that vessel."

"Wha-at's that?" Annie gasped, while Mr. Bullwinkle's eyes bulged. "Twenty-five thousand ——"

"Total, that is," Captain Hughes clarified.

"Sure, total! But—but ——" Annie stammered, awed, and before she could continue Mr. Bullwinkle cut in.

"And suppose both of us was responsible for findin' her. What then?" he asked, with a quick sidelong glance at Annie.

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Color Chart

By Lucille Schulberg

The color of yellow
When the sun is young
Is butter
Melting on the tongue.

The blue of sky
Leaning heavy on land
Is velvet
Folded in the hand.

A catapult of brasses
In my ear
Is red
In the autumn of the year.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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"You'd divide it equally, of course."

"I see," replied Mr. Bullwinkle slowly. "Well, that's fair enough, I guess. So, thanks—and good night."

They trudged back toward the water front together, but each was occupied by separate thoughts. The sea beyond the harbor mouth looked black and cold, the stars remote, and suddenly Annie shivered—a reaction which did not escape Mr. Bullwinkle's covert notice.

"Know somethin', Annie?" he said presently. "This job might turn out pretty nasty. I mean, if them guys are cornered they'll be desperate. If they got arms they'll use 'em. Then somebody's gonna get hurt!" He shook his head dolefully. "I sure hope it won't be you."

"Look, bilge-face!" Annie stopped dead, facing him. "Any time ye pretend ye're worryin' about my skin it's a sure sign ye're up to monkey-diddles!"

"Who—me, dear?" cried Mr. Bullwinkle, virtuously outraged. "Why, ya ought to be ashamed ——"

"I'm tellin' ye!" said Annie emphatically. "We're in this together so far. But if you're plannin' anythin' crooked on me ——"

"I ain't, Annie—honest!"

"Le's have a agreement, then. Sure, we've had plenty o' fights; but I'm ready to bury the wigwam if you are, an' share an' share alike on this, no matter which one turns this guy up—if we do. So, if that's O.K. wid you ——"

"Certainly, Annie. Whoever wins, we'll whack up regardless! I only mentioned the chances we'll be runnin', in case you was scared. I seen ye shiver, so I thought ——"

"Hunh-unh! I was on'y thinkin' about them pore fellers what ——" Then, suddenly, she snapped to. "Scared? Me, scared?" she roared indignantly. "What could I possibly be scared of, after lookin' at your ugly figgerhead fer umpteen years?"

Back on the *Narcissus* Annie watched around a corner of the deckhouse until Mr. Bullwinkle's cabin light switched off. Then she briefed her crew on the job ahead, including the imperativeness of secrecy, the undoubted risk they might run and the possible reward; and, receiving their instant support, her spirits soared.

"Great!" she croaked happily. "An' now, since I still don't trust that horse's tail furder'n a clam kin spit, we'll move over to the barge pool an' make sure he don't drill a barge out an' sneak off on us tonight!"

A half hour later the *Narcissus* was secure inside the pool across the harbor, and there she lay till morning. But, when breakfast was finished and the *Salamander* still did not appear, Annie began to worry. Finally, unable to stand the suspense, she stamped ashore and rang up the wharf office at their previous berth. In ten minutes she was back at the *Narcissus*, her big face red with fury.

"Oh-oh!" Big Sam muttered as she jumped heavily from the stringpiece to the deck. "What's wrong, Annie?"

"Wrong? That lyin', eye-focusin' son of a bilge rat run out on us after all! The watchman said he left right after we did!"

"Then he wasn't asleep?"

"He turned off his light an' watched us go, the sneak!"

"What do we do now, then?"

"Hitch onto a barge an' start off on our own! What the heck else is there to do?"

By midday the *Narcissus*, with a bargeload of building materials in tow, was threading north between the islands, bound for Cannery Cove, a small fish-factory settlement on an island close to where one of the sinkings had taken place. Hank, the second deck hand, was up the foremast in a bosun's chair, ostensibly adjusting the towing lights, but actually on alert lookout. In the pilothouse Annie was at the wheel while Peter lounged in the open doorway, placidly chewing his cud. Presently he crossed to the rail, stared at the water for some seconds, then returned. But he said nothing.

Irritably Annie glanced at him. "Whyn't ye git off an' walk?" she snapped. "I'm goin' slow on purpose. It gives more time to snoop around on the way." She turned, sharply, as Clem appeared. "Bullwinkle answer yer radio call yet?" she demanded.

"Not yet, Annie. I've been buzzing him all morning."

"He won't, neither, the deceitful wagabone!" she grumped. "But keep tryin'."

All through the day, in which the only vessels seen were fishermen, cannery tenders and freighters plowing along on their normal business, there was no word. And toward evening the *Narcissus* entered Cannery Cove, consisting only of a fish factory and a few houses near a general store, and made fast for the night.

In the morning Big Sam was having trouble with a blocked fuel line, so the *Narcissus* stayed in port. And when, after the noon dinner, there still was no clue to Mr. Bullwinkle's whereabouts, Annie became acutely worried.

"Tell Clem," she instructed Hank, "to check wid all the shore operators he kin reach among the islands, an' ax if he's put in there. I don't like this. Anythin' could ha' happened."

"That's what Clem has been doing, Annie. In fact he still ——"

"Hold it!" said Annie, suddenly tense and listening, her keen eyes turned toward the harbor gap. In the distance, around a point, sounded the chug of a diesel, and there presently came into view what was unmistakably Mr. Bullwinkle's *Salamander*.

"Oh, brother! Jest listen whiles I blow me topper!" Annie breathed lethally and stepped to the rail, waiting, while, with Mr. Bullwinkle at the wheel, the big tug, passing close abeam, headed into a vacant berth just ahead of the *Narcissus*. But as Annie was about to hurl her blast of invective, Hank stopped her.

"Wait a minute, Annie; something's wrong on board there."

"Wrong?" She stared at him. "What do ye mean?"

"Look! She's been shot up! See that splintered rail up forrard? And her bow fender's half carried away! And Shorty, their deck hand up in the bows—he acts like he's in a daze! He ——"

Abruptly Hank broke off, for by now the *Salamander* had bumped clumsily against the wharf, and Mr. Bullwinkle was emerging from the wheelhouse. But it was a Bullwinkle shorn of arrogance and strut, and with his uncouth features like a haggard mask, he walked slowly back to his cabin, entered and slammed the door.

"This I gotta see about!" muttered Annie agitatedly, and two minutes later she was banging on Mr. Bullwinkle's closed door. There was no response, so she opened it and stepped inside.

Mr. Bullwinkle was sprawled in a battered old chair, scrubbing his face with his hamlike hands, which he then passed over his bristled scalp like one who is both apprehensive and confused. And seeing him like this, Annie's resentment drained away. "What's wrong—ye sick?" she asked uneasily; then, since he did not reply, she shook him violently. "Bullwinkle! What happened?"

Roughly he shook his head as if to clear it. "Ya won't believe it, Annie," he said slowly. "I can't myself, and neither can the boys. Maybe we're all nuts. I just don't know."

For a moment she suspected that he was faking. Then she realized that his puzzlement and fatigue were genuine. "What's wanted around here is a good stiff snort!" she muttered. "Where d'ye keep it?"

Getting no reply, she wrenched open a locker door and, helping herself to a generous slug from a half-full bottle, she recapped it, stowed it away again, then turned back to him.

"That's better!" she grunted. "Now then, pal, give!"

And slowly, but under gathering momentum, he told her. "When Sorensen was tellin' us about that last sinking, the other night," he said, "he mentioned that the fog lifted right afterward. And I got to thinkin' that the skipper o' that strange vessel, if he was a smart seaman, would figger ahead o' time that it might lift about then, so he wouldn't go too far from his base. That make sense?"

"Fer you, yes," Annie admitted. "Go on."

"So, when you sneaked off to the barge pool, I got a chart out and worked out three logical possibilities—inlets, that is—where his hidin' place might be. Then I took off, an' when we got to the very first one, damn if we didn't hit the jack pot! Yep, just as we rounded the island to head for the inlet—it was daylight by then an' pretty clear—there he was, just off the entrance and about a mile ahead of us!"

"Ye sure it was him?" said Annie incredulously.

"The vessel's description checked. And besides, when he seen us comin' up astern, he revved up an' shot inside, like he was trying to dodge us. So, bein' excited and afraid o' losin' him, we followed. And, Annie"—he stared at her, blank-eyed—"when we got in that inlet, not ten minutes later, there wasn't a thing in sight, so help me God!"

"Ye're crazy!" Annie gasped. "Or mebbe there was a little bay or somethin' wid a concealed entrance. Or ——"

"There was nothin'! We covered every foot of it! All they was, was two straight, steep rock walls and a dead end! We was scared, Annie; I'll admit that. But there had to be some explanation. So we come out and hung around the entrance all day. Nothin' happened. So at sundown I went back in the inlet and anchored fer the night."

"Whyn't ye let me know like ye promised?"

"I had to make sure it was him, first. And in the mornin', since he still hadn't showed up again, we hauled up the hook and left. And, Annie"—Mr. Bullwinkle's face was sweating now—"as we come around a little bend in the inlet and headed fer the mouth, there he was again, a quarter of a mile inside the entrance and also headin' out!"

"Mebbe," said Annie unsteadily, "he jest run in fer a peek."

"Not a chance!" said Mr. Bullwinkle emphatically. "Because, listen—we was runnin' his wake down before we even come around that bend, and his bow wave was washin' the shore on either side!"

"What'd ye do when ye seen him?"

"We poured on the speed. But as soon as we did he shot the hell out of our bow fender and forrard bulwark wi' fifty-caliber machine-gun slugs. So we dropped back pronto. And when we stuck our nose outside again an hour later, he was nowheres in sight."

"So now what?" asked Annie after a long pause.

"So now nothin', Annie. I've had it! I'm through!"

"An' where," Annie asked carefully, "is this inlet?"

Mr. Bullwinkle shook his head. "I ain't gonna tell ya! No, sir! I ain't gonna have an old pal get killed."

Annie's eyes narrowed. "Old pal, hunh?" She asked abruptly, "Did ye notify Cap'n Bartlett, or Sorensen then?"

"We-ell, no." Mr. Bullwinkle's eyes shifted. "Ya see, Annie ——"

"Yeah, I see all right, ye greedy, schemin' thief!" Annie suddenly exploded. "Oh, ye was scared, I don't doubt! But right now ye're a sight more scared ye'll hafta share that reward wid me! What new scheme ye got cookin' to make this one pay off?"

"There ain't none, Annie! I swear ——"

"Tell me the name o' that cussed inlet, then! If ye don't, I'll phone Sorensen an' Hughes to git up here fast. They'll fix you!"

"O.K., then, damn ya!" Mr. Bullwinkle surrendered. "It's Seal Inlet on Shungnak Island."

"Seal Inlet? Why, I bin there a coupla times, weatherbound!" Annie exclaimed. Then her brow wrinkled. "But I don't seem to remember no bend ——"

"Ya prob'ly didn't go in far enough, Annie." (*Continued on Page 148*)

"Do you mind holding this nail? I always hit my thumb."

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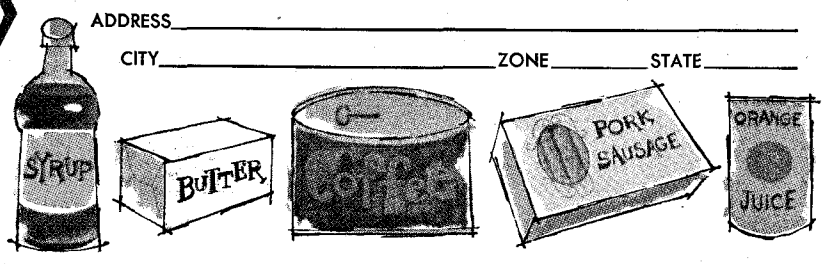

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(*Continued from Page 146*) "Yeah, mebbe so," she conceded. "Well, I gotta git back. Be peekin' at ye."

Annie was too disturbed to remain on her tug, however, for she knew her rival too well to believe that he would thus easily give up. Nor was it the reward alone that would motivate him, for when attacked he was a reckless and tenacious fighter who would take on any odds to get revenge. And where he led, his crew would follow, no matter what harebrained scheme he came up with. Her mind a turmoil of fruitless speculation, and troubled further by a small discrepancy in his story, the detail of which she could not recollect, but which, she felt, held the clue to his intentions, Annie found further inaction intolerable. She set out, therefore, shoreward along the dock, determined to unload the problem on Bartlett at Port Tundra and let him decide.

The phone booth was at the back of the general store, which Annie entered from the front, casually noticing, as she went in, a couple of swarthy, muscular Aleuts sitting on the edge of the porch with their naked torsos exposed to the pale sunlight. It was a common-enough sight, but as she passed them it sparked a fresh urgency in solving her present problem and quickened her steps as she passed through to the telephone in the rear hall.

Fifteen exasperating minutes later Annie got through to Bartlett at Port Tundra; and after quickly relating, to his astonishment, Mr. Bullwinkle's adventure in the inlet, she requested that she be met off Shungnak Island that night by Sorensen and Hughes.

"Can't do it, Annie," Bartlett said tensely. "They both left for the Shumagin group early this morning. Fisherman down there claims he saw that vessel among the islands."

"That's impossible!" Annie cried. "Bullwinkle chased her an' got shot up! So tell them two to hike their tail to Seal Inlet, fast as they kin make it, an' we'll meet 'em offshore."

"They can't possibly make it before daylight tomorrow," he informed her. "But I'll alert them right away."

"Better do it in code," Annie warned. "If that queer feller's listenin' in, as he prob'ly will be, he'll take off outta that inlet like a misguided mizzle!"

With a bang she hung up and was about to go back through the store when she heard the rumbling voice of Mr. Bullwinkle, and, peering in, she saw him at the counter, buying boxes of high-power rifle and shotgun ammunition. So part of his plan instantly was clear, and she stepped into the room. Seeing her, Mr. Bullwinkle gave a guilty start.

"So that's it!" said Annie harshly. "Because the Lord made ye stupid, ye have to prove it by matchin' that stuff against machine guns!"

"It's my funeral, Fatso!" he said hostilely. "So ——"

"You ain't kiddin'! An' yer crew's, too, mebbe! Ye've already found out that murderous scut ain't jest playin' flopscotch. So why don't ye lay off till that cutter an' destroyer meets us off there tomorrer?"

"What's that you said?" he asked tightly, and Annie told him of her talk with Captain Bartlett.

"Ain't that great?" he mocked. "But tell me, balloon-brain, who or what's gonna keep him in the inlet till Hughes and Sorensen get there? . . . I thought so!" he roared when she had no answer. "Keep thinkin', though, chum." He pointed to the ammunition. "An' if ya cook up somethin' better'n this to stop him with, I'll put in with ya!"

"Sure. Sure, Bullwinkle. I'll figger somethin'!" Annie said eagerly. "I dunno what, yet, but ——"

"Better make it fast," he warned, grinning now, "because I'm leavin' before dark tonight."

On the way back to the water front Annie tried desperately to think of something that either would satisfy Mr. Bullwinkle's urge for action or delay his departure. *All ye'd do to trap a ordinary skunk*, she worried to herself as the tugs came into view, *is to block up its hole. But this two-legged number* —— And then, seeing the barge alongside the *Narcissus*, and two others across the way, she had it. A plan so simple, yet possibly effective, that Mr. Bullwinkle would have to be a supermoron to turn it down.

Jubilant, she hastened toward the *Narcissus*; but, passing the *Salamander*, she paused to examine the bullet-splintered bulwark, and the damaged bow fender that Jake, the mate, and Shorty now were replacing.

But as she was about to pass on, her idle glance suddenly became fixed upon something just under the tug's heavy bow, while her brain raced, for she knew that what she was staring at was linked directly with the elusive discrepancy in Mr. Bullwinkle's story. And after a few seconds, quite simply the parts fell into place, and her gaze was switched to Jake and Shorty, who, so far, had ignored her.

"Hi, boys!" she said genially. "Bullwinkle was tellin' me about the tough time ye had up that inlet." They looked at each other, but did not reply. Affably, Annie continued. "Lucky, ye on'y anchored there them two nights, or who knows what might have ——"

"It was one night!" Jake said roughly.

"Then ye musta anchored someplace else," went on Annie, as if unconvinced, "because it took ye so long to git here. Mebbe ye stopped ——"

"We didn't stop no place!" Jake was impatient now. "After we got shot up we come straight here. So quit botherin' us!"

"Well, you should know," Annie replied mildly. "Le's see, now; what was the name o' that inlet again? Bullwinkle telled me, but I ——"

"Ye're a liar, Annie!" Jake said with relish. "Bullwinkle told ya nothin'. An' he ordered us not to. So you ain't trickin' nobody."

"O.K. It ain't nothin' to me anyways," said Annie loftily; and, blue eyes snapping with triumph, she continued along to the *Narcissus*, where she went to the wheelhouse and scrutinized, inch by careful inch, a large-scale chart of the whole local Bering area, including Seal Inlet and similar indentations in other islands.

Suddenly she grunted, and with a calloused finger on a particular spot, she reached for the book of tide tables. And when she straightened, upon her face was spread a wide, satisfied grin.

"So that's it!" she murmured complacently, stowing chart and book away. "An' now mebbe I'd better go an' talk a little hoss sense to me four-feathered friend."

When she returned to the *Salamander*, she found Mr. Bullwinkle in violent altercation with his engineer, and so absorbed in it that at first he did not see her, but continued shouting down the grating.

"I'm tellin' ya!" he bellowed. "Them's my orders!"

"An' I'm tellin' you," the engineer yelled back, "that feed pump's gotta be repacked before we leave, else it'll break down right in the middle o' that fight ye're suckerin' us into!"

"I don't give one fat damn what ya say," Mr. Bullwinkle shot back, raging, "we're scrammin' out now, before that tub o' tripe offa the *Narcissus* drops any of her bright ideas in our lap!"

"That's tellin' him, Horatio!" cried Annie approvingly; and, startled, Mr. Bullwinkle whirled to face her. "Them pig-iron polishers," she went on. "Allus tinkerin'. Even when everythin's honkey-donkey, they gotta take it apart to see what makes it run so good!"

"What do ya want? I'm busy!" he snarled.

"It kin wait," she said composedly. "C'mere"—she led him to a seat on the rail—"an' congratulate me. I got everythin' solved."

He looked at her. "You're sure the busybody, ain't ya!"

"I try to be," she said modestly. "Now listen. Where this feller's hidin', there's on'y one way in or out—the entrance. Block that, an' we've got him both ways. If he's in, he's trapped. If he's out, an' the weather's clear, he's still a dead duck. It's as simple as that."

"What do ya block the entrance with?" he said sardonically. "An old piece o' chewin' gum?"

"The money we just saved, Ella—do you have any idea where we can borrow it?"

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"Wid them barges," she said quietly, pointing. "Me takin' the one I already got; you haulin' one o' those that's alongside the construction dump across the slip there. We'll tow 'em to the inlet after dark an' jest afore high tide, then jam 'em on the rocks outside the entrance. One on each side, an' overlappin' in the middle."

Mr. Bullwinkle was sharply interested now. "Then what?" he said.

"Then," said Annie complacently, "we jest wait fer Sorensen an' Hughes to show up an' take over."

"Yeah, by golly, Annie, that could do it!" he exclaimed after brief but intensive consideration.

"That way"—she added the clincher, she hoped—"if we collect the reward ye'll live to drink it. But it's got to be did," she ended emphatically, "tonight!"

"That's fine by me," he said, surprised at her vehemence. "But why does it hafta ——"

"That feller does his killin' on'y when there's dense fog. An' —— Look, you notice them two Indians sun-bathin' outside the store awhile back? Well, whenever the Aleuts kin do that this time o' year, heavy fog's gonna roll in widin twenty-four hours. In forty years o' sailin' these waters, I ain't seen it fail!" Annie's face was grim now, her voice urgent. "So we gotta trap him tonight, afore he gits out into them sea lanes again!"

He nodded and stood up. "Makes sense," he said briefly. "I'm with ya. But get this, Annie; the reward's fine and I could use it—so could you—but I got a private score to settle wi' that lump o' shark guts! And once that inlet's blocked I'm strictly on my own!" He left her, crossed abruptly to the engine-room door and bellowed down, "How's that damn feed pump comin' along?"

"Ye got plenty o' time," Annie said. "High tide won't come over there till after midnight, so we needn't start till dark."

"I gotta fill my tanks over at the oil dock first," he said, "and one other little thing to look after"—and, briefly but intently, he scanned the barges alongside the construction-and-demolition dump across the slip—"so no need to wait for me. I'll meet ya over there, five miles south o' the entrance."

"Suits me," said Annie; and, climbing to the wharf, she stared somberly down at him. "But no double-cross this time! I warn ye!"

"Don't worry," he said roughly. "That idea o' yours was just what I needed. About the barges, I mean! And, Annie"—suddenly he grinned—"if you run into that stinker before I do, just stick yer mug out the wheelhouse. That'll sink him!"

After dark, with her barge in tow and the aurora borealis playing its stupendous organ music across the northern sky, the *Narcissus* was plowing steadily over a smoothly heaving sea. In the blacked-out pilothouse Annie was at the wheel, with Peter beside her, coffee mug in hand. Presently, finishing the coffee, he stepped out on deck to throw the dregs over the side; then, automatically, his gaze scanned the horizon and swept the sky.

Then he stiffened slightly, his eyes focused on a frostily twinkling star that had appeared briefly through the slight overcast. He gave Annie a quick, puzzled glance through the window, then reentered, glanced at the binnacle and, without speaking, resumed his former place.

"How's the weather?" Annie asked.

"It'll cloud up before midnight." He added, after a pause, "I guess you know where you're goin', Annie."

Annie chuckled. "Sure do."

"But it ain't Seal Inlet."

"No, it ain't."

She waited, delightedly hugging her little secret, for (*Continued on Page 151*)

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(*Continued from Page 148*)

him to question her further. But when he said nothing she was irritated.

"Drat you, Peter!" she said at length. "If ye was standin' by yer own coffin ye wouldn't show int'rest enough to look in an' see who's there!"

"But that's silly," said Peter practically. "If I was stand ——"

"Le's skip it," said Annie wearily. "Where we're reely goin' is Kaltag Inlet on Mishkan Island."

"Kaltag. Yeah, I know," he told her phlegmatically.

"But how could ye possibly ——"

"That's the course ye're on. I just checked."

Annie gave up. "O.K. But ye're hearin' the rest, if ye want to or not! Bullwinkle lied when he said it was Seal Inlet he had that fight in. He still don't know I found him out. So," she exulted, "will he flip his soufflé when we show up at Kaltag!"

"If you're so smart, Annie, you'd oughta told me this before. I bin there."

"Where—Kaltag?" she asked quickly.

He nodded. "Years ago. I was second mate of a Hydrographic Office vessel when they surveyed it."

"What's it like? Our chart don't show much excep' length an' breadth, depth o' water, type o' bottom, an' so on."

"It's got high rock walls, Annie, an' almost no foreshore. And—except at the end—it ain't no wider'n three hundred feet, an' even this narrows at a turn, about a quarter mile in. That's where an old rockfall almost blocked it."

"How wide is the channel atween the rockfalls?"

"'Bout sixty feet. It's the shallowest part o' the inlet, too, but it's still plenty deep."

"That'd be the best place to pile the barges up, then!" said Annie, excited. "In fack, it might on'y need one! I wonder why Bullwinkle didn't mention the narrers?"

"Because he was lyin' to ya about which inlet, case ye checked on the chart. Seems to me, Annie," Peter added softly, "ye'd ought to be bright enough to figger that out."

"Yeah," said Annie and grinned. "I stick around you long enough an' mebbe I'll be promoted to a half-wit. Here, take the wheel. I'm goin' below fer a sangwich."

The night remained calm and fairly clear; and when Mishkan Island loomed ahead, all lights were switched off, and Annie, who was again at the wheel, turned inshore at a point where, under the concealment of a jutting cliff, they could observe the unsuspecting approach of Mr. Bullwinkle's *Salamander*.

The only warning of her coming was the soft pant of the diesel, for she was running without lights. Then Annie saw her—a black, moving shadow against the night, with a smaller shadow moving at the end of a shortened towline astern. Quickly foam gathered at the *Narcissus*' stem as she moved out to intercept, and with Peter at the wheel, Annie stepped out on deck.

Almost at once Mr. Bullwinkle's startled challenge rang over the water. "What vessel is that?" he demanded tensely. "Who are ya?"

"The Queen o' Sherbet!" bawled Annie waggishly. "Who dat?"

There was dense silence as the tugs converged. Then the *Salamander's* engine-room jingle sounded, and she lost way, while the *Narcissus*, similarly checked, rolled and dipped close alongside.

"What you doin' here, ya fat fool?" rasped Mr. Bullwinkle, repressed fury in his voice as he stared across at Annie.

"It's quite a story," said Annie affably. "Fust, we went to Seal Inlet, like ye telled us to, lookin' fer a bend what wasn't there. So then we stuck a fedder in our tail an' flew here. Ain't ye glad?"

"But how in the hell," he croaked, "did ya find out?"

"You telled me, ye little rascal. Least, yer anchor did. Though, even afore that, I sniffed a rat—meanin' you, o' course. But I wasn't sure till I was watchin' Jake an' Shorty ——"

"They told you?" he asked incredulously. "If they did, I'll ——"

"Go ahead an' kill 'em. But how I reely found out was yer anchor flukes, because, like yer neck most times, ye didn't wash 'em." But, since Mr. Bullwinkle seemed incapable of replying, she went happily on.

"Usua!!y when folks haul their anchor up, they hose the dirt off. But not you! So the bottom mud was still caked on yer flukes—thick blue mud, mixed wid broken shell. But the bottom in Seal Inlet is fine gray sand. So all I done, I checked me chart ——"

"Kaltag ain't the only inlet in these islands that has blue bottom mud!" he interrupted furiously.

"It's the on'y one on the chart what has both that and a bend in the channel! An' if I'm wrong, what you doin' here—pushin' up daisies?"

"I'm here," he said hoarsely, "because nobody shoves me around without gettin' paid off! Nobody! And nobody interferes, includin' you!"

"What about our deal to work together?" Annie yelled. "Ye said ——"

"That's out too! An' listen—did ya notify Sorensen to come here instead o' Seal Inlet?"

Instantly Annie froze. "Lordy me, I fergot!" she cried, aghast. "I was in sich a bumble to leave ——"

"That's fine!" he said. "I'll do it, when I get into the inlet."

"But ye can't, now! Please, Horatio!" Annie pleaded, panicky. "If that feller's in there an' hears they're comin', he'll tear out fer the open as fast as ——"

"That's what I'm figgerin' on," he told her grimly.

He signaled to Jake, and as the *Salamander* began to pick up way, the *Narcissus* followed suit.

"Don't be a fool!" Annie persevered desperately. "Ye still can't fight machine guns wid what you got!"

"Mebbe so. But see that?" And Mr. Bullwinkle waved a brawny arm at the barge he was towing, a steel scow not more than fifty feet long by twenty wide, and riding fairly high. "That's my equalizer!"

"You crazy?" Annie was forced to bellow through cupped hands now, for the slightly faster *Salamander* was drawing ahead. "That little thing wouldn't stop up a mouse hole! Look, this one I'm towin' is plenty big enough! There's that narrer place in the inlet ——"

"That's where I'm headed for, sweetheart!" Mr. Bullwinkle yelled back, with a queer, wild note of triumph and, turning abruptly away, he entered his wheelhouse.

Frantic with worry, Annie rejoined Peter. "The man's offa his loco!" she groaned. "Peter, what are we gonna do?"

"It's a pistol, all right," said Peter.

"Well, think o' somethin'!" she rasped. "We can't jest stand still."

"We ain't. We're gettin' closer every minute," he pointed out. "But, time we fetch the entrance, Bullwinkle'll be inside."

"Then we gotta do it!" said Annie, her big face hard and strained. "There's no other way!"

He stared at her. "Do what?" he asked uneasily.

"We gotta block that entrance!"

"But, Annie ——" He swallowed hard. "We can't do that! Not wi' the *Salamander* trapped inside. An' that's what it would do!"

"We gotta, Peter, regardless!" Annie's voice was metallic now, her eyes like chips of blue ice. "Figger it! If that cold-gutted devil gits past Bullwinkle and into the fog what'll be rollin' in by daylight, God knows how many ships'll sink! An' any one of 'em could have ten times the number o' men what's on the Salamander!"

"Annie," said Peter slowly, "do ya know what ye're sayin'?"

"I do—God help me! An' the quicker we git it over wid ——"

"Hold it!" said Peter suddenly. "Bullwinkle ain't there yet! S'pose ya told him what ye're gonna do, an' he knew ya meant it ——"

"—— he might turn back?" Annie finished, and hope leaped into her eyes. "Here, gimme the wheel an' tell Clem to git him on the radiophone, quick!"

Numb with apprehension and suspense, Annie waited, and after a few minutes Peter returned.

"Did ye git Bullwinkle?" she gasped. "What'd he say?"

"He said to tell ya," Peter replied, his stolidity shattered, "to go to hell."

Annie's big hands whitened on the wheel spokes, and for a blank, despairing moment she closed her eyes. Then she handed over the wheel. "Take her in, Peter," she said tonelessly. "This is it."

Under full power the *Narcissus* surged toward the entrance, now only about a mile ahead, and meanwhile Annie summoned her crew and told them what she intended to do.

Hank, who, as a Navy frogman in both Pacific wars, was familiar with tough decisions, looked at the others; then, satisfied, he turned back to her. "It's your baby, Annie," he said quietly. "You're the boss."

"Thanks," said Annie huskily. "I—I—well, thanks!"

When she returned to the bridge, the mouth of the inlet was just opening up, a narrow, yawning pit of blackness in the dark face of the cliff, each side of the entrance washed with a white tidal ripple of foam. Then, slowly, the tug began to swing the big and cumbersome barge across the inlet gap.

It was almost in position when, suddenly, there was the shattering stutter of heavy machine-gun fire from within the inlet, with the lazy trajectory of tracer bullets crisscrossing the darkness and glancing sparks off the steep rock walls. And instantly Annie's resolution broke.

"I can't do it, Peter!" she yelled. "I can't let 'em fight that dirty killer alone! We're takin' the *Narcissus* in!"

"But, Annie, if he gets past Bullwinkle, he'll ——"

"Shut up an' do what I say!" she crackled. "Swing the barge around again an' through the entrance. We'll jam-block it from the inside!"

Minutes later, against the background of the machine guns' hammering, punctuated now by rifle and shotgun fire, the barge was being pushed into position, broadside across the inside of the inlet mouth, and with each end beached on the narrow, rocky foreshore. Then the *Narcissus* surged at top speed toward the sound of battle.

They had gone only a few hundred yards, however, when before them a tremendous wall of flame shot up, followed instantly by a gigantic explosion, magnified in sound many times by the confining canyonlike walls. The air was filled with flying fragments that splashed all around them, and the tug rolled wildly under the impact of the detonation.

Quickly Annie switched the searchlight on and, through a wall of roiling smoke, there was caught in its dazzling beam a large gray hull that arose with majestic slowness, then fell with an earsplitting crash and grinding of rock and steel across the back of one of the rockfall promontories that projected into the channel.

Great smoke clouds, momentarily shot with fire, obliterated the scene. Then, as it cleared, and the searchlight swept across it and past the mass of twisted, gray-painted steel now stranded on the rocks, there leaped into its livid glare the powerful black hull and yellow upperworks of Mr. Bullwinkle's *Salamander*, which, apparently foresightedly, had been protected from the main force of the explosion by the projecting bulwark

"Feeling a little better today, eh, Mr. Pranston?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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of rock. And outside his wheelhouse was Mr. Bullwinkle himself, performing, despite the red trickle from a cut scalp, a bandy-legged caper of joy.

Almost sick with relief, Annie stared at her old enemy in his moment of recklessly hard-won triumph, and when she pressed the back of her work-calloused hand to her eyes, it came away wet.

"Danged, stupid, pigheaded old fool!" she choked. "He'd oughta bin killed!"

In a burst of sudden exasperation, reaction swept over her and she yelled at Peter. "Take us alongside!" she ordered, and, with her lights now switched on, the *Narcissus* ranged alongside her rival.

"You all right, cuss an' blast ye?" she demanded hoarsely, as the grinning Mr. Bullwinkle came to his rail.

"Why not, Fatso?" he said cockily, and pointed through the whirling smoke to the wreckage of the small steel barge and the broken mass of the sinister gray raider that lay cast up on the rocks beside it. "Put yer searchlight back on it!"

Annie did so, and in its brilliant spotlight she saw a number of scuttling figures, some carrying or helping others, swarm out from the wreckage, clamber frantically across the rockfall and disappear shoreward.

"Never mind them! They's no place for 'em to go, an' Sorensen can pick 'em up any time now," exulted Mr. Bullwinkle grandiosely. "Just take a good long gander at their ship!"

Annie did, and she could not believe what she saw. "Why, it—it looks like a submarine!" she gasped, and again Mr. Bullwinkle chortled.

"In a way, yeah," he agreed. "But it's a type me an' you, an' nobody else this side o' the Iron Curtain ever seen before! It's a submersible ship, Annie! Travelin' on top it looks like a surface vessel, but under water—oh, brother!"

"So that's how she pulled that disappearin' act on ye the other day!" replied Annie, awed.

"Smart figgerin', Annie!" he grinned. "But that's nothin' to the new-type electronic gear I'll bet Sorensen and Hughes' boys'll find when they start takin' that mess apart tomorrer!"

"But how'd ye do it?" Annie asked. "Did all that hot air in ye swell up an' bust? Or ——"

"Nothin' to it, reely," he deprecated grandly. "'Member that little barge ya sneered at? Dynamite—from that construction-an'-demolition dump back at Cannery Cove. So Shorty, my deck hand—he used to be a powder man fer a loggin' company—figgered a charge that would knock a ship out without destroyin' it. So we simply shoved the barge in the channel gap, with an electric detonator all set to go."

"But how did you escape from bein' ——"

"Easy. We just run the detonator wires aboard here an' took 'em close inshore behind this big rock pile an' waited."

"Had ye got in touch wid Sorensen first?"

"Sure. They're headin' here right now. An' that's what scared this joker out. He come tearin' down the inlet on the surface—it's too shallow to submerge here—and when he rounded the turn, he seen that little barge. It was too late to stop, so he started firin' at us. Then he hit it, an' that's when, wham!"—Mr. Bullwinkle chortled—"I let him have it!"

"Yeah," said Annie heavily, "an' if ye'd waited another five minutes, ye grinnin' ape, ye'd ha' let us have it too!"

"Aw, you're tougher'n that, Annie," he jeered. Then he added, elaborately casual, "Oh—an' before I forget—what I told ya about this bein' my exclusive deal still goes. So when Sorensen and them arrive don't go gettin' big ideas."

For a moment Annie did not get it. "Ideas? Oh, ye mean the reward!"

"What else?" He regarded her owlishly. "If it hadn't been fer me ——"

"Usin' barges was my idear, wasn't it?" snapped Annie, burning.

"I'd ha' thought o' that anyway. An' ——"

"Bullwinkle!" The *Salamander's* engineer suddenly had appeared, his anxious face black with grime and oil. "You better come below. Things ain't so good down ——"

"I'm busy. Tell me later," said Mr. Bullwinkle impatiently. "Look, Annie ——"

"You'd better come right now! I can't talk so good when I'm swimmin'!" the man said angrily, and answered their puzzled stares. "We're sinkin'! That damn concussion must have sprung some plates!"

"Ya sure?"

"There's over a foot o' water in the engine room right now, and more comin' in. Not too fast, but ——"

"Well, get the pumps goin', ya dumbhead!"

"The pumps are out too."

"O.K., so we'll run her down the inlet an' find a place to beach her till we patch her up!" Mr. Bullwinkle looked around. . . . Jake!"

"Can't do that neither," the engineer told him bitterly. "The screw's bent all to hell and jammed up against the rudder post. This caper o' yours sure fixed us good!"

Annie, who had been listening with increasing interest, addressed Mr. Bullwinkle. "Havin' a little trouble, pal?" she said blandly.

Ignoring her, Mr. Bullwinkle beat the rail with his fist. "If this ain't somethin'!" he grated. Then, to the engineer, "How long'll she stay afloat?"

"Not more'n two, three hours, at most."

Sadly, Annie shook her blowzy head. "Tck-tck-tck! Pore old *Salamander*. It'll sure be tough on ye, Bullwinkle, watchin' her sink." She added brightly, "Course, I'll take you an' yer crew off. An' I won't even charge ye fer the ride."

"Your pumps are workin'!" said Mr. Bullwinkle savagely. "What about puttin' hoses aboard here and ——"

"That'll jest delay the sinkin'. No, them plates has gotta be fixed. Then I could pump ye out an' tow ye."

"How ya gonna fix sprung plates without a dry dock or cantin' on a beach, ya stupid jerk!" Again his fist pounded the rail. "Why did I get meself into this fix! I must have a hole in the head."

"So what?" Annie consoled. "Jest stick it under a tap. Wood swells when it's wet, an' —— Hey! Wait a minute! That's gave me a great idear!" She raised her voice. . . . "Hank!" And as Hank came running she explained to Mr. Bullwinkle, "Hank was a Navy tadpole in the war. . . . Oh, here ye are! Got yer skin-divin' gear on board? . . . Fine! Git into it, then, an' over the side. Take a waterproof torch wid ye, an find out how many o' the *Salamander's* plates is sprang, an' how bad."

Some minutes later Hank reappeared over the *Narcissus'* rail and shook the water from his hair. "Five, Annie," he reported. "They're not too bad, though. A day in drydock would fix them. But there's a lot of screw and rudder damage."

"Never mind that now," said Annie briskly. "Dry off in the galley till I need ye again!" And she bumbled into the wheelhouse.

The forgotten Mr. Bullwinkle stared, nonplused, as the *Narcissus* came about in a whirl of foam and started swiftly back along the inlet; but soon her running lights appeared again; and upon her deck were two bundles of shingles from the cargo of the barge which, Annie discovered, had swung free and drifted ashore. And only minutes later, Hank, with the shingles and a sledge hammer, had disappeared into the *Salamander's* flooded engine room.

She was markedly low in the water now, but big hoses were run across from the *Narcissus*, whose powerful pumps were able to hold the intake of water at bay. And as Hank progressed, driving the sharp-edged shingles firmly into the interstices of the sprung plates as Annie had instructed, it became evident that the *Salamander's* hull could be made tight enough to be pumped out and enable the Narcissus to tow her safely to port.

"Gosh, pal," said Mr. Bullwinkle to Annie, profoundly grateful, as daylight crept into the inlet along with the first wisps of the coming fog, and his tug began slowly to rise. "I dunno how to repay ya. That's reely usin' the old gray stuff!"

"Yeah, I'm a reg'lar Whodunit, or whatever his name is," said Annie dryly. "An' as fer repayin' me, I got a swell idear about that too."

Mr. Bullwinkle's gratitude vanished. "How much?" he asked quickly.

Annie grinned. "As if ye didn't have troubles enough!" she said. "But come on over here an' I'll tell ye."

Reluctantly he climbed over the *Narcissus'* rail and followed her to her cabin.

"I'll make it short, if not sweet," Annie said as she closed the door. "Oh, I give ye credit fer what ye done last night; but accordin' to you, it's diddled me outta twelve thousand, five hundred smackers reward money, an' come near killin' the lot of us. So ——"

"I warned ya to keep yer big fat nose outta this!" he reminded her hostilely.

"An' if I had, yer *Salamander*'d be at the bottom o' the inlet this minute!" she countered forcibly. "If I stop them pumps she still can be! So if ye figger on payin' me off wid lollypops, guess again!"

"We-ell, seein' you got me over a barr—I mean," he corrected hastily, "seein' I'm a reasonable man, what about ten per cent o' the reward money?"

Annie shook her head. "Unh-unh!"

"O.K., then; fifteen."

"No, Horatio," said Annie. "I don't want no part o' that reward."

"Huh? Wha-at's that?" Mr. Bullwinkle jerked out, his little eyes jumping with suspicion and disbelief.

"You earned it," Annie replied nobly; "it's yours. I wouldn't feel right about takin' money fer helpin' me country, anyways."

"Well, gosh, Annie, I—I—this is—well, I dunno what ——" Overcome, Mr. Bullwinkle choked. "Ya reely mean it, pal?"

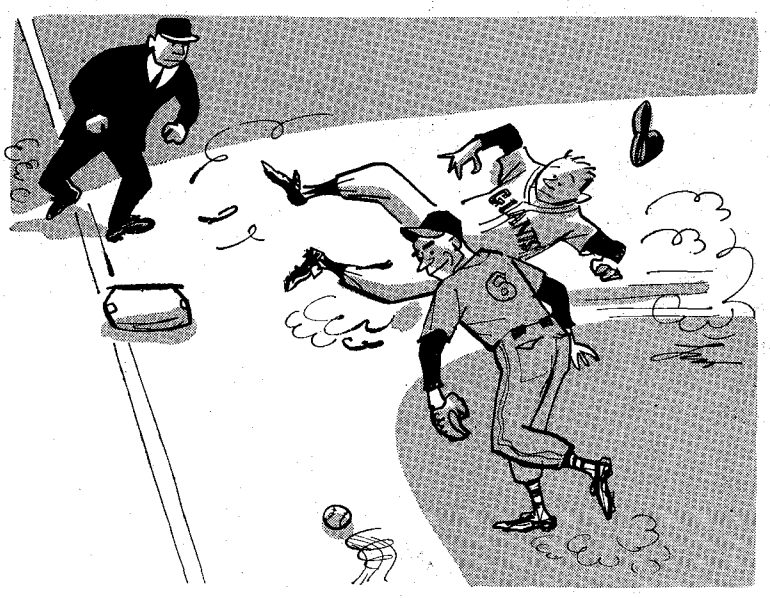
"I do, pal," replied Annie earnestly. "All I'm axin' o' you is me salvage fee fer savin' yer *Salamander*."

"Salvage fee?" Mr. Bullwinkle roared in sudden disillusionment.

"Jest me salvage fee, pal, an' not one red herrin' more."

"But that'd ruin me!" he trumpeted. "My tug's worth ——"

"I know. 'Bout a hundred an' fifty thousand. An' any salvage court would grant me at least a third. But time I took ye to court to collect, it wouldn't be wuth it. So I'll let ye (*Continued on Page 154*)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

A runner who is hit by a batted ball is out unless the ball has passed an infielder. Here is an odd twist to the situation, based on an actual incident.

Let's say the Cincinnati Reds lead the San Francisco Giants, 5–4, as the Giants bat in the home half of the ninth. Jackie Brandt makes an infield hit and sprints to second on a passed ball. Hobie Landrith, ordered to bunt, lays down a slow-rolling beauty along the third-base line.

Cincinnati's third baseman, Willie Jones, with no chance for a play on Landrith, lets the ball roll along in hopes it will turn foul. He backtracks away from the ball as Brandt slides toward third base. Then the ball gently nudges Brandt.

If you were umpiring, would you call Brandt out for being hit by a batted ball? Or what?

(See Page 154 for answer)

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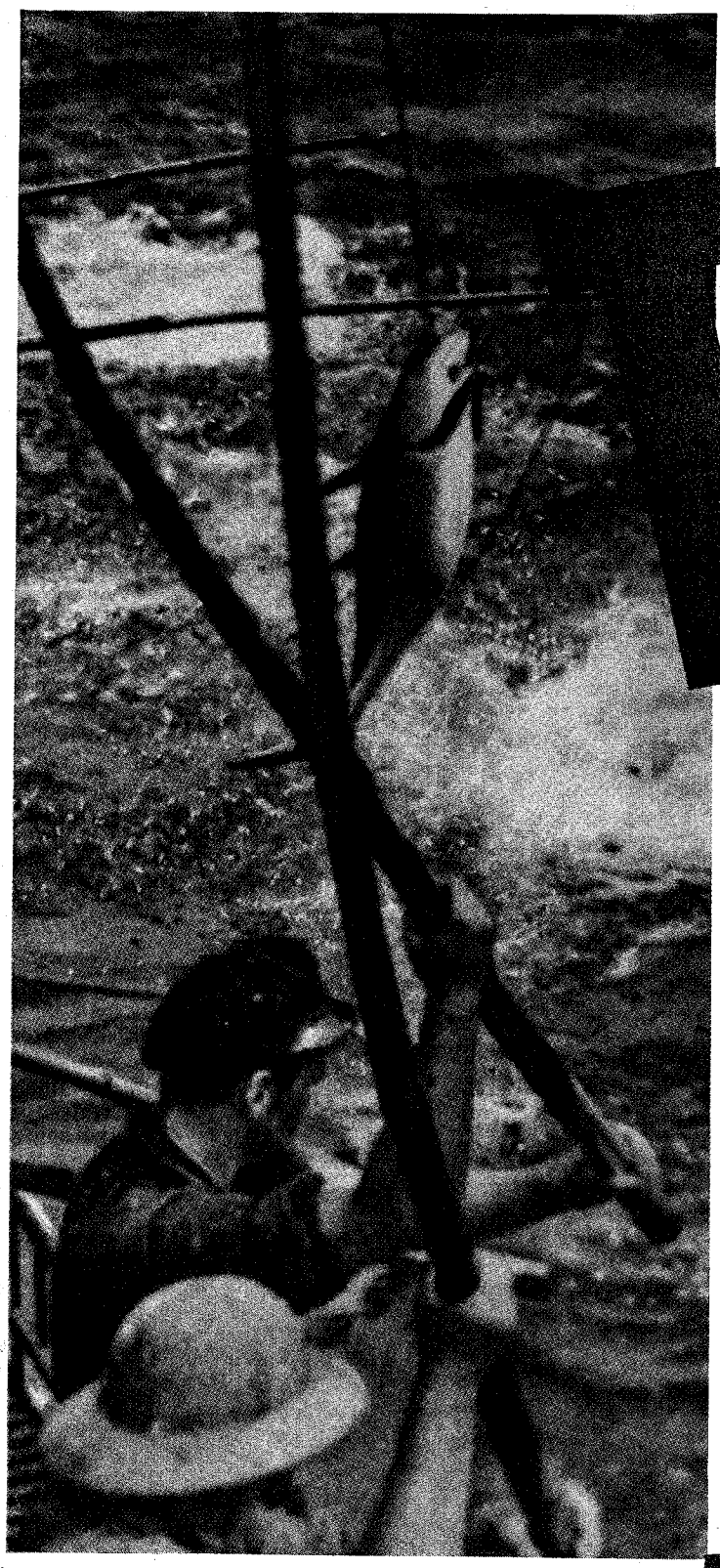

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ANOTHER SPECTACULAR VALUE OCT. 15-24

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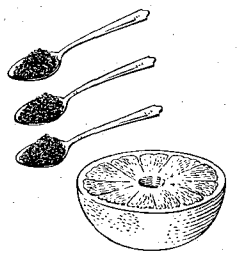

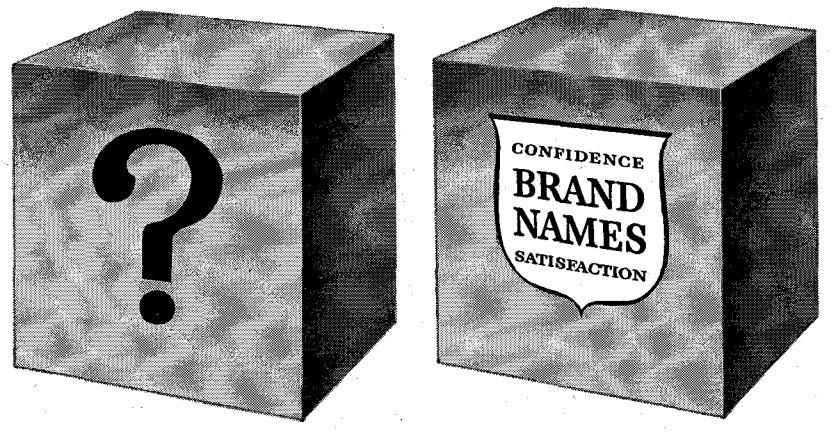

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ANOTHER SPECTACULAR VALUE OCT. 15-24

(*Continued from Page 152*) off easy. A flat twenty-five grand, an' we're quits."

"Why, you hypocrite! You liar!" he yelled, anguished. "That's exactly the price o' the reward! An' you jest said ya didn't want no part ——"

"This ain't," said Annie calmly. "It's jest a simple salvage fee." She added reproachfully, "Did ye expect to git saved fer nothin'?"

Outraged, his face an interesting purple, Mr. Bullwinkle paced, tugging at his hair, while Annie crossed to her desk, wrote rapidly on a small sheet of paper, then held out a pen.

"What's that?" he demanded, backing away.

"A note, agreein' to pay me." Annie glanced at her watch. "An' ye got eggzackly sixty seconds. After that the price goes up a thousand a minute."

Outraged or not, Mr. Bullwinkle was no fool; and one glance at her now-grim, determined face told him he was licked. But he made one last try. "Look, Annie," he pleaded, "I just can't pay this! Somethin' reasonable, yes. But this I can't afford! Not now! There's a special reason."

"What reason?" she asked, for something in his tone told her he was speaking truth.

"I—I can't tell ya right now, Annie. But ——"

Gazing at him, memories of his past duplicities swept over her, and she thrust the paper and pen into his reluctant hand.

"Here!" she said harshly. "Sign it! Right on the spotted line!"

Morosely Mr. Bullwinkle signed, and Annie stuffed the paper in her capacious bosom. "Thanks, Bullwinkle," she said. "An' next time don't be so damn greedy, because ——"

A sharp rap on the door interrupted her. It was Clem. "Everything's all set on the *Salamander* now," he announced. "She's pumped out and ready to be towed."

"O.K.," said Annie. "You git through to Sorensen an' tell him what we got fer him up the inlet here?"

"I sure did!" Clem grinned. "He near went crazy. All but hugged me over the air."

"Where are they now?"

"Heading here. The fog's pretty thick outside now. But the *Saguenay's* going to stand by, off the entrance, while Sorensen brings his cutter in to look over the wreck and round up her crew." He looked at Mr. Bullwinkle. "He had a message for you too."

"That," said Mr. Bullwinkle morosely, "don't interest me no more." He turned to go.

"Wait a minute!" Annie snapped, with lively suspicion. She looked at Clem. "What was the message? What'd he say?"

"He wanted to thank Bullwinkle for the offer he made when he radiophoned them to come here, 'stead of Seal Inlet, last night. Sorensen—and Hughes, too—said it was the most generous thing they'd ever heard of."

"Bullwinkle generous?" cried Annie, sharply incredulous, and turned to him. "What monkey business you bin up to now?" she demanded roughly. "What offer was that?"

Since Mr. Bullwinkle, looking both confused and embarrassed, did not reply, Clem answered for him.

"He told Sorensen he used to be a Coast Guard officer, too, during the war ——"

"That's right," said Annie, her suspicion unallayed. "But what's that got to do wid ——"

"So he said that if he was lucky enough to knock that ship off, up the inlet here, he wanted to donate the reward to ——"

"Look, Annie," interrupted Mr. Bullwinkle hastily, "I gotta go now ——"

"Stay where ye are!" Annie commanded roughly. "Go on, Clem. I wanna hear this."

"Well, Annie," Clem finished, "Bullwinkle's giving the money to the dependents of the men that got drowned."

For a moment no one spoke. Then Annie said quietly, "O.K., Clem. Thanks."

When he had gone she turned to Mr. Bullwinkle, who stared bovinely back. "Was that the special reason why ye couldn't pay me no salvage?" she asked.

"Yeah," he muttered, shamefaced.

"Why didn't ye tell me?"

"'Twas nothin'," Mr. Bullwinkle growled. "Ya wouldn't ha' believed me anyways."

"No," said Annie slowly, "I wouldn't. That's a fack."

She produced the salvage agreement that he had signed, tore it in two and handed it to him. "Here," she said huskily. "Go buy yerself a drink when we git back!"

They left the cabin and walked together to the forward ladder. The fog rapidly was thickening along the inlet now, and the wreck of the defeated atomic-powered raider was a ghostly ruin, only half perceived; and from seaward, toward the entrance, came the high-pitched "Who-o-o-oop! . . . Who-o-oop-who-o-oop!" of the approaching cutter's siren.

At the head of the ladder Mr. Bullwinkle paused. "O.K. for the *Salamander* to take yer towin' line now, Annie?" he asked meekly.

"Yeah, do that," she replied; and as Mr. Bullwinkle turned to descend, she stepped quickly forward and planted so hearty a kick on his broad stern that, grabbing wildly for the handrail to break his fall, he was catapulted down and with a resounding thump landed, sprawling, on the deck below.

Painfully he got to his feet and in angry astonishment glared up at her. "What the hell was that fer, ya cow-bellied old dugong?" he roared.

"Remember me bellerin' an' cussin' at ye that day when we was headed fer Port Tundra?" she demanded belligerently.

"What of it?" he snarled.

"Well, that kick in the tail," said Annie, complacently now, "was to l'arn ye that next time a leddy cusses ye out, ye'll cuss her back, like a genelman should!"

THE END

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

(Page 152)

Brandt is out. (National League ruling.)

Although Jones had ample time to field the ball, it is held that the ball technically has not passed an infielder as provided in Section 7.08f.

Place Landrith on first and award him a base hit. (Section 10.05e: "A base hit shall be scored . . . when a fair ball which has not been touched by a fielder becomes 'dead' by reason of touching the person or clothing of a runner or umpire. . . .")

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The Squeeze Play (Continued from Page 36)

business, but a man can know his product and still create only chaos and terror for his subordinates; so most of the people here were reserving judgment on Mr. Underhill. Don Story was assistant chief claims adjuster. A claims man learns to analyze people quickly and accurately, or he doesn't last.

Don had Mr. Underhill sized up as a dedicated man who would be impatient but fair, quick with big decisions and able to delegate small ones. He was an intelligent man with a burning interest in modern art and the ballet, and he liked people. But his most striking personal characteristic was his loyalty to the company.

Therein lay Don's present dilemma. He said, "Sir, did you ever play baseball?"

"No. Never had time for sports," said Mr. Underhill.

"Baseball isn't just a sport. It's symbolic drama."

"Oh? Symbolic of what?"

"Of the free man who can rise to the limit of his talents, so long as he submits to the self-discipline of universal law. Of big-leaguers, bush leaguers, and boys on corner lots, but only one rule book. Of the star who is still just one man on a team, no matter how good he is. Of heroes and villains, comedy and tragedy, hope and despair. Of pride in victory, honor in defeat, and loyalty even when your team is in eighth place. Sir, the difference between Europe and America is the difference between the *Götterdämmerung* and the World Series!"

"Perhaps," Mr. Underhill said, with a skeptical smile, "but what has this to do with Rube's farewell dinner?"

Don looked past Mr. Underhill, through the big window behind him. When Charter Freight Casualty Corporation decentralized thirteen years ago, it built a planned city here for the employees transferred out from Hartford. That whole community was visible from here, and a lovely view it was. To the company, this was Charter Vista. The employees called it the Slave Quarters, although not in Mr. Underhill's presence. Still there had not been a house for sale here in five years. This was a good place to live, a good outfit to work for.

Where this office building and those houses now stood, Don's wife's uncle had once raised premium cotton. Uncle Rube's two-story ranch house stood just beyond the Slave Quarters, in a little lemon grove. Those five acres of lemons and $300,000 were all the old man had left of his cotton ranch.

That corner bedroom was Don's and Nadine's. There Nadine had thrown a tantrum last night, when Uncle Rube announced that he was not going to any fool banquet. She had thrown another one when Don refused to argue with the old man. She had just bought a new evening gown, her first since the baby's birth. This was important to her.

"I remember when I used to bounce her on my knee. Of course, she was my secretary then."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Nadine Tillman Story was a small, baby-faced blonde, much smarter than she looked, warmhearted and impulsive, but with a will like a bridge girder. She had bullied Don until midnight, blaming him, as wives will, for her own uncle's stubbornness. Soon after she cried herself to sleep, with her face to the wall, the baby began squalling.

It was Don who got up and changed the little lady's lingerie. At one Uncle Rube heard a wasp in his room, and in spooring it with a folded newspaper made as much noise as a safari. At two-thirty some loutish high-school pals brought Nadine's loutish kid brother, Jackie, home in a rackety hot rod. At five Chrissie was demanding her morning bottle. Nadine slept through it all.

Don's wits, therefore, were not at their sharpest this morning. "If you don't care for baseball, sir," he said, "you're not going to understand Uncle Rube."

"Try me and see," Mr. Underhill invited crisply.

"All he ever wanted to do was play baseball. He was a catcher, and a good one, but he didn't go up to the Phils until 1917, when he was twenty-eight. He caught thirty-six games for them that year. He hit three eighty-eight. They never stole a base on him. He had the best arm of any catcher in baseball," said Don.

"Then he was drafted. In France he got a bullet in his knee. He could never play ball again. When he got home, he learned that the girl he was engaged to had died in the flu epidemic. He never looked at another woman. That's the kind of man Uncle Rube is, sir."

It was hopeless. Mr. Underhill would never understand that kind of man. Uncle Rube had come out here, bought some

The farmer in the dell
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ANOTHER SPECTACULAR VALUE
OCT. 15-24

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cheap land, and started raising cotton. He knew nothing about it, but he went at it as he went at everything else, and soon it was his whole life. He made cotton take the place of baseball, and of the girl who had died.

"The company couldn't have bought his land at any price, except that his younger brother and the brother's wife died, and he took their kids in, sir. With Nadine and Jackie to provide for, he couldn't pass up all that money. So he sold out and went to work for the company," Don went on.

"He was a good salesman. He was senior underwriter when you came out here to take charge. I know it had to be, sir. You can't put an old grouch like him in charge of a big office like this. But it was the fourth thing he had lost—first baseball, then his girl, then his cotton, and then this. He's too old to start dreaming a new dream, and now you want to make a public spectacle of him and throw him out on his ear!"

"But he knew we have a compulsory-retirement plan," Mr. Underhill said helplessly. "Rube has his home, his pension, and considerable money of his own. What does he want?"

"You mean you think that he's unreasonable."

Mr. Underhill nodded emphatically. "I certainly do."

"All dreamers are unreasonable, and all ballplayers are dreamers. The next pitch will be their pitch. The next time at bat they'll nail a fat one. Next season the old arm will be well again. What can money and security mean to a man who will never have a next time at bat?"

"I'm afraid your baseball symbolism is beyond me," Mr. Underhill said smilingly, "but Rube is missing the symbolism of this banquet too. Here—how do you like this?"

He unwrapped a flat package and handed Don a shield-shaped piece of dark oak, about fifteen inches wide and an inch thick. Set in it was a bronze plate, on which was engraved, TO RUBE TILLMAN, GOOD FRIEND AND DISTINGUISHED SALESMAN, ON HIS HONORABLE RETIREMENT, WITH THE AFFECTION AND RESPECT OF THE OFFICERS AND EMPLOYEES OF CHARTER FREIGHT CASUALTY CORPORATION.

"This—this is for Uncle Rube?" Don said weakly.

Mr. Underhill was beaming. "Yes! Tell you what—you drop everything else, and take that home and show it to old Rube. Tell him it's what we want to present at the dinner. I'll give him an hour or two, and then I'll drop in, sort of unexpectedly, and see what he says."

Don shook his head. "It isn't going to work, sir."

"No man can be immune to a beautiful thing like that," said Mr. Underhill. "Believe me, I know human nature! Run along now and see if I'm not right."

Don went out, carrying the plaque. Going out to his car, he read the inscription again. Deride these quaint corporation customs all you liked, this would still be a beautiful thing to own, and Don knew who had composed that tribute to Uncle Rube. It had the earnest, luncheon-club triteness of everything Mr. Underhill said or wrote—and the same deep sincerity. The West Coast vice president might not be very original, but integrity shone from him, and from all of his words.

And yet to a man like Rube Tillman, this was a mocking grotesquerie! Uncle Rube had his own integrity, a stubborn, simple kind, but no less valid than Mr. Underhill's. Uncle Rube was a believer. Grover Cleveland Alexander was the greatest pitcher that ever threw a ball. Long-staple cotton was the salvation of desert agriculture. Nadine and Jackie Tillman were the two finest kids God ever put on earth. Charter Freight Casualty Corporation wrote the best liability policy in the world, and any trucker who bought any other was a fool.

Give a man like that a plaque to hang on his wall, as you choked off his fourth and last dream? Oh, no, no!

Don drove through the Slave Quarters and took a side road. In front of Uncle Rube's house stood a big live-oak tree. In its shade sat a small blond person with a short pony tail, reading a book beside a baby carriage. To quarrel with Nadine always made Don sick at his stomach, and facing her, after last night, was going to be more painful than facing her uncle with this silly plaque.

Nadine looked up from her book and waggled her fingers lovingly, and Don felt an irrational rush of admiration for her as he waved back. This girl could get madder, and get over it faster, than anyone in the world. Spoiled she might be, but he adored her, and with reason. Nadine was all heart. Like her uncle, she saw only one side of a question. The Tillman blood was the blood of believers. Her team, in eighth place, would be still her team.

Don parked and, carrying the plaque, went back and kissed his wife. "Uncle Rube and Jackie have been at it again," she reported, clinging to him.

"What about this time?" he said wearily.

"Jackie wants to go to the ocean with some friends for the weekend. Uncle Rube said he had to clean out the lemon grove. I don't know what Jackie said, but it must have been awful, because Uncle Rube tried to hit him with his fist."

"And had no luck with it, I suppose."

"Jackie just laughed and picked him up and set him down in the corner. Will you talk to Jackie, darling?"

"I will," Don said grimly, "and I promise you he won't set me down in the corner!"

Nadine was too upset to notice the plaque. Don went into the house. Jackie was sitting in the den with the hi-fi going full blast, although he knew how Uncle Rube felt about loud jazz. It was the deliberate, brattish insolence of a boy who was old enough to know better.

Without a word Don crossed the room and snapped the switch of the hi-fi. He slammed the lid down and put the plaque on it. Behind him he heard Jackie snarl, "All right, wise guy, turn it on again!" By the tone of his voice, Don knew this was the time. He turned swiftly.

Jackie had shot out of his chair and stood poised to jump. He was a big kid, six feet two, with the mature beef to go with his bone structure. Don never looked at this boy without feeling a haunting sense of waste. Somewhere in him, he felt sure, there was great good.

But for what? Jackie was a poor student. He had no hobbies, no interests. He rarely had the same friends more than two weeks in succession, and he was too shy to make a play for a girl. Eventually Jackie would come into half of Uncle Rube's money, but with no training, with no goal in life, he'd only fritter it away and return to this same dead end. Jackie was just—nothing.

"Jackie," said Don, "I'm coming between you and Uncle Rube one more time. You can go to the ocean—after you clean out the grove. Get your pals to help and it won't take long."

"Suppose they won't?" Jackie said quiveringly.

"Then you stay home and do it alone."

"Suppose I decide not to?"

"You won't. Let's get with it! Maybe you can push Uncle Rube around, kid, but don't try it with me!"

Don did not bother to raise his voice. He saw the glint of murder come into the blue eyes that were so much like Nadine's. But Jackie was, after all, only seventeen. He was a raw, ineffectual kid who could not yet stand up to this deliberate technique of adult bullying.

Next time, maybe, but not now. Jackie caved in suddenly. He muttered something under his breath. He did not look at Don as he went out, slamming the door. *Whew!* Don thought. *Wonder if I could whip him?*

He went upstairs, carrying the plaque. Uncle Rube's door was open. The old man was seated by an open window in his big leather chair, staring out over the Slave Quarters and dreaming, perhaps, of when those were his best cotton acres. He knew when Don came in, but he did not look around. "What do you want?" he growled.

Don handed him the plaque. "Mr. Underhill said to give this to you, Uncle Rube. It's what they want to present at your testimonial dinner."

The old man took the plaque in his battered catcher's hands. Don thought at first that he would explode in a typical Tillman temper, but he did not. He merely glanced at the inscription, grunting ambiguously. He put the plaque down on the worn rug beside his chair.

"They can go jump in the lake," he said. "Tell Ed Underhill that for me. He can jump in the lake."

Rube Tillman was not as tall as Jackie, but even at seventy he was probably as strong. He had the burly body and big hands of a catcher, a hitter's thick wrists, and the honest, old-fashioned face of a man who had caught Grover Cleveland Alexander. His gray hair was parted on the left. The rims of his glasses and the fillings in his teeth were of honest gold.

On the wall hung several ancient pictures. The 1917 Phils. Uncle Rube and Alexander, the day Old Grove shut the Giants out on two hits, and Uncle Rube got a homer and a double off Slim Sallee. Uncle Rube at Camp Funston, in campaign hat and wrap puttees. Uncle Rube and Christine at Coney Island. Christine's formal portrait, with her eyes downcast, her high-piled hair—woman's crowning glory in 1917—speared by a complex of celluloid pins.

It came to Don with a shock that Uncle Rube no longer suffered over this girl. So that was why he had not seemed to care when they named the baby for her! A man did get over such things. Why, Christine would have been an old woman today—sixty-four!

"About Jackie, sir," Don said. "With a kid that age, you've got to give a little, take a little. I told him he could go to the beach if he and his buddies cleaned out the grove first—is that O.K.?"

"I don't care," the old man growled. "I can't seem to get through to that whelp lately, somehow."

Don left the plaque where it lay and went downstairs, more disturbed by Uncle Rube's apathy than he would have been by a blowup. For this, he supposed, he could blame Jackie. To be picked up and put in the corner by a mere kid had been the last straw. And soon Mr. Underhill would come bouncing in—young, vigorous, successful and, above all, loyal to the company. Poor Uncle Rube!

Nadine was still reading in the shade, but the baby was awake and fretting. "Let me hold her," Don said. "I'll have to stick around awhile. Mr. Underhill is coming over pretty soon to talk to Uncle Rube."

"That's right, spoil her!" Nadine said, without rancor. "You don't have to jump every time she cries to be picked up. What does Mr. Underhill want with Uncle Rube?"

Don sat down with his small daughter in his lap and tried to explain about the plaque. It was not easy. Wives do not really believe that a boss is a human being, because the subjective tyranny of the family pay check obscures their judgment. Nadine simply could not picture her husband sitting down and talking things over with Mr. Underhill, perhaps even arguing with him. To her, the West Coast vice president was both the source of all earthly benevolence and an Olympian ogre to be placated with burnt offerings.

"I may as well send it back," she sighed; and Don knew she was thinking of her new gown. To Nadine, these male hostilities were just absurd! So were the hierarchical dignities that created them—so was the elaborate code of logic by which they were defended. And the queer thing was that Don, when he was with her, saw a bright, transcendental justice in her straightforward creed. The important thing was not a plaque but a new gown.

The hot rod that had brought Jackie home last night came roaring up from the Slave Quarters with four boys in it. Don heard their anguished bellows when Jackie told them that they would have to help clean out the lemon grove. But Don knew teen-age (*Continued on Page 158*)

"How's it going?"

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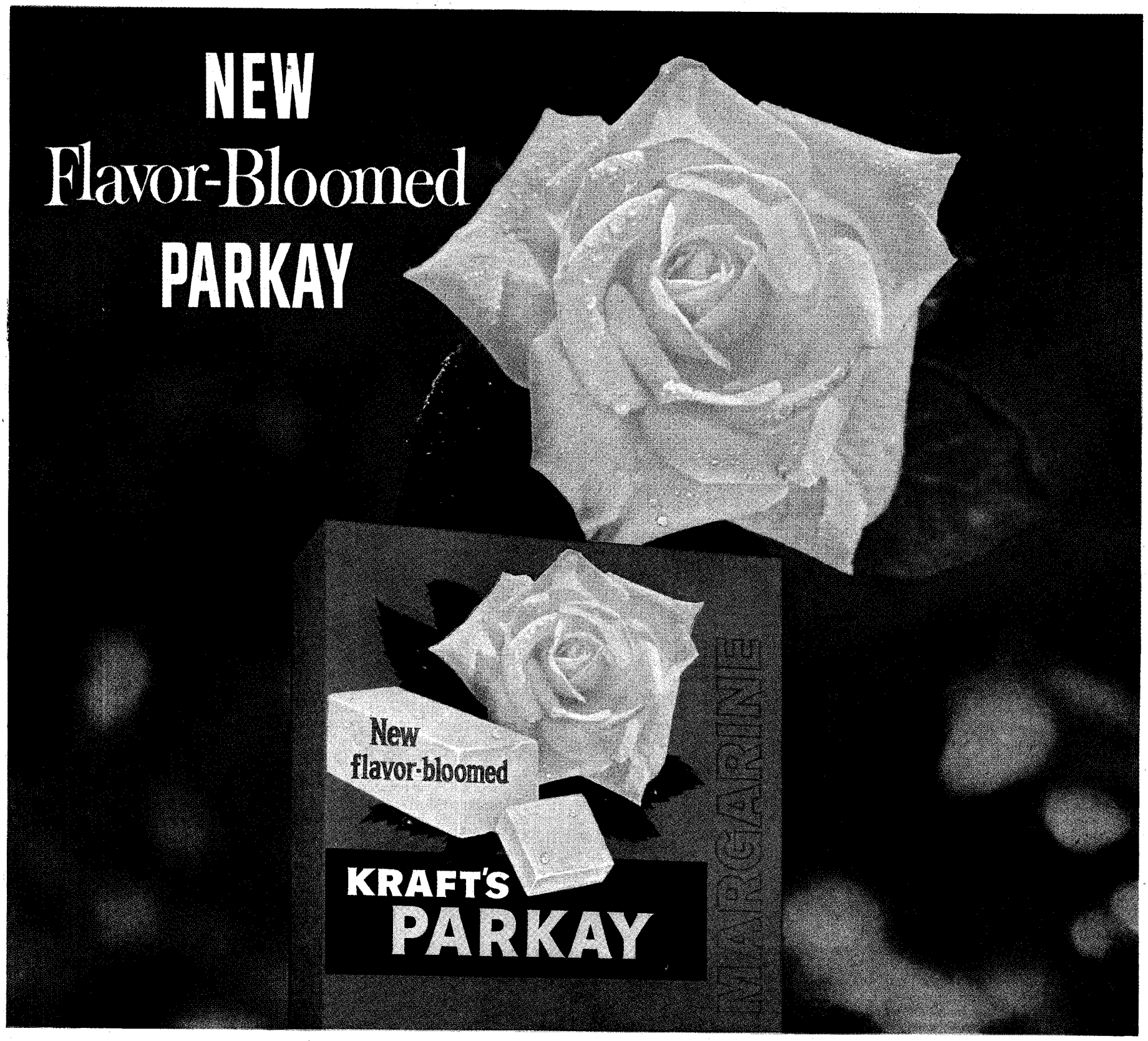

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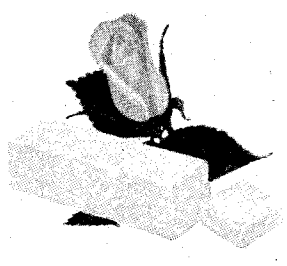

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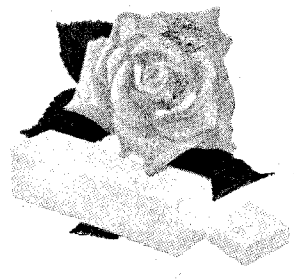

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ANOTHER **SPECTACULAR VALUE** OCT. 15-24

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(*Continued from Page 156*) boys and their ferocious clannishness. Rather than break up the party, they would even work.

The five boys vanished around the house, and soon the serenity of the grove was shattered by the uncouth noise of teen-age horseplay. Later, Don estimated that it was about thirty minutes before Mr. Underhill appeared. He often wondered what would have happened had he known what was going on behind his back during that fateful half hour. It was probably well that he had not.

Mr. Underhill greeted Nadine with the uncondescending charm that made the wives in the Slave Quarters say to their husbands, "What do you mean, he's hard to work for? I think he's absolutely a doll!" He chucked Chrissie under the chin, stimulating a limpid baby smile.

"Well, what do you think?" he said to Don. "Did we soften the old gentleman up?"

"No, sir," said Don. "I told you, it's hopeless."

"Oh, nonsense! Let's go have a little chat with him. Why, I'll bet old Rube can hardly let that plaque out of his hands!"

Nadine's blue eyes implored Don not to let this awful thing happen, as she took the baby from him. But it was out of Don's hands now. He led Mr. Underhill into the house and up the stairs to Uncle Rube's room. Not willingly! None of this, he told himself angrily, was his fault. Why put him in the middle?

The old man was still sitting beside the window. Mr. Underhill said, "Hello there, Rube, how are you?"

"Alright," Uncle Rube said gruffly.

"How did you like our little tribute to you?"

Uncle Rube's blue eyes glinted. A flush swooped up out of his open shirt collar and across his honest, old-fashioned face. "I threw it out," he said. "That's how I liked it!"

"Out?" Mr. Underhill blinked. "Out where?"

Uncle Rube pointed to the window. "Out there!"

Don saw the trembling in Mr. Underhill's hands. The boss was trying hard to control himself, but things like this simply did not happen among people he knew! He swallowed several times.

"Where'll I find it?" he said, much too politely. "That cost the firm two hundred dollars, Rube. I think I should at least be given a chance to take it back."

Uncle Rube got up, favoring the knee with the World War I wound. "I'll show you. Out in the grove," he said. "You can take it with you as you leave here, Ed, and I don't see any reason for you to hang around either."

"Wait here," Don said quickly. "I'll get it!"

Neither man paid any attention to him. He heard them clumping along behind him, not talking, but showing how they felt by the solid way they put their feet down, as he went down the stairs. He used the back door, rather than face Nadine at this moment. The lemon trees grew almost to the edge of the back porch.

There was no sign of the plaque. No telling how far it would plane, propelled by what had once been the best catcher's arm in baseball. Behind the grove was a lot where, when Nadine was small, Uncle Rube had staked her Shetland pony. To judge by the noise, that's where the boys were. Perhaps they had seen the plaque.

Don began running through the loosely cultivated soil of the grove. He came to the last tree. He stopped.

There, on the back lot, were the boys. There, too, was the plaque. Don closed his eyes, wishing he could kill all five of those kids with his bare hands. For a moment he stood there, trembling with pure panic.

Then he looked back and saw not only Mr. Underhill and Uncle Rube but, trailing behind them, Nadine, carrying the baby. Nadine did not know what was happening, but she sensed that it was something bad, and she had to be there. Her man was in the middle. The father of her baby.

And no West Coast vice president was going to frighten this girl! As for Uncle Rube, there were a few things Nadine wanted to tell him anyway. Wives were like that, Don realized suddenly. They take and take and take, and then, suddenly—powie!

To every man there comes at least one moment of reckless inspiration, when he takes his future by the throat and either conquers it or kills it. Don's came when he saw his wife and baby, and that look on Nadine's pretty face. He became calm, cool, sure of himself.

"Sh-h!" he said, as they came up to where he stood, near the last tree. "This you've got to see, but don't let the boys see you. This isn't the *Götterdämmerung*. This is the gods frisking at the sunrise of tomorrow."

"What the devil are you talking about?" Uncle Rube rasped.

Don pointed.

Work had been forgotten the moment the boys found it. Mr. Underhill's beautiful plaque lay, inscription side up, in a corner of the lot. Over it crouched a brawny Mexican boy, swinging a baseball bat. Two other boys stood at the far end of the lot, beating their gloves and daring the batter to hit one to them. The fourth boy was on his knees behind the plaque—and why, Don wondered, was the catcher on a kid team always a fat boy?

In the center of the lot, Jackie Tillman was coming up to the stretch. Don had always known that this kid was good for something, and this was it. And how long Jackie had dreamed of playing baseball, how painfully he had yearned to be noticed by his big-league uncle, no one would ever know. But this boy was a Tillman, a believer. What he desired, he desired with agony.

Jackie leaned back on his right leg, kicked up with his left. He put his whole splendid body into the pitch, at the last moment snapping his thick Tillman wrist to make the ball jump. It jumped in fast and tight.

The Mexican boy spun at the knees, swinging like a man who loved to hit, but he was under the pitch, and late. The fat boy whimpered as he threw the ball back. He took off his mitt and blew into it. Jackie came up on one leg and fired again. Again the Mexican boy swung late—again the fat boy moaned and blew into his red-hot mitt.

Jackie looped his glove over his wrist and began rubbing up the ball. Nadine slipped a trembling hand through Don's arm as Uncle Rube went limping out on the lot. "Oh, no, don't let him!" she whispered.

Don patted her hand. "Watch!" he whispered back. "You, too, Mr. Underhill."

The boys saw the old man. All the fun went out of it. The Mexican boy grounded his bat on the plaque and crossed his ankles defiantly. The fat boy took off his mitt and sucked his tingling fingers. The two fielders drew closer together, their faces grim and resentful.

Sweat dripped from Jackie's good-looking face. He glowered down at his uncle defiantly, but when Uncle Rube held out his hand, Jackie gave him the ball. Uncle Rube began kneading it expertly.

"Can you throw a curve ball?" he said.

"Anybody can throw a curve," Jackie said sullenly.

"That's not so," said Uncle Rube. "Unless it curves where you want it, when you want it, it's not a money pitch. Have you got a money curve?"

"I guess so."

"Have you got a drop?"

Jackie sleeved his sweaty face. "A what?"

"A drop. It's called a slider today. It's a nice pitch, if you've got a nice, sneaky motion for it. Why do you use so much motion?"

"Motion?"

"You throw like a farmer! Keep your hand to your ribs as you throw, to hide your pitch. Anybody can see what's coming up, with that wide motion of yours."

The Mexican boy spat on the plaque. "Ha!" he said. "Whoever heard of a drop? These old geezers kill me!"

"Ah, lay off, Mannie!" Jackie growled. "Uncle Rube used to catch Grover Cleveland Alexander."

The Mexican boy dropped his bat. "You're kiddin'! Grover Cleveland *Alexander?*"

"Give me your pad," Uncle Rube said to the fat boy. He turned to Jackie. "Look, don't throw me too heavy. It's a long time since I did this. Try a curve and then your drop. What I want to see is, can you hide your pitch from a batter. Now watch that motion!"

He said pad, not mitt, and he called a slider a drop. He was a 1917 catcher with a bum knee, and he had to stick one leg out as he squatted down. But gray hair, glasses, gold teeth and all, here was a big-leaguer. The Mexican boy looked at him reverently.

"Grover Cleveland Alexander—honest?" he said.

"Get up there and take your cuts!" Uncle Rube snarled. "Hit off of your left foot. Move into the pitch! You look like you might be able to hit if you tried."

"Yes, sir!" said the Mexican boy. "Like this, sir?"

Don watched Mr. Underhill as Jackie tilted back. Uncle Rube raised his mitt. The Mexican boy cocked his bat with a fluid twist of his fine shoulders. The fat boy stopped sucking his fingers. He stopped breathing. The two fielders leaned forward on their toes, and all six were frozen briefly in the alert and graceful tableau that always precedes the big pitch.

Jackie fired.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" Mr. Underhill exclaimed. "Why, it's like ballet—it's the Greek dream of perfect symmetry come true! Why—why—baseball is really an art form, isn't it, Mr. Story?"

Don grinned. "You said that, sir—I didn't."

As far as he was concerned, Mr. Underhill proved his right to run the company then and there. The road to the top is not paved with good intentions. Anyone can be sincere, but a good executive must be right, too, and Mr. Underhill had misunderstood Rube Tillman once. Don saw the look of quick decision flit over Mr. Underhill's face.

"Hold it!"

Uncle Rube had stood up to return the ball to Jackie. He held it in his hand as Mr. Underhill came toward him. They faced each other across the plaque, and it was odd to see Uncle Rube hand over that ball. He gave it to Mr. Underhill without thinking, as he would have given it to the manager of his team.

"What do you expect, Rube—to stay in the big leagues the rest of your life?" Mr. Underhill said harshly.

"Of course not!" Uncle Rube looked down at the plaque and then slowly up at Mr. Underhill. "Ed, maybe I did, at that," he said. "Yes, I guess I did."

"It can't be done! Eventually we all get pushed out by younger men. It may be your niece's husband who someday will hand me one of these silly plaques as he sells me down to the minors. I only hope that when my time comes, I have as much to live for as you!" said Mr. Underhill.

He flipped the ball to Jackie. He threw like a farmer, but a man can't be good at everything. Uncle Rube said eagerly, "The kid's really got it, hasn't he? I mean, I've got myself a power pitcher, haven't I?"

"Rube," said Mr. Underhill, "you have so much to enrich your life that I envy you!"

Uncle Rube picked up the plaque and wiped it on his pants. "Ed, if that banquet deal is still on, I'd be proud to go," he said unsteadily.

Nadine handed the baby to Don. "You take her. You're the one who spoils her!" she said. Her hands went to her pony tail. Her hair was in that in-between stage where it was neither long nor short, and how to wear it with an evening gown would be a problem. But if Don knew this wife of his, she'd come up with something.

Problems. Don shifted Chrissie to his other arm. "Will you please tell me how it happens," he said to Nadine, "that she's always wet when you give her to me?"

THE END

"All set?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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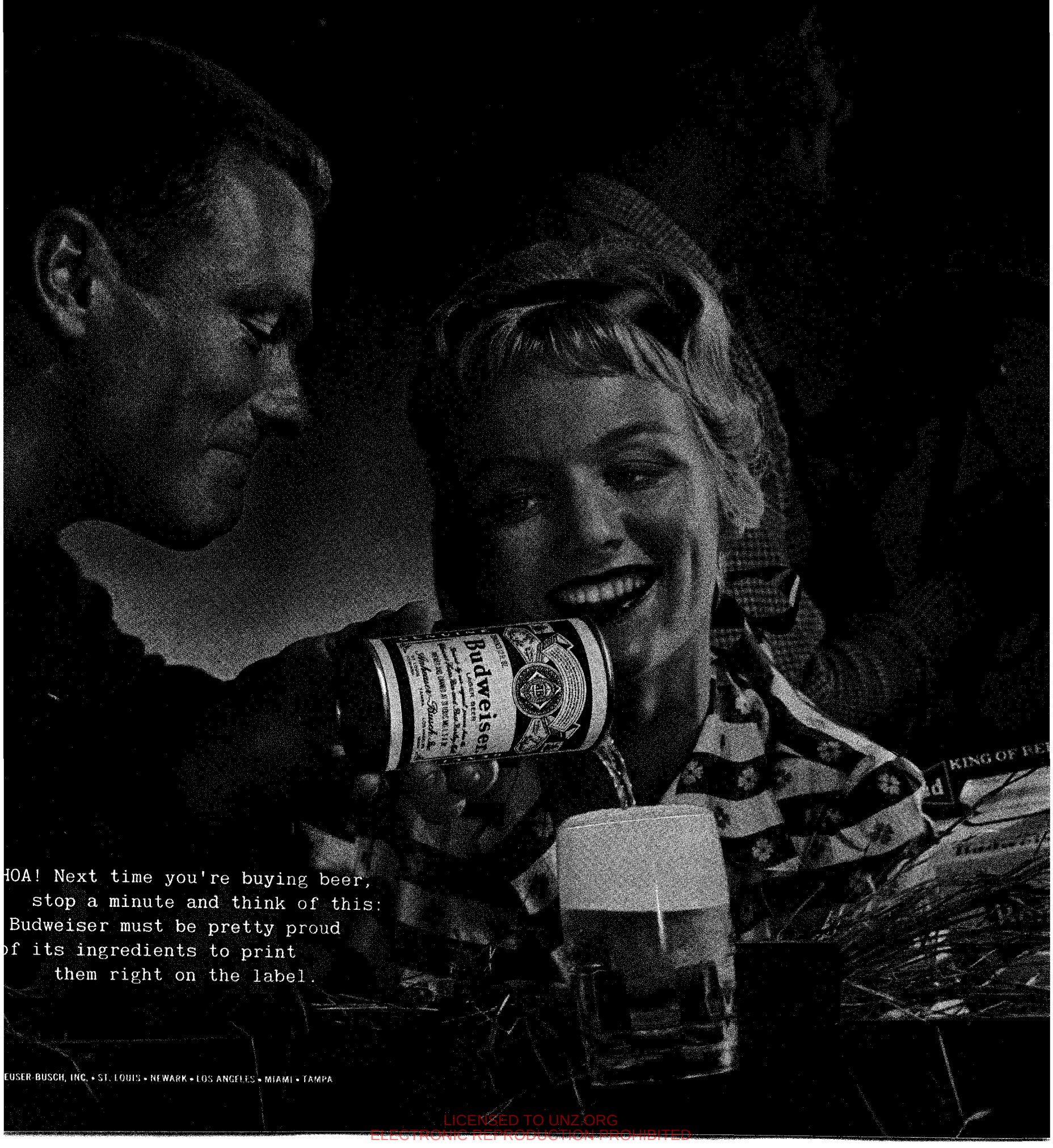
Budweiser
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Ordeal on Blood River

(Continued from Page 33)

leg of the blue-uniformed man who was down in the cargo pile, spun him by it from the pile to the planking. The soldier's head struck an iron bollard and cracked like a kicked wooden box. From the top of the pile a case of carbines crashed down, splintering open on the stringpiece and spilling half the pieces overside into the water.

Cohill leaped fast onto the pile of stores again, his angry eyes searching the mob for gang bosses or noncoms. He scrambled toward the fight, looking sharp for a break in it to pressure it apart with a point of control. He saw the point suddenly where four men were down; he sprang upright into the open space, shouting to a soldier, "You man there—break it off!" Then he gave them his back as he turned sharp to face the civilian stevedores. "Move out of this!" and he started toward them. "This is United States Government property!"

There was sudden silence. Men fell away and gaped at him. Cohill walked toward the group of civilian workmen, making his pace deliberate. There is no saying how it is done, but the provost marshal's guard couldn't have levered the fight apart quicker. Still facing the civilians, Cohill called back over his shoulder to the men, "Fall in the fatigue detail—guiding right on this ship's gangplank!" and he whipped his cased saber like a stick to indicate. He heard men shuffle behind him to obey.

Then he stepped across to the inert form lying beside the iron bollard, and to his horror he saw the shoulder straps of a second lieutenant of cavalry—saw that death masked the youngster's well-boned face. He knelt uselessly to feel the heart—and fury tore him. "Damn your eyes! You've killed an Army officer!" He stood up, his face savage. He walked slowly back toward them. "Who's in charge of you!" Their eyes glanced quickly to a man still down on the planking in the thick snow from a ruptured flour barrel. Cohill yanked the man to his feet. He was a burly Levantine in torn white undershirt and coverall pants, growling in animal rage as he clawed at the flour that fouled his eyes. He had startling yellow eyes—bright yellow, fired lighter than burnished gold.

"Well damn *me!*" he said fervently to Cohill's close face and he shook his tight dark curls to one side. In each of his ear lobes there was a tiny golden earring.

"Give me your name!" Cohill's harsh voice pressed him.

The man inhaled deeply. Then his eyes swept contemptuously from Cohill's in a side cut, and he looked at the slovenly formed line of the fatigue party. It was about company strength—forty to fifty—drawn up in two ranks now, guided on the foot of the nearest gangplank. Yellow Eyes spat in contained fury and shouted at the detail, "Before you rupture yourselves—stan' at ease!" The line broke from awkward attention at once. Then he turned his leonine head sharply the other way and thrust a massive hand to the nearest civilian—shoved in short fury so that the man staggered heavily, "Git your hundred-a-month tourists back aboard the *Clan Cameron*, Boldoni!"

Temper burst in Cohill. "When I give an order to troops—nobody amends it or interferes with it!"

"Well!" Yellow Eyes exhaled loudly on the word. Then he swept his right arm straight and fast to thrust Cohill slightly from balance and stalked through him. At the base of the cargo pile he stooped to snatch up a coat flung over a crate, shrugged his knotted shoulders into it and turned back to Cohill. His shoulders were tabbed with a major's greenish gold-threaded leaves. He buttoned the blouse slowly, his eyes hard on Cohill. He lifted one coveralled leg and dusted at the clinging flour—still watching Cohill. He lifted the other leg, dusted. From the side pocket of his uniform blouse he drew a battered officer's kepi, slapped it to his thigh once, then settled it to his oily curls.

"Now, what's *your* name, mister?"

The fury in Cohill still held him. "That is a dead officer there, sir." He pointed an outraged finger. "My name is Cohill. Second Cavalry."

The major looked over at the body. He said, "I warned the schoolboy not to mix up with these roustabouts. . . . Sergeant St. Yves," he shouted, "blanket Mister Haight's body and have it littered up to the Presidio." Then he stared at Cohill, one eyebrow up. "Carracoe," the major introduced himself and, with a gesture to indicate the dock and ships, "commanding. Unless you're reporting to me—get t'hell on about your business, for I can't stomach an officer who wears gloves!"

With slow deliberation Cohill stripped his left glove. Then his right. Major Carracoe's mouth opened as if he had been tapped in the pit of the stomach. There was quick disbelief in his eyes; then the vibrant dominance went out of them under abject fear.

Cohill's hands had no fingernails, only suppurating pulpy pads where the nails had been. The raw flesh of his hands to his wrists was leprous gray, the epidermis skeined and sloughing under a coating of yellow goose grease.

"Put on your gloves!"—Carracoe's intensity of voice half choked him. "Get out of here, mister. Off this dock and out of my sight!" Then he turned and pushed blindly through the fatigue party and up the *Clan Cameron's* gangplank.

Cohill drew on his gloves again, carefully, to cover his mutilated hands. One of the *Lucy's* men had come up behind him from the dockhead with Cohill's horsehide field trunk shouldered.

At the dock end Cohill raised his cased saber, flicked it to signal a carryall across the dock flats. "Apaches burn your hands, mister?" Cohill gave the sailor two bits for loading the field trunk on. "Frozen," Cohill said. "Not burned."

As the carryall moved slowly along the shore-front road around the rise of Telegraph Hill, Flint Cohill saw the Arab stallion off to his right with the yellow-haired girl walking ahead. She had apparently turned the animal into the foreshore to run the beast out on packed sand, and she was leading it back now to intercept the road. She led the horse by voice alone.

With a flat open space on either side of the shore trail, she spoke the animal into circling and spoke it from a walk to a trot. She widened the circle slightly by voice again and brought the mount up to an easy gallop. Then she sprinted behind the horse as it passed her, raced across the circle, leaped easily and landed standing on its back, half crouched at the knees. Then she stood slimly erect with incredible ease and grace. Almost at once she was on the ground again in the center of the circle, watching the Arab intently. By voice she reversed the animal's circling movement to counterclockwise and leaped to its back again.

Then she back-flipped to her feet and came off in a forward somersault to her feet again, on the ground. As she landed she saw the stopped carryall in the roadway.

As soon as she saw him, Cohill felt her indignation. His tight lips sliced to a smile of admiration, he raised his kepi slightly above his head and bowed in appreciation of the performance, replacing the kepi. With just the faintest head toss of defiance she spoke the Arab out of its circling and brought the animal to her. She stepped to its head as the horse whinnied and arched its neck, touched the beast's cheek with the flat of her hand and then with no visible effort, leaped again easily to mount conventionally and walked her mount to the road. She said, "That was not done for your benefit, sir. I thought Turk and I were alone."

"I'm sure you did," Cohill told her. "No other thought was in my mind. Beyond and above your Cossack riding, you handle him magnificently!"

"Nonsense," she said abruptly, still caught in her annoyance.

"On a narrow freight-cluttered dock it is not nonsense." Cohill shook his head. "Not with a riot all about him. Not after a horse has been penned up in a ship's hold—for how long?"

"Since Mazatlán," she said. "I've just made arrangements to stable and exercise him at the Presidio—on a courtesy charity basis until we sail again."

"I beg your pardon?"

"For what?" she asked him.

"The Presidio is an Army post," he said.

"Quite so," she nodded, "whereas Turk and I were lately with Willebrandt's International Circus." Her eyes danced with inner laughter. "Horse and woman—of quite a different color than Army. The circus became stranded for debt in Mazatlán. Senator Bentinck's kindness had us released from the Mexican authorities when the *Clan Cameron* put into Mazatlán on its way north here from Panama." She put a hand to the Arab's neck, and her inner laughter deepened at the slow reaction in his eyes. "We are quite shabby people, Turk and I."

"Oh, come," he said, "you are deliberately teasing me with this talk. Who is Senator Bentinck?"

"He heads the Colorado River Expedition. The four ships at Meiggs Wharf are chartered to him. The *Isthmian Queen* and the *Thomas Hastings* arrived here a week ahead of us. We are transshipping supplies from them. Only the *Clan Cameron* and the *Amos Orr* are to go to the Colorado. We carry a company of militia soldiers—as well as a hundred colonists."

Six or seven years younger than Cohill was—twenty-seven or twenty-eight at the outside—she showed great dignity in her face when the laughter faded from her eyes. She was Eastern American by her accent.

"You have apparently traveled widely," he said, and because his words sounded horribly stiff he was impelled to get out of the carryall now, touch his kepi in formality and give her his name. Her eyes curiously watched his for a moment as he stood there below her, searching him out. Then she nodded slightly in acknowledgment of his name and said, "Athena."

For an embarrassed moment Cohill was under the impression that she had said some word or phrase in a foreign tongue. Cohill heated slightly at the cheekbones (*Continued on Page 162*)

What Would You Have Done?

While still a newlywed, and proud of my new rings, I volunteered to help with a church dinner. I was washing dishes afterward in the big restaurant-type sink when a boy dropped a tray of glasses. Several broke in the sink. As I wiped the suds off my hands, to suspend washing until the splintered glass could be removed, I was shocked to see that the diamond was gone from my engagement ring. It was a seventy-three-point, blue-white stone, representing a fair share of our family assets, so I felt sickened. Everyone tried to be helpful, but we couldn't grope in the soapy water for the diamond because of the broken glass, and we didn't dare pull the plug out. Suddenly I remembered a childhood game which I played while dishwashing, after a memorable boat trip. In half a minute I had my diamond back. What would you have done?

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After a trip to Catalina Island with its ocean-bottom beauties, my sister and I played a game which we called "glass-bottomed boat." It involved pushing a tall iced-tea glass deep in the soapy water for a look at the bottom. Repeating this trick, I searched the sink bottom and soon found the diamond.

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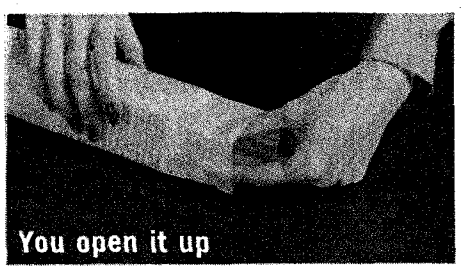

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ANOTHER **SPECTACULAR VALUE** OCT. 15-24

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(*Continued from Page 160*) when it came to him that Athena must be her first name.

"No last name?" he asked.

"Quite a complicated one," she said, "but if you wish it, you may have it. I am the Countess Athena von und zu Hortsendorff-Saxe-Schweringen." And with a slight twist of her body as she sat her horse above him, she held her hand down toward him.

"Come," Cohill chuckled. "A circus billing? That name? Whatever it was you said it was?"

She drew her underlip briefly between her teeth, and her eyes widened slightly. "You can be a very insolent man," she told him, "but you will still acknowledge my hand."

He raised his own hand to hers then, and she placed her fingers upon his glove. He bowed slightly, watching her eyes. "Not a circus billing," she said coldly. "My husband was Rittmeister, the Count Paul of Hortsendorff-Saxe-Schweringen, the king of Württemberg's own household hussars." She pronounced it "hutzars." "Aide-de-camp to his majesty."

"I was extremely rude, it seems then," Cohill said in apology, "for which I am sorry."

"Don't be," she tossed her head in a gesture of derision. "The count was compelled to resign his commission for marrying a circus rider. I was quite beneath the necessary social requirements for a household officer's wife, I assure you. And not nearly fat enough."

"First," Cohill said, "you try to come it over me for no good reason, then you seem to deride yourself. Why do you do that? First the one false pose, then the other?"

It put her at no loss. She answered him at once. "Because in spite of my present clothing of performer's tights you got out into the road to pay me a gentleman's courtesy," she said evenly. "So I gave you a countess in return," she smiled. "That was the least I could do. Then you threw me away for a mountebank. So I admitted that I was—to embarrass you for my own embarrassment. Are we even?"

Cohill frowned. "I have no skill at small talk—but if I may attempt a compliment"—and his frown twisted into a slight smile—"I might say that the count—is a most fortunate man."

"You would be very wrong then," she said solemnly. "For he was a most unfortunate man. He sold his sword to Inigo Barras. The count was executed by firing squad in Guadalajara two years ago." Then an expression shadowed her eyes that she did not wish him to see, for she turned quickly from him. "Good day to you, sir," and with slight pressure of her left leg, she turned the Arab's head, stretching the horse in full gallop at once up the road in the direction of the Presidio, leaving Cohill standing in a maelstrom of dust.

Under the ramada of headquarters at the Presidio, Cohill stripped the elkskin case from his scabbarded saber, hooked the weapon in to report; he knocked and opened the door marked ADJUTANT. The office was empty—but only for a moment before an inner door opened abruptly on a shrieking hinge, and an iron-gray colonel of cavalry with a fistful of papers stepped out. He stopped short in utter disbelief. "Cohill! Bless my soul!"

MacClendon Alshard, the old 1st Squadron commander in Cohill's early days with the 2nd, had been made commander of the regiment at a bare forty years of age. Cohill said, "Colonel Alshard!" and deep pleasure livened his solemn face.

Alshard dropped the papers, slapped them down hard on his adjutant's desk. "Where in blazes have you dropped from, Cohill?" and he half-circled about Flint as if to turn him with his hands. "But the whole survey party was reported to have been murdered along the Columbia's headwaters!"

"I got out alive," Cohill said, "with one Modoc guide. I have the personal papers of the three other officers—and the consolidated reports that come to nothing but failure and disaster, unfortunately, sir."

Colonel Alshard nodded. "You come to the right place. We specialize in bad news here."

"I saw last night's newspaper. Have you the Second Cavalry casualty lists yet, sir?"

"No," Alshard said. "I have only the barest word so far—that the newspapers have carried. No official notification. Come in, Cohill," and he indicated the door to his inner office, pulling it to after them as they went through. He indicated a chair for Cohill, dropped heavily into one himself, offered cigars, flagged out the match and sat for a moment in the blue haze of tobacco smoke. "I suppose you are in transit to report back to the Second?"

"That is how my orders read, sir. From the agent officer in Portland—endorsed to the commanding officer, the Presidio of San Francisco—for transportation east to Fort Starke."

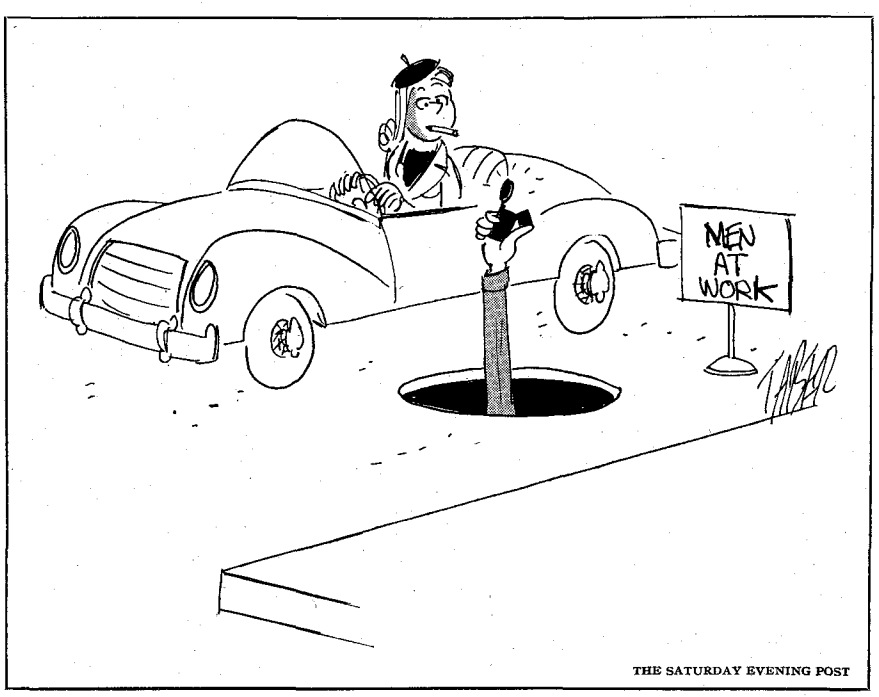
Colonel Alshard leaned back in his chair, stretching his booted legs straight out before him. "I wish I had never left the regiment," he said devoutly. "That was straight-line living—when the Civilians War of '61–'65 ended," he smiled, "and the frontier fighting had to begin again after a four-year hiatus. Ah, well, the job goes on—and becomes more complicated. But at least we try to make a country with the scant tools they give us." He drew in his legs, stood up and crossed to the wall map of the Department of California and the empty reaches of the raw New Mexico Territory beyond the Rio Colorado. "The trouble began out here when they made California a state—isolated from the rest of the states by this vast empty stretch of territory between."

To the east of the great spine of the Sierra Nevada, he ran his finger down the north-south trace of the Colorado River through the Arizona country from the Grand Canyon to its mouth in Mexican territory. "From out here on the coast, the river is our only feasible port of entry to the Western territory that we are now beginning to call Arizona. We use the Mexican mouth of the river to come in by, under our Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo—with Mexico." Alshard smiled faintly. "The men call it Blood River, but if the historians were fair, Cohill, they would rename the Colorado 'Lieutenants River.' Lieutenant Couts first went through to Yuma right after the Mexican War and on out to San Diego, on the coast south of here. Lieutenant Whipple explored the river in 1854—for a railway route along the thirty-fifth parallel. In 1857 and '58 Lieutenant Joseph Yves navigated four hundred and twenty-five miles of its length in a portable steamboat shipped in pieces from Philadelphia. Lieutenant Tipton commanded his escort. Two of my lieutenants commanded the two small garrisons—at Fort Yuma and Fort Mojave now." He frowned slightly. "If we still have those two garrisons."

He put a finger on Fort Yuma, about seventy bird-flown miles north of the Colorado's delta on the gulf. Then he put his finger on Fort Mojave, a good two hundred and fifty river miles upstream of Fort Yuma. "We supply and relieve these two posts by ships out of San Francisco—sailing around Baja California and up the gulf and transshipping to river steamers. It's a long sea haul, but the troops are at least not desert-beaten on arrival. Standing orders," the colonel nodded to the map, "call for a monthly courier overland to me from both Mojave and Yuma. It is confidential to you that as of today both couriers are sixty-seven days overdue, and last month's trace couriers are unreported. Telegraph has been almost continually out since the Apache became active again." He was not complaining—there was no faint note of frustration in his voice.

"This expedition"—Cohill looked in tentative question at the colonel—"loading at Meiggs Wharf, sir?"

Colonel Alshard's face clenched in sudden dark anger, and he made a visible effort at control, wiping his hand heavily across his nose and mouth. "It's not an expedition in any sense I ever heard of. It's an undisciplined rabble armed and fed by Government surplus. This Rutherford Bentinck is an ex-United States senator, former member of the Army Committee and appointive governor now to Western New Mexico Territory—whatever that may turn out to be when he gets there." It was obvious to Cohill that Colonel Alshard was choosing his words carefully against an impulse to be bitterly critical. "What earthly political cabal induced Congress to authorize this colonizing expedition in threatening times like these is more than I know. Furthermore, Bentinck operates under exempted orders. Under direct authority from Washington, that is. Which means that I cannot touch him. As department commander I cannot prevent his expedition's going into the Colorado country. My garrison lieutenants cannot control him after he gets there. I am constrained by covering orders to co-operate to the fullest if Bentinck requests me to. Outside of that I cannot touch him." Alshard opened both his hands across his knees to relieve his tension, then he clenched them into fists and buffeted his knees sharply once. "I need not tell you, Cohill, what an intolerable position this is for a commander to find himself in."



Watching the colonel, Cohill felt the older man's righteous indignation as if it were an odor in the nostrils.

"I have, however," Alshard said, "put the relief detachment for the Colorado River garrisons aboard his ships—to his deep resentment. But the law allows me the right of commandeer for troop passage aboard any ship leaving for the Colorado—so I took that right. For it was all I had."

It was instinctive to Cohill that he realized that Colonel Alshard as an Army officer had gone as far in his critical attitude as he was going to go. But instinctively he knew also that there was more to it. For a brief second he toyed with the idea of attempting to lead the colonel on into the rest of it.

Then surprisingly Alshard said, "But that is not all of the story. The rest is educated guesswork with no fact to rest a premise on. Does the name of Inigo Barras mean anything to you? Sometimes called General Barras?"

Cohill moved a leg slightly. The name did mean something, and yet again it didn't. Then suddenly it did. *He sold his sword to Inigo Barras. My husband was executed by firing squad in Guadalajara two years ago.*

There was a knock upon the office door. It was the post contract surgeon, Doctor de Canova, a bent-shouldered, gangling figure with extremely thick lenses in his spectacles. "In preparing Lieutenant Haight's body for burial ——"

"Doing what?" Alshard flung himself full around. "Haight's dead?"

"As dead as he'll ever be, colonel. I think you should see the body."

Alshard reached for his kepi. "Come along," he said to Cohill.

The post hospital was a two-room picket-board structure set up diagonally across from quartermaster stores. They went through to the back. Lieutenant Haight's body was sheeted on the wooden operating table, his boots and uniform piled on the floor beside. De Canova moved to the head. "The skull," he said, "is depressed with a basal fracture—but that did not cause death. This stab wound did." De Canova folded the sheet down to disclose the upper abdomen. With *rigor mortis* advancing, the chest cave had arched slightly, depressing the graying flesh below. There was a dried smear of blood under the lower rib on the left side and, as the doctor touched the stiffening flesh between thumb and forefinger, the lips of a tiny wound opened. "I went in," the doctor said reaching to an instrument tray and holding up a crusted probe. "The wound is about seven inches deep. It pierced the lung diagonally and struck into a heart ventricle."

"Never mind the medical jargon. Say it, de Canova."

"Stiletto, I believe, sir. Stabbed in, by an upthrust."

"You're saying murder?"

The doctor shrugged. "That is a legal expression—not medical."

Back in his own office again Colonel Alshard (*Continued on Page 164*)

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(*Continued from Page 162*) closed his door and paced back and forth slowly in contained agitation; then he sat down and faced Cohill, evidently having come to a decision.

"Cohill," he said, "I am not putting you into a dead man's boots, for from the moment you walked in on me you were the man, not Haight. But Haight was the only available officer I had—until you reported. Young and inexperienced—but the others are too old and inactive. Had Haight lived, it would still be you."

Cohill raised his head sharply and stared for a moment at the colonel. He felt a cold, defensive reaction rise in his mind—which he put down at once, for never in his service had he asked for an assignment for personal reasons, nor begged off one.

"You will take command of Haight's detachment on the *Clan Cameron*," Alshard said, "with orders to relieve the Colorado River garrisons at Fort Yuma and Fort Mojave. My adjutant will give you all the administrative details—and endorse your present orders for this temporary duty en route to rejoin your regiment."

In the brief moment that he sat immobile before acknowledging the order, Cohill had the quick animal reaction of feeling trapped. Then quite shockingly it came to him that Alshard was a man who was also trapped in a very tangible fashion. He was meeting his obligations with the incisive mind that had raised him to eagles well on the sunny side of fifty, but detesting the limitations that prevented him from doing the job in the manner with which he felt it should be done, and that forced him to cut corners.

Cohill stood up. Knuckles on the closed door caught his "Yes, sir" before he could say it, and the door opened to a stoutish civilian well into his sixties. Firmly belted under a dropped stomach, he held out his hand to the colonel in greeting, his painfully mottled face wrinkled in a jovial grin.

Alshard said, "Good morning, marshal," and they shook hands. "This is Lieutenant Cohill. Mr. Eudaley is the United States marshal in San Francisco, Cohill."

"How do," Eudaley said and stood quite patiently waiting for Cohill to leave, studying him with mild question in his old eyes, looking from him to Alshard again. "Young Haight," Alshard said quietly, "was done to death on Meiggs Wharf earlier this morning. Mister Cohill is taking over his command."

Eudaley squinched his lips together and whistled air softly. He turned his head then and gave Cohill an appraising glance. Alshard and the marshal sat for a moment watching each other's eyes, each in silent consideration of things that had obviously been discussed before between them. After a moment the marshal struck both flat hands softly to the top of his thighs.

"I won't say Inigo Barras isn't in San Francisco," he said heavily, "but if he is, I can't find him. I ran down both my informers' stories—and mark you they both want to kill Barras for running out on them at Guadalajara; so if they could find him for me or themselves they would. They can't, for all they have is rumor. How much have you told Cohill?"

"I had just started."

"I know how you started, too," Marshal Eudaley smiled. "Army fashion. I'll tell it police fashion. Mister"—he tapped Cohill's knee—"you've bought yourself a miserable job. This Bentinck is no good. Official as all heck and operating out here with Government authority—but no good to himself, to his friends or to the United States."

Cohill watched the older man. "It reads like this in the record," Eudaley said. "Two years ago this Rutherford Bentinck was sent by the Senate down to Mexico as chairman of the United States Neutrality Commission. Down there he met Inigo Barras, the filibuster. Some say saved him from execution. After that Bentinck got suddenly rich—overnight. Sailor rich. He spent money in Washington like just off a ship. It's my bet that the money was Inigo Barras' Mexican loot, and that it helped lobby up this expedition—for more loot. Barras is worse than no good. He's a cutthroat, screaming that God justifies him in all his acts. Now come to the present facts. Bentinck, with this expedition, arrives here in force, you might say. And there is a strong rumor that Barras is here in San Francisco too. But it ain't rumor that what's left of Inigo Barras' Legion of Liberation—under their blasted blue Southern Cross flag—is still robbing and pillaging in northern Sonora, and that the senator's goin' down there into the Colorado country with a hundred roustabout colonists scraped up from gutters in the East, surplus supplies for a small army, and a territorial, no-good, recruit militia company commanded by an earringed gypsy drunk."

Cohill sat quietly waiting for the marshal to go on. The marshal said, "Colonel Mac here can't stop it because Washington has tied his hands. But mebbe I can. Give me the full word on young Haight's death and mebbe I can hold a murderer—with the rest of the expedition as accessories. Least I'll try."

It had been in Cohill's mind since it happened—lying in loose pieces until Doctor de Canova had pinched his fingers to that tiny wound in Haight's upper abdomen. It didn't quite come together then, but it sure did now. "That militia fatigue detail was in stable coveralls and undershirts," he said. "Haight was in his blue uniform blouse—the only one in blue. I saw him struck down first, on top of the cargo pile. A civilian workman struck him and went down on top of him, still pummeling. Man had a red sweat rag around his neck. Line up the civilians and pick out the red neck rags. Search those men—for thin knives with stiletto blades. The man who has one ——"

Rudolf Snavely, the adjutant, was a sixty-three-year-old, silver-buttoned store keeper captain with the channels of his mind cut inexorably in routine, frozen to the Army system like wheel ruts in the winter Dakota country. Under a rotation system the relief platoon for the Colorado was the second platoon of the Presidio's own garrison troop, already detached under Lieutenant Haight and at present building stalls for their mounts in the 'tween decks aboard the *Clan Cameron*. The other regular cavalry troop in the entire California Department was already in one platoon garrison at Fort Yuma and one platoon garrison at Fort Mojave.

The operating procedure was that Yuma was relieved by the fresh troops. The Yuma garrison then moved upstream and relieved Mojave. The Mojave garrison went back downriver and out by ocean ship to San Francisco. Simple enough on paper, but the actual fact was that because of low appropriations and a remoteness from a practical concept of the problem by Washington, the whole thing was a tacit admission that there were pitifully few trained soldiers for the thousands of square miles of territory that the Army was required to control.

With the administrative picture well in his mind by one o'clock, Cohill was getting ready to take off for Meiggs Wharf when Colonel Alshard sent for him. "Two things, Cohill. Marshal Eudaley is certain, and I cannot overlook the possibility, that Haight's murder may have been deliberate to deprive the relief detachment of its only officer. Therefore I want you to carry a pocket gun here in San Francisco. This is the other item," and he reached to his desk top for a book—the *Manual of Courts-Martial of the United States Army, Code of 1806*. For a moment he passed a hand across the binding. "This is a valuable book. The over-all rule is that you can lose your commission or save it—by this book alone. You live with this—and by it—from now on," and he handed him the manual. "I'm safe in saying Mrs. Alshard will expect you for dinner this evening. You were always her pet junior in the old days at Fort Starke. Senator Bentinck and his spangled circus rider are dining with us."

Cohill glanced sharply at the colonel's eyes. Alshard met Cohill's glance evenly. "There is a rumor," he said, "that they are to be married, before they sail," and there was slight emphasis on the word "married." Cohill felt a twist of anger tighten within him—anger, incredibly, at the girl.

There being no mount available for him, Cohill arranged to go back to Meiggs Wharf on the two-o'clock post diligence to San Francisco, stopping first at Wells Fargo's Bank in town to deposit the Presidio paymaster's draft to him for $2257 for back pay and allowances due him while he was detached and reported missing.

In the diligence with the courts-martial manual on his lap Cohill noticed an odd thing. Casually glancing over the book, he held the board ends between each hand; the manual fell open naturally to the "Sixtieth Article of War." For some reason that he was never able to explain to himself, he closed the book again tightly, tapped his knee with it and let it fall open again. Again it opened at "Sixtieth Article of War."

Persons Subject to Military Law—All retainers to the camp and all persons accompanying or serving with the Armies of the United States in the field both within and without the territorial jurisdiction of the United States.

For the third time he tried it. He closed the book, and it opened again to the Sixtieth. It was obvious that someone before him had been studying that article. Had left the book face downward with the pages turned to it. Forced the binding slightly at the Sixtieth. It was Cohill's conclusion that the person who had been studying it was Colonel Alshard.

At the Wells Fargo Bank, Cohill got down and went in with his draft. He opened an account with it and drew $200 in cash for his pocket against the purchase of a horse and equipment. Stepping back from the counter, his head bent slightly as he started to put the bills into his leather pocketbook, his spurred heel struck sharply into a man's foot. "I beg your pardon," he said and looked up into a face so pure black that shadowed light in the offices gave the flesh a sheen of irridescent blue—like the sheen of gun metal. But it was not Negroid of feature. The man's lips were as thin as Cohill's, his nose prominent and well arched, his jaw cleanly cut.

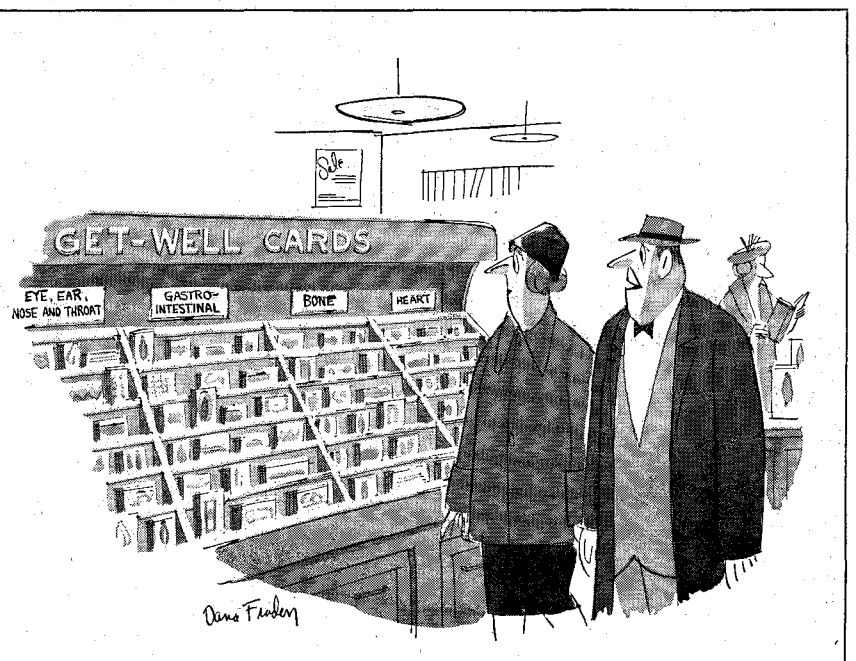
He raised his broad-brimmed planter's straw, held it a few inches above and to the right of his head in a gracious gesture and bowed slightly. "Your pardon, sir," he said. "Ramillies Moktir—secretary to Senator Rutherford Bentinck."

Cohill nodded and moved beyond the man, his pocketbook still in hand, the $200 halfway in it. As he pushed the bills home he heard the black man say to the counter clerk behind him, "I have a draft for withdrawal signed by Inigo Barras and a covering letter of identification by safe hand from Senator Bentinck."

Then someone pushed between them, and Cohill was too far away to hear the clerk's answering words. He turned, went thoughtfully out into the street and hailed an empty hackney to take him down to Meiggs Wharf.

The loading operations were in full swing with a gang on the *Amos Orr* and a gang on the foredeck of the *Clan Cameron* loading cargo at the open hatches. The *Isthmian Queen* and the *Hastings* on the opposite side of the wharf were riding high in the water—almost empty now—and the cargo dump on the dock was considerably depleted since morning. Cohill went on board the *Clan Cameron* to locate his platoon's work party, he stood for a moment at the top of the gangplank. He heard a throat cleared heavily, and it was Cohill's momentary impression that it was done to attract him. He looked up.

The man at the rail above him wore an impeccably tailored frock coat of dove-gray cloth with a narrow, black velvet collar. He held his right arm slanted out from his shoulder, the hand cupping the knob of an ebony stick. The effect of the posture was (*Continued on Page 166*)



"I guess in this age of specialization it was bound to happen."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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New...The Most Trustworthy Napkin Ever Created

- New... a magic channel of protection you can trust
- New... a discreet deodorant you can trust

Modess ... because

ANOTHER SPECTACULAR VALUE OCT. 15-24

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(*Continued from Page 164*) theatrical, as if he had consciously posed himself for a portrait photograph. The man's snowy linen ruffed heavily above his canary waistcoat, and the wings of his collar pressed high up along his gaunt, gray jaws. He held his head high, giving a slightly grotesque thrust-up effect to his chin. He stood ramrod straight, as if he were drawing his whole body upward from the trousers straps beneath the instep of his varnished boots.

Then he made a direct effort to hold Cohill. "Yes, sir?" His voice held a heavy resonance. "My respects. You are looking for someone aboard? Possibly I may help you?"

"Compliments, sir. For the platoon from the Presidio," Cohill told him. "I command it—vice Lieutenant Haight," and Cohill gave his name.

"I am Senator Rutherford Bentinck. Your platoon marched off about twenty minutes ago. Cohill? What Cohill would that be? There was a General Cohill——"

"My father, sir. He died four years ago."

"But I knew him well, sir! I knew him well. Come aboard, sir. Come below with me. It will be an honor to raise a sundown glass with you, Mr. Cohill."

Cohill hesitated. He had a distinct conviction that all of it was a satin effort to draw him in, that as Haight's replacement he was being looked over. He decided to do some looking himself. So he crossed to the quarter-deck ladder and scrambled up. His impression from below had been that Bentinck was a tall man, for the rail had reached to his hips only. With some surprise he saw now that Bentinck was under what is considered medium height. This fact gave a touch of the ridiculous to his entire dress and manner. "Precede me, sir," the senator said and indicated the companionway with a flick of his stick; and not until Cohill turned to go down did he step from the raised grating.

The after bulkhead was arched at the foot of the steps, with doors to close the arch. They were open, so that when Cohill reached the deck below he could see the entire stern cabin spread before him, lighted by the afternoon sun blazing upward from the bay waters.

The senator remained a step up the companion behind Cohill, motioning him into the cabin, to a chair. And when Cohill was seated he came hurriedly down and sat at once as if again to give denial to his short stature. "A brigadier general of volunteers myself, sir—during the War of the Rebellion," he said pompously. "In my extreme youth—a captain of the great Garibaldi's at Casale and the Ticino crossing. I, too"—and he smiled in evident satisfaction—"might well call myself a soldier. Shall we drink to the Army?" He beat a sudden staccato tattoo on the tabletop with a heavy seal ring, calling, "Ram! Ram!"

A door closed somewhere to port in the thwartship passage, and there was the sound of footsteps. A moment later a door opened into the stern cabin, and the black man of Wells Fargo came in from the pantry beyond. He was in dark alpaca trousers now, bareheaded, wearing a white, high-necked West Indian serving coat. He inclined his head with a slight smile. He brought two heavy broad-based ship decanters from the buffet—then glasses, heavy linen napkins, lime juice in a mottled opal-glass bottle and a shallow silver bowl of shelled pecans. Serving Cohill, he said pleasantly to him, "Secretary to the senator—or steward, as the situation dictates."

The glasses filled, the senator raised his. "To the Army, sir. Bentinck's eyes fascinated Cohill. They were of so light a blue that they gave a first impression of affliction. Heavily browed, they dominated whatever he turned them on. In his early fifties apparently, the senator carried not an ounce of superfluous flesh, and his hands still moved under the tanned muscle pads of youth. The urban formality of his clothing gave the lie to the animality of his whole lithe body.

Cohill acknowledged the toast, and they drank. The senator seemed to be considering a personal thought for a moment. Then he raised his napkin, wiped his lips delicately, looked pointedly at his man Ramillies for a moment, then said, "How is General Barras?"

Cohill had the absurd impression that the question was asked only for his own reaction, not for Moktir's. He glanced at the black man and had a convincing feeling that there was a look of surprised question in Moktir's eyes.

"Mr. Cohill," the senator said pointedly to his man, "is the son of an old friend of mine, Ram, General Cohill—in Washington during my Army Committee days." Ram nodded courteously to Cohill. "Inigo Barras," the senator said, "is an old friend, traveling with us—indisposed at present with illness." Bentinck looked sharply up at his man. "I suggest you take care of General Barras right now, Ram." Ramillies Moktir hesitated a moment, then nodded and left the cabin.

"I was shocked at young Haight's death this morning, sir," the senator said. "So you replace him?"

"That I do."

"I make no pretense of not resenting this exercise of commandeer on my colonizing expedition, sir!"

"Of that," Cohill said, "I have no part."

"It crowds our facilities abominably."

Cohill said nothing, for there was a sudden unreasoning feeling of outrage upon him at the thought of this little popinjay of a man and the slender dignity of 'Theena. There was complete incomprehension why he should elide her name to 'Theena in his mind. He wanted to get out of the cabin; he grasped the arms of the chair to rise.

"But better luck to you, sir, than to poor Haight. Come, let me fill your glass again?" Bentinck reached for a decanter.

"Thank you, no." Cohill stood up, and he knew he did it to make the smaller man come to his feet in courtesy. You have been most hospitable," and he reached for his kepi. The gloved fingers of his left hand had not quite touched it when a shot thundered down from the cross passage. The sharp, blatting impact, rolling at once into the full-throated echo of a heavy-caliber gunshot, bound, compressed, seeking outlet by racketing along the ship's bulkheads.

The senator's arm reached out quickly. His wiry fingers closed on Cohill's wrist in an iron clasp. He half rose from his chair. "Good heavens, no," he breathed. "Ramillies!" There was a sound of running footsteps, and the pantry door opened to his secretary-servant. "Was it from his cabin? Has the general finally done it?"

For a moment the two white men and the black stood there, their eyes in surprised shock, the senator still retaining Cohill's wrist. "I don't know, sir." Then Moktir stepped to the arched entrance as if listening to the complete absence of sound now in the passageway. The senator sprang after him, compelling Cohill to move with him until Cohill angrily pried Bentinck's prehensile fingers from his wrist. Moktir was ahead of them, stepping softly down the passage to port. Gingerly he put his fingers to an unlatched cabin door and pushed it open slowly.

A man's body lay jammed in the far corner of the cabin where the heavy shot had flung it backward from a now overturned stool, the face hidden by the arch of torso to which the reflex of the legs had forced the spine. An acrid haze of gun smoke skeined above. A forty-one-caliber derringer lay beside the body in the shattered shards of a cup and saucer, and a greasy stain of liquid, spotted with cooked gobbets of barley. Then a ghastly thing happened. From reflex or some slight movement of the moored ship, the body relaxed its corded tension, gave slowly and sank in upon itself, settling down from its arched posture of exquisite agony, so that Cohill could see the shattered face and head.

The senator pressed Cohill back gently, closed the door. "We have witnessed the final chapter of General Inigo Barras," he said solemnly. "Poor, thwarted devil."

There were footsteps on the deck above, then on the companionway—two of the ship's officers. The senator said, "I won't detain you, Mr. Cohill. You have duties, no doubt. There will be an investigation probably. If we have to call you——"

Then it was that the full conviction struck him that he had been deliberately euchred in as a seeming witness. So strong was the conviction that the false note rang like a bell. You cannot forecast suicide—but you can time murder. He bowed coolly to Bentinck. "You cannot qualify me," he said, "for I saw nothing of this," and he climbed back up and left the ship.

When he reached his temporary quarters at the Presidio he could hear distantly the three volleys fired over Haight's grave and the haunting echo of taps on the *C* trumpet coming down from the post cemetery on the hill rise by Fort Point as the sun went down.

TO BE CONTINUED

... ...

Take the Rap

By Berton Braley

Opportunity knocked
With a mighty clout,
But the falling tenpins
Drowned it out.

It rapped again
And the knock was clear,
But the jukebox made it
Hard to hear.

"Opportunity knocks
But once?" That's wrong,
It keeps on rapping
Your whole life long

To offer chances
Golden, glistening;
But you gotta be looking,
You gotta be listening.

... ...

Every Bride is Beautiful

(Continued from Page 46)

"She is. Andrew, just take a look at her. See the way he can't take his eyes off her?"

"She's beautiful to him," Mr. Wallace conceded. "That's only logical. Or rather, biological. As a matter of fact——"

"Fact," Mrs. Wallace interrupted, "and logic, pooh! It isn't any of those things. It's lovely and touching and *sweet*, that's what it is. He's saying to her, 'I chose you, above all others. . . .'" Mrs. Wallace's voice rose slightly. "He's saying, in effect, 'I chose *you*, and before the whole world.'"

"Now, now." Mr. Wallace looked around uneasily. "Now, Marge."

"It's his one great moment of choice," she went on.

"You're getting fanciful," Mr. Wallace said.

"No. It's true. And if you can't see that, Andrew Wallace, you just don't have romantic feelings."

"I don't?" He was instantly aggrieved. "I don't have romantic feelings?"

Mrs. Wallace shook her head sadly.

"That's a fine thing to say," he protested. "Look here, Marge, don't I always remember our anniversary?"

"No."

"I do too!"

"You forgot our third, eleventh and fifteenth."

While Mr. Wallace went into mild masculine shock at this new proof of women's total recall, the waiter refilled the two glasses at Mrs. Wallace's place.

Mr. Wallace failed to notice.

"Marge, those times you've been ill," he began his defense, "and had to have the doctor, haven't I worried about you?"

"Yes, you have, Andrew."

"And every single Mother's Day, haven't I bought you a two-pound box of Blum's candy?"

"But I"—Mrs. Wallace sipped champagne daintily—"am not your mother."

He brooded briefly, then brought up another point. "At home, the minute I get up, I make the coffee. And, Marge, I always bring you the first cup."

"That's romantic?" Mrs. Wallace wanted to know.

"Well, for heaven's sake!" Mr. Wallace lost patience. "What do you want that early in the morning—flowers?"

She giggled. "Yes. One—perfect—rose."

"Stop joking."

"All right." Mrs. Wallace was cheerful. "Let's forget I said you weren't romantic and just drink champagne."

"No, Marge. You made an accusation. I intend to show you, with logic and facts, how mistaken you are."

Unhappily he buttered his toast. While he was about it he buttered hers too.

"I got us a yellow sports car for this trip," he reminded his wife, "only because you wanted it. Marge, I even"—he paused to stress this—"I even drive the car with the top down."

"That's romantic?" she asked again.

"Well, I certainly wouldn't do it for myself! My hat keeps blowing off."

"Andrew, dear, that's because you insist upon wearing your Homburg."

Mr. Wallace got indignant all over again. "My (*Continued on Page 168*)

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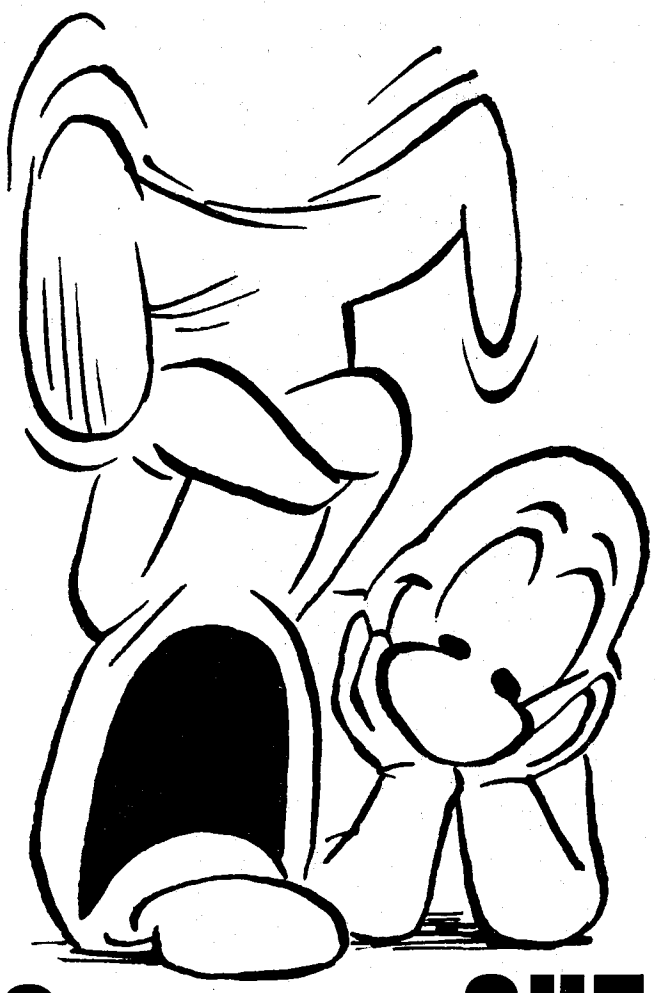

HOW TO STAND OUT IN THE CROWD

Well, you can always stand on your head.

And you can, if you wish, make your advertising stand out the same way:—print it upside down, maybe even run the commercial backwards.

But a better way is to locate in a busy place where lots of people pass back and forth every day. *A place where they can't miss you.*

And the POST's pages are the busiest marketplace in America; they hum with reader activity.

With good reason. Each week POST editors light another fire that makes the others just a little paler by comparison. And each week POST readers jump to it with rekindled enthusiasm for POST fiction, fact, and humor.

Here's where advertisers strike sparks. In the POST they meet—face to face—readers who are hitting the high-income road. They already have the highest median income of any group of readers in the general weekly field.

Their higher income helps explain why they so often are first to buy and try the new, after reading about it in the POST.

There are sound reasons for POST readers' active interests and buying habits:

- They're younger men and women; median age, 34 years. And being young, they get around more, influencing people on every social and spending level.
- But most important, *they talk about and recommend the things they've turned up in or bought through The Saturday Evening Post.*

It's because POST readers are what they are—head and shoulders above the rest in word-of-mouth influence—that they are called POST INFLUENTIALS.

They're standouts in any crowd.

And the best way to reach them is in the lively pages of the magazine they turn to again and again—with such *frequency* that your ad page is exposed directly before their eyes more than 29 million times each issue.

If your advertisement appears in this issue of the POST, it is selling your product *faster* . . . getting it talked about *everywhere !*

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Saturday Evening POST

the HI-FREQUENCY medium

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(*Continued from Page 166*) hats have always been Homburgs; I'm not going to change now! I suppose I'd be considered romantic if I wore a beret?" Momentarily his voice failed him. "And after that, Marge, know the next thing you'd want?"

"Wha-at would I want next?" Her words were just faintly blurred.

"One of those crazy voom-voom caps on me, that's what! And then you'd want me to get a crew haircut!"

Mrs. Wallace chuckled happily at the absurd fancy of her conventional husband so accoutered. After one stern moment he had to smile back at her.

"Drink your orange juice," he said. "Vitamin C."

He watched the young newlyweds, now posing proudly for a photographer, and winced vicariously when the flash bulbs flared.

"Public display?" Mr. Wallace asked of Mrs. Wallace. "That what you women want? Like that poor groom over there?"

Mrs. Wallace looked, and her eyes got misty. "He's so gal-lánt," she breathed, "and s-so in love."

"He's bemused," Mr. Wallace declared. "Marge, you can't go through life like that. What about the prosaic details of a man earning a living, keeping two boys in school, paying off a house—and now a sports car, for heaven's sake, and taking his wife on a trip, and ——"

"Andrew, I was-sn't, wasn't complaining."

He refused comfort. "Just because," he pouted, "I don't make a great big production —— Look, Marge, things change ——"

"Before we were married," Mrs. Wallace remembered suddenly, "you used to say that if you could just pick me up and take me home with you ——"

"Marge!"

"You did. And you said if you could just ——"

"Marge!" His voice was stern. "What if someone should hear you?"

"I wouldn't care!" She made a lavish gesture and then a neat recovery of a falling champagne glass. "Anyhow, I didn't s-say you weren't thoughtful, Andrew. What I meant was-s something—oh, something gay; reckless. Devil-may-care!"

"Me?" Mr. Wallace cried out. "I?"

Mrs. Wallace just looked at him wishfully and wistfully.

"Reckless!" Mr. Wallace expostulated. "And *daring?* For heaven's sake, Marge, you want me on a white horse, charging around?"

She entered the game happily. "Yes! Slaying dragons, one right after another. Andy, go slay me a dragon?"

Mr. Wallace reached for the last piece of toast. Meticulously he cut it in two and put half on her plate.

"My dear Marge." He had recovered his equanimity. "Marge, I promise you I will dispatch—for you—the very next dragon that comes through that door."

"You would too," she agreed. "I know that—deep down. But oh, Andrew," she added mournfully, "you'd do it so matter-of-factly—the slaying, I mean—and wearing your Homburg hat; and you'd make sure to do it quietly, so that no one would notice." She hiccuped gently.

"Marge!"

"I know. Mus-s-n't—mus-st not make a public display. I don't care. I feel all romantic, and glowy, and ——"

"That's the champagne. How many glasses ——"

"Who's counting?" she asked with great dignity.

An excited shout went up from the bridal table, and Mrs. Wallace craned to see. "Oh, look, Andrew, they're getting ready to leave, my little bride and groom. Oh, we must see them off." She rose.

"But I want some hot coffee!"

"And get me some rice to throw."

"But you haven't eaten a thing. We have to pay for it, you know. Marge?" His voice got husbandly plaintive. "Marge, why won't you do what I tell you to?"

"Maybe the waiter can get you some rice, dear," she called back to him as she hurried after the wedding party. "I'll meet you—out in front. . . ."

With the flurry of drinking the last of his cold coffee, signaling the waiter for the check, picking up the tour map and his wife's forgotten gloves, then tipping the waiter again for a handful of rice, Mr. Wallace was complaining loudly by the time he caught up with Mrs. Wallace.

"You must throw some rice too," Mrs. Wallace insisted. "It's lucky." She pulled him along toward the gaily bedecked bridal car.

When Mr. Wallace saw the light blue car and what had been done to it, he groaned aloud on the groom's behalf. "They've lipsticked it! Aren't tin cans, old shoes, and a silly JUST MARRIED sign enough these days?" he demanded of his wife. "Do they have to write all over the poor guy's car with lipstick?" He shook his head. "He'll never get it off."

"Sh—sh," Mrs. Wallace soothed. "Perhaps he's not as fussy about car polish as you are. Anyhow, they're just cute sayings, Andrew, not naughty ones. And red hearts for ——"

America still is the land of opportunity for any man who can invent a new way for people to do nothing.

O. A. BATTISTA

"I know," Mr. Wallace grunted, "for romance."

A few newly arrived restaurant patrons joined the semicircle; the waiter and the maître d'hôtel came out to watch.

"Look, Andrew," Mrs. Wallace's cheeks were pink, "the bride's going to toss her bouquet."

Someone shouted, "And away they go. . . ."

"Oh, good luck to you!" Mrs. Wallace said, throwing her half handful of rice with gay abandon.

In a blare of horns and a whine of tires the newlyweds took off. Two other cars dug out discordantly and sped after them in happy pursuit. The other wedding guests took a more leisurely departure, while the small crowd of onlookers began to disperse.

"Well, that's that." Mr. Wallace was brisk. "Now can we start north? We've a hundred and seventy miles to go yet, and I want to stop for gasoline. . . . Marge?"

"Oh, And-rew—it was s-so *sweet*."

"Look here, Marge, are you crying?"

Marge Wallace was indeed crying; loudly, wholeheartedly. His reaction was instantaneous. "Where do you hurt?"

"No—where. I just—want to—to cry."

Mr. Wallace was shaken. Marge crying? Marge, who wept only at sad movies?

"Why?" he demanded. "What for?"

Mrs. Wallace just looked up at him, and her eyes were big with tears. While he watched helplessly, one huge tear broke loose to roll heartbreakingly down her cheek.

Mr. Wallace exploded. "Darn it all! Be sensible."

Her answer was a soft, "I'm tired of being s-sensible!"

"Really"—Mr. Wallace tried for calmness—"really, for a usually calm woman, for someone grown up ——"

"What's so great," Mrs. Wallace wailed, "about being grown up?"

Mr. Wallace was truly shocked, even unstrung. Because Mrs. Wallace was always the one, at home, who read the psychological bits out of the newspaper. Aloud. Like: "How to Be Well Adjusted." . . . "Facing Reality." And: "How to Be Mature."

"Will you stop bawling, Marge, and tell me what you want?"

"Young again," Marge Wallace sobbed, "and loved—and cherished."

Gruffly he said, "Don't be difficult." But he took his handkerchief and dabbed awkwardly at her face. "Take a big breath," he directed; then, "Blow your nose."

She obeyed, and as quickly as it had blown up the emotional storm subsided. Mrs. Wallace sniffed shakily and said, "My, I must look a sight. Here, Andrew, hold my purse while I find my compact."

Patiently he held the purse while she rummaged. He didn't say his usual things about women's handbags. His worried eyes stayed on her still-tearful face.

"Maybe I left my compact on the table in the inn," she said. "I'll go back for it while you bring the car around."

Mr. Wallace watched his wife go up the steps, and his heart was heavy. Against her tears he had no defense. If she wasn't happy —— If it meant so much to her ——

Mr. Wallace knew what had to be done. He reached into the purse he still clutched and brought out Mrs. Wallace's bright lipstick. He uncapped it and shuddered, and then strode manfully toward the back of his car.

Now Mr. Wallace was not an impulsive man. His success had been due, to a large extent, to his faculty for foreseeing and evaluating consequences. He knew what he was letting himself in for.

And as he marched along, the unsheathed lipstick held like a sword in his hand, it was no wonder he looked Sydney Cartonish; had he but known the proper quotation, he might even have mumbled to himself, "It is a far, far better thing that I do. . . ."

"M-A-R-R-I-E-D" he printed on the smooth, low back of his car—and winced at the flamboyance of glowing scarlet against yellow. Underneath the letters he drew a plump heart, and filled it in redly with neat and careful strokes.

He wielded the lipstick with extravagance, because Mr. Wallace was not a stingy man. When he set out to do anything, even so figurative a thing as throwing his hat over a windmill—which he certainly was doing now—he did it thoroughly. There was a certain dignity about it too. The hat was, after all, a Homburg.

When Mrs. Wallace returned, he was standing by the car door, ready to help her in. He still held her purse. She tucked the compact in it, searched for her lipstick and said companionably, "My, that was a good cry. I feel just wonderful."

"No," Mr. Wallace brooded, "you can't fool me, Marge. You're not happy."

"Why, what a thing to say!" she protested and looked more closely at him. "Andrew, did you have an argument with the parking-lot attendant?"

"I did not."

"Are you about to deliver an ultimatum, Andrew?"

"No!"

"Well, you are wearing your do-or-die look."

"Marge," he said again, "you're not happy."

"I am too." She sifted through the contents of her purse. "I'm the happiest woman I know."

"If you were happy," Mr. Wallace used logic, "you wouldn't have cried."

"For goodness' sake, Andrew, those weren't real tears."

"But I saw them! They were big, and wet, and ——"

"I mean they weren't *sad* tears," she instructed. "Only sad tears are real ones."

He was outraged. "You cried—hard. And you said ——"

Mrs. Wallace giggled. "That was probably the champagne talking. I only drink champagne," she added, as if that explained everything, "because it makes me feel thin. Pounds lighter."

Mr. Wallace made a strangled sound.

She looked up and smiled at him fondly. "Want to know something? You have that effect on me too. Whenever you dare to go into a store and buy me a fancy slip or a nightie, you always get everything a beautiful two sizes too small." She thought a moment. "I think that's very sweet, Andrew. And romantic."

He stared at her in unbelief. "Romantic?"

"Certainly. You're very romantic. Well, look here." She held out her hand. "There's rice even in my purse. Maybe that's what I should have wished for my little new bride."

"Rice?"

"No, silly. That her groom—years from now—will buy her lingerie two sizes too small. Oh, and fix her soft-boiled eggs for her without complaining, and always take her hand whenever they cross a busy street, the way you ——"

"*Now* you tell me," Mr. Wallace groaned. "Now."

"Where did I put my lipstick? Oh, you're holding it. Whatever for?" Mrs. Wallace stopped talking and looked at him with full and serious attention. Wifely intuition took over immediately. "Andrew Wallace, what have you been up to?"

"I? Me?"

"Andrew!"

"I have very deep feelings about you," Mr. Wallace said formally, "whether you know it or not."

"Of course I know it. Didn't I just say ——" With a last, keen look at him, Mrs. Wallace walked around to the back of their car. She regarded the blazoned MARRIED with surprised delight. But she did not laugh.

Mr. Wallace turned his head away as if he couldn't bear to look, but his voice was defiant and loud. "I still choose you. Before the world."

"You did this," Marge Wallace breathed, "for me?"

"Not," Mr. Wallace continued stiffly, "that it's any of the world's business. But if it makes you happy ——"

"Yes. It does. But had you thought," she asked gently, "of the cars that would pass us, on the way to San Francisco?"

Mr. Wallace nodded, his lips set tight.

"They'd honk, probably. They might even think we were *just* married."

There was anguish in his reply. "I—I thought of that."

"And stopping for gasoline. And driving through the city," her voice had awe in it, "and then the—the motel! My goodness, Andrew, you're brave!"

With final stubbornness Mr. Wallace made his point. "Every bride is beautiful," he said sententiously, "to her groom."

"You're a romantic," Mrs. Wallace beamed at him, "a real romantic."

"I told you I was ——"

"Yes, love." She linked her arm in his. "There's tissue in the glove compartment. I'll help you wipe the lipstick off, and you can get your polishing cloth—after all, dear, it's the thought that counts."

And Mr. Wallace leaned over and kissed his wife soundly. Right in front of the world.

THE END

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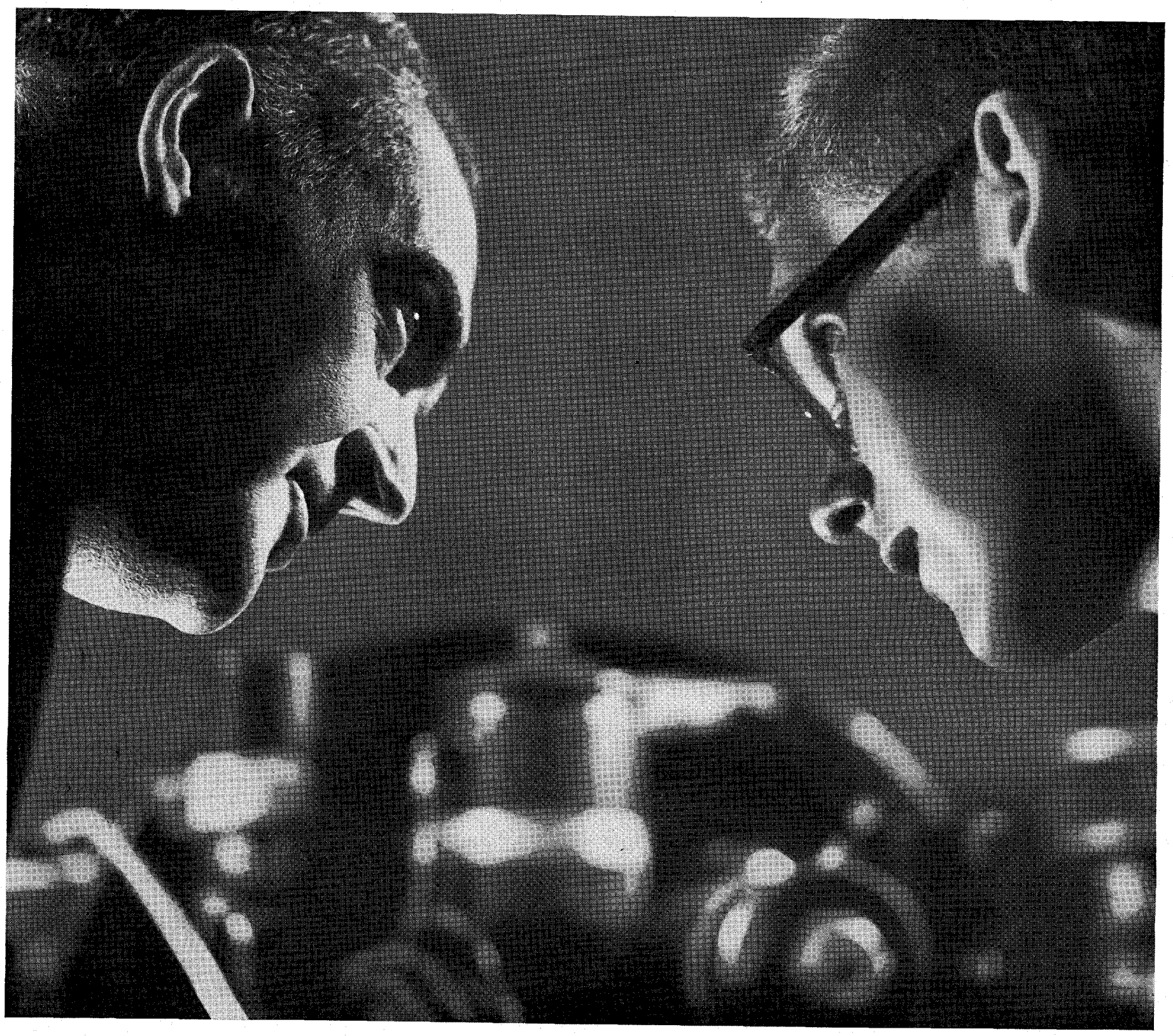

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Papa's Preposterous Project

(Continued from Page 42)

what about it! They're gonna put up a new building on that corner, and they were all set to tear the house down and sell it for salvage when I took it off their hands."

I sat up so quickly the swivel chair whacked me in the back. "You took it—off their—hands?"

"Yep," papa said proudly, drawing triangles inside the triangles. "I said I'd buy the house and move it myself. They wanted two thousand dollars for it, but I got 'em down to twelve hundred dollars—cash."

I opened my mouth to protest, but papa wasn't listening.

"Now, sonny, you don't want that house torn down any more than I do. It's—it's symbolic. Your mother and I spent our first happy months of married life in that little house. Why, that's where your own sister Beatrice was—was"—his modesty checked him—"was decided on." He looked up from his scribbles. "You can write me out a check for twelve hundred dollars and I'll start makin' the arrangements to move it. It's gotta be off the lot by Saturday."

"You don't know the first thing about moving a house, papa," I said, stalling for time. "And where in heaven's name will you move it?"

"Leave that to me, sonny. Just write out the check. I've got everything planned. I'm gonna move the house from Cedar Street to the lot I own on East Dewey Avenue. It's a little house. Only four rooms and a small porch. Easy to move it with a big truck. I'll take it down Dewey Avenue late Thursday night, and have it on the new lot by Friday mornin'. Hurry up and write out the check. I don't want the owners to think I've changed my mind. Twelve hundred dollars is a give-away for that nice house. It'll bring six thousand when I get it moved. Just think of all that profit!"

All that profit! A few weeks later, when I was posting the canceled check for $1200 in the family ledger, it was easy to see all the things papa had neglected to consider. Other canceled checks told the story: the cost of the new foundation and the rebuilding of a new porch; the cost of replastering, repainting and repapering all four rooms; the price of new plumbing and kitchen pipes and fixtures; the complete reflooring of the house—during the move something happened to make the floors buckle—and the construction of a driveway and carport.

One canceled check was made payable to "Frank L. Bronson" in the sum of $500, with the notation, "In full payment of sideswiping costs when my house tore a hole in your bedroom." My hand trembled as I picked up a check for $650 annotated, "In full settlement of all legal claims that Max Meyer deposited a house on four feet of your lot."

All that profit! There was no check for a fine, although a fine had been levied against papa for obstructing traffic and committing a public nuisance. Papa refused to pay it, arguing that what happened was "an act of God." Eventually he talked the City Commission into suspending it.

But let me fill in the details of how "the house on Cedar Street" was transformed into "the house on Dewey Avenue." Papa's cup of joy spilled over. Now that the house belonged to him, all he had to do was relocate it.

He drove to the ranch to get his pickup and assemble his "crew." Heading Papa's crew was a stonemason, barbecuer and man Friday whom I shall call Ernie. The other members, to the best of my knowledge, never had any other names than Big Indian and Little Indian. Ernie drove. Papa sat in the front seat. The Indians squatted on the bed of the pickup. When

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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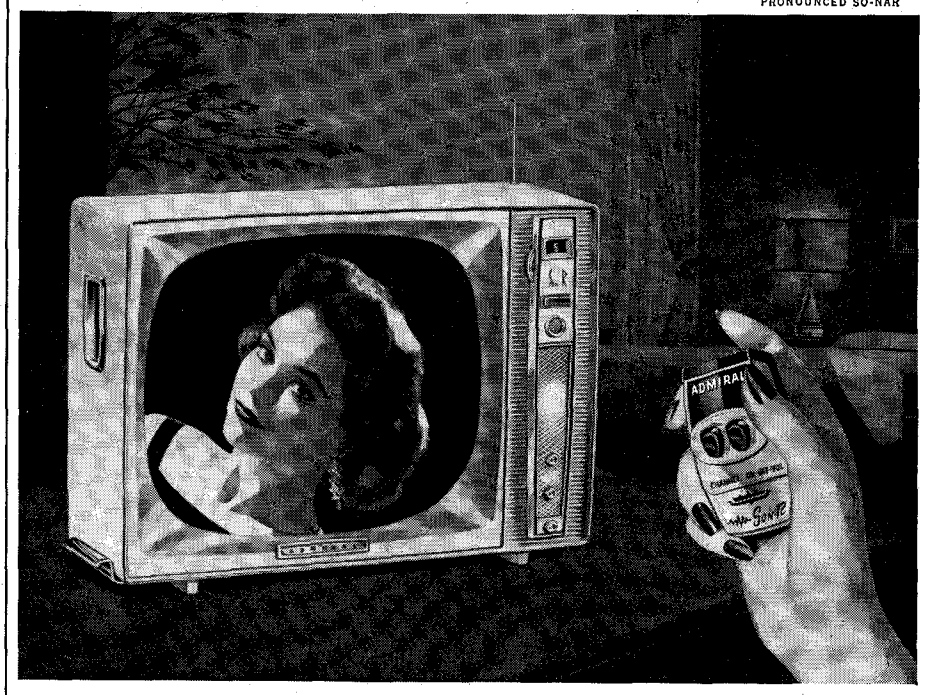

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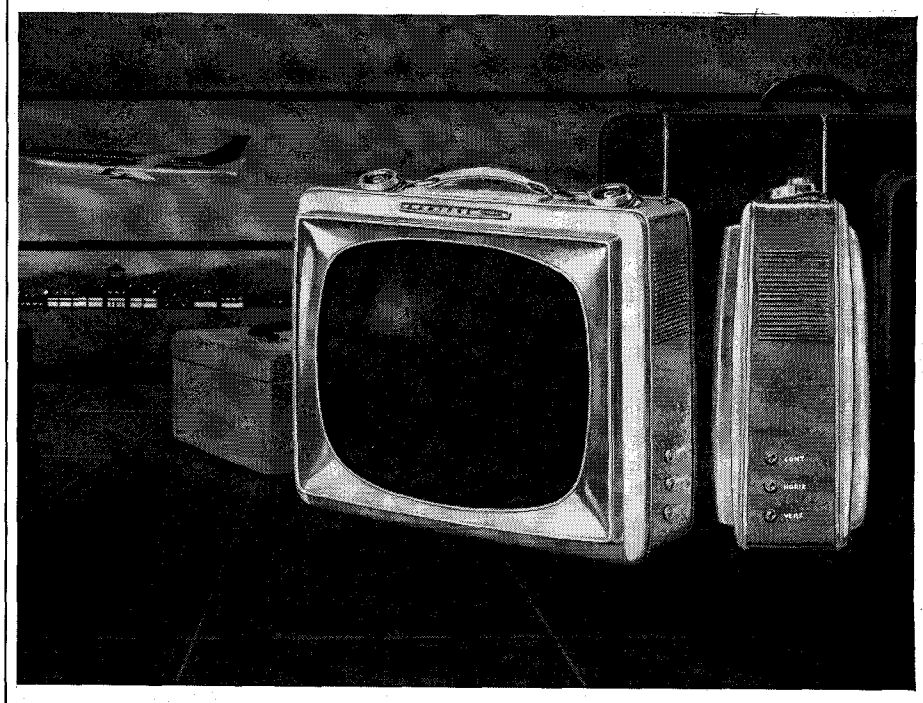

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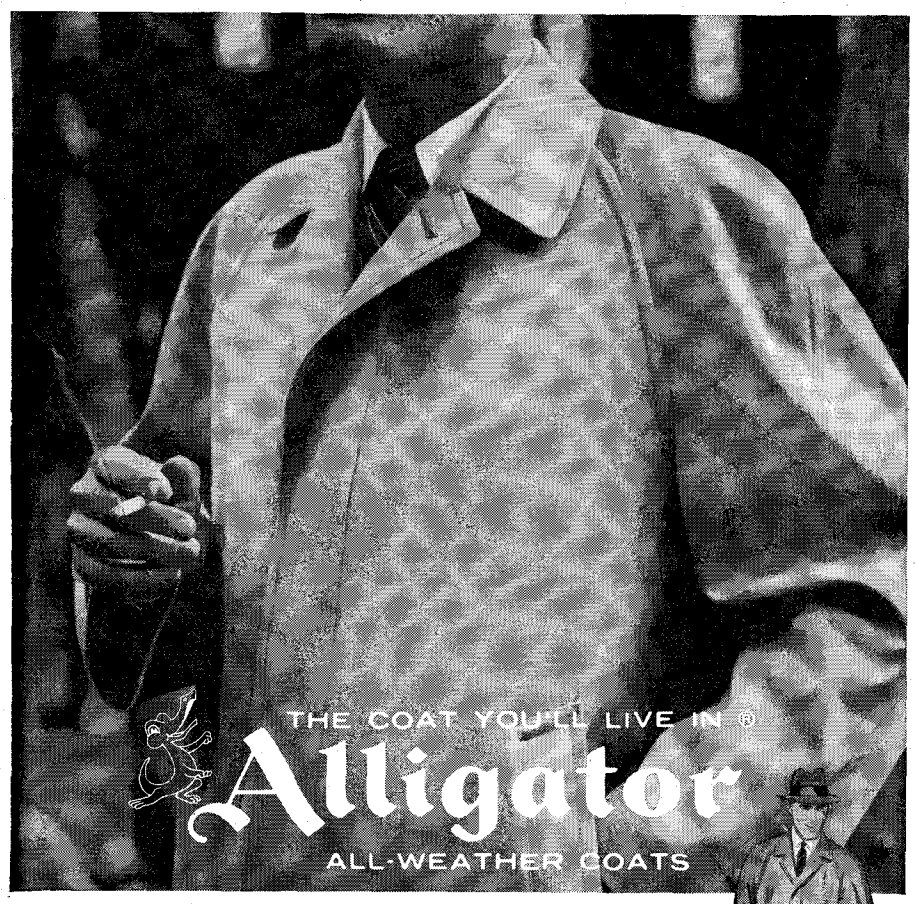

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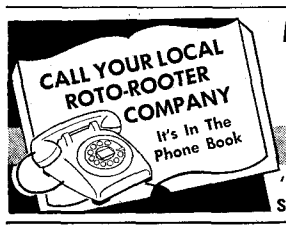

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they got to Cedar Street, they all got out and studied the job to be done.

"I'll rent a big truck," papa said. "We'll jack the house up, move it to the new lot, jack it up again when we get there, and Ern can build a new brick foundation under it while it's up in the air."

"Maybe I oughta go over to the new lot and start a foundation now so's we can kinda ease the house onto it?" Ernie suggested.

"Ain't time," papa answered. "The folks have to have the lot all cleared by Saturday. Today's Wednesday. We've gotta get 'er ready to go by tomorrow night. We'll borrow the jacks from the county engineer, rent the truck, and locate some sort of trailer to move the house on."

Happy as larks, papa and his crew went about their errands, borrowing jacks, renting a truck, fetching rope. But they couldn't locate a trailer.

"We've gotta put the house on some sort of wheels to move it," papa said. He looked discouraged.

Big Indian pulled at papa's sleeve. "All you need are two long poles," he said. "Like telephone poles. We'll tie the poles to the truck, put the house on the poles, and let the poles drag on the ground, Indian style."

It was the longest speech papa had ever heard Big Indian make. "Indian style?" papa asked.

"Yep. Indians moved bigger things than that little house on pole shafts drawn by horses. It's called a travois."

Papa was pleased beyond words at Big Indian's brilliance. "Well!" he said, relieved. "Telephone poles! Now that's more like it."

All day Thursday they worked on the house. The Indians started jacking up the house and moving the telephone poles in place beneath it. Papa drove Ernie to get the big truck. While Ernie was driving the truck back to Cedar Street, papa dropped in at the police station.

"Hi, Max," said Chief U. J. Jones. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing at all, U. J.," papa said. "I just thought I'd tell you that I'm moving a house from Cedar Street to a lot I own on East Dewey Avenue tonight, so's you'd already know about it if anyone mentioned it to you."

Chief Jones shot out of his chair. "You're moving a house yourself, Max?"

"Oh, I've got my crew helpin' me. It's all ready to go."

Chief Jones wrinkled his forehead. He'd heard about the time papa bought a real locomotive to produce enough power to fill his skyscraper silos. "May I inquire, Max, what route you plan to take with your house?"

"We're gonna drag it over to Dewey Avenue from Cedar Street and then proceed due east on Dewey through town to the new lot."

"Max, you can't do that! Dewey Avenue is Highway Sixty-six. I can't let you block Highway Sixty-six with a house."

Papa looked at Chief Jones with disbelief. "U. J., I'm surprised at your attitude. You know very well that I personally voted twenty-three people from my ranch for your Uncle Frank when he ran for sheriff. You're also aware that your father and I started the first Boy Scout camp in Creek County twenty, thirty years ago. I've never asked you for a favor in my life. I happened to drop in to tell you what I'm gonna do, and you start puttin' obstacles in my way.

"Now, U. J., the shortest distance between the old lot and the new lot is right down Dewey Avenue, and you know it. It wouldn't hurt you and one of the other cops to direct the traffic a block west while we're goin' down Dewey—but you don't have to if you don't want to. We'll manage O.K. without you. We'll start around four tomorrow morning. We'll have the house on the new lot by six. There won't be two dozen cars that'll have to detour that early. Now what's so awful about that?"

Chief Jones surrendered. "Have it your way, Max. Me and the boys will be at the corner of Dewey and Cedar at four A.M." He groaned. "O-o-oh! I just remembered. Tomorrow afternoon's the parade."

"Parade?"

"Tomorrow night's the football game between Sapulpa and Bristow. The whole force has to work the game to prevent another gang fight like they had last year. They decided to have a parade this year so's both sides could let off steam in advance. There'll be bands and floats and . . ." His voice trailed away. "Max, couldn't you, please, as a favor to me, move your house Sunday morning?"

"Can't do it, U. J. Has to be off the lot by Saturday. That's part of the deal. Don't worry. I'll take care of the house part. You get to bed early tonight and get your rest."

Chief Jones looked whipped. "Tonight's my anniversary and I'm taking my wife to Tulsa to a show. We won't get home till one o'clock. You start movin' your house at four. The parade starts at noon. The game's tomorrow night. What rest will I get?"

Among the many things teen-agers never learn to hang up is the telephone.

GLENN R. BERNHARDT

Papa edged toward the door before Chief Jones changed his mind. He was almost outside before he remembered the occasion. "Happy anniversary, U. J.!" papa yelled heartily, then shut the door behind him in a hurry.

The house looked frail and helpless, perched on the pronged poles behind the truck. It would take its ride hindside to, its back wall hoisted up against the truck, its little front porch at the lower end of the tilt. There was something wistful about the way it faced its abandoned foundation. The Indians had tied the poles to the truck, and the house to the poles, with lengths of rope. Everything was set.

"Nothing to do till we start the move," papa said. Ernie announced that he'd walk over to his brother-in-law's house, sleep there, and meet them at the lot early in the morning. Little Indian drove the pickup back to the ranch, with papa wedged in between him and Big Indian.

Papa went to bed right after supper, but slept badly. He got up at two, dressed and read the paper until the Indians came to the Big House a little after three. He warmed over some coffee that was left in the percolator and poured the Indians and himself a cup. The hot, bitter stuff woke them all up. Neither papa nor the Indians spoke a word as they drove toward Cedar Street. It was chilly but not cold—still summery weather in October.

Ernie was perched on the front bumper of the truck, waiting for them. He evidently had waited through two pint bottles of whisky.

"G'mornin'," he said thickly. He was squiffled, plastered, stoned, embalmed.

Papa was furious at himself for not taking into account Ernie's proclivity for escape. He studied Ernie, trying to decide what to do with him.

(*Continued on Page 174*)

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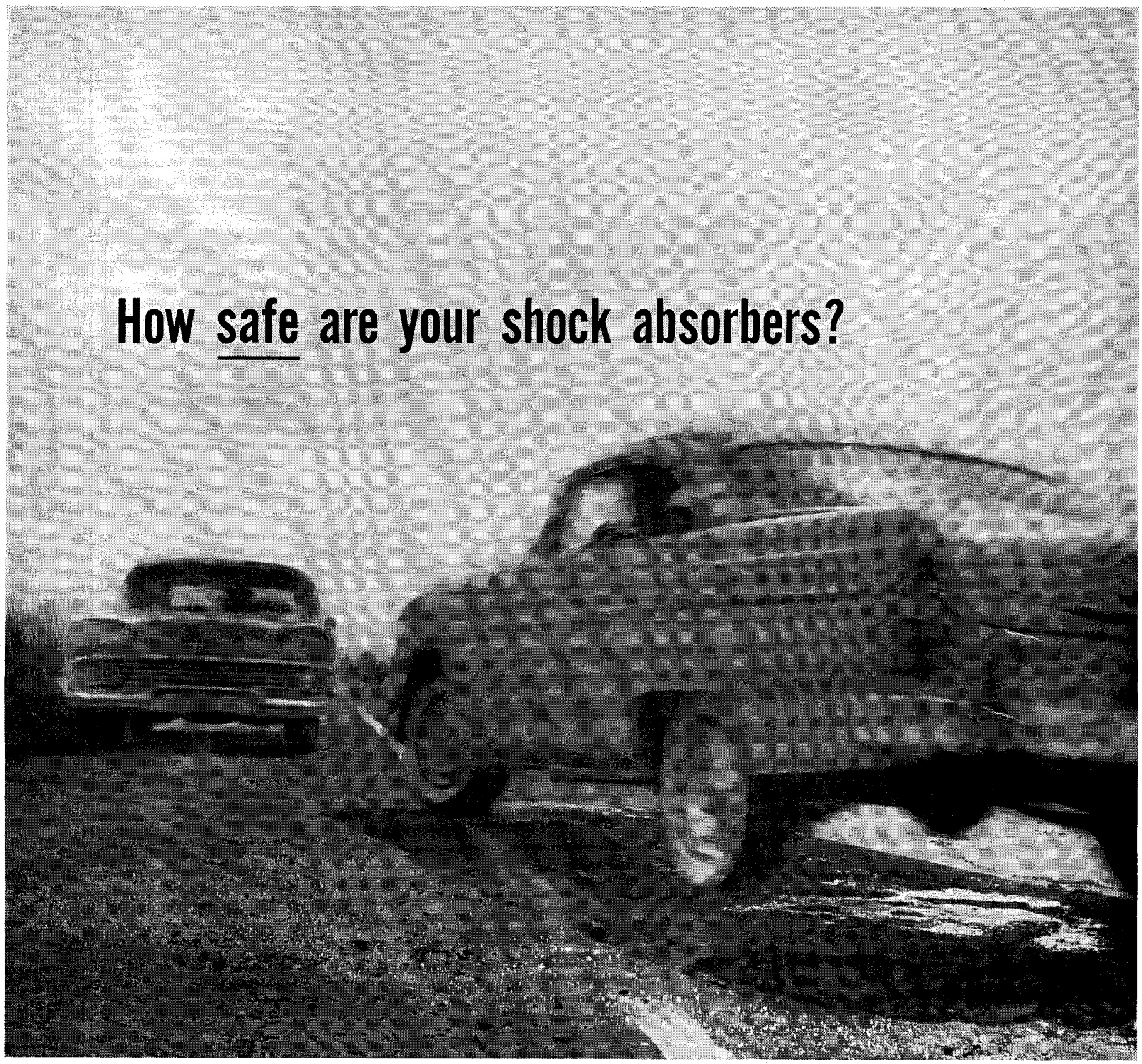

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(*Continued from Page 172*) Ernie made the decision for him. "Hadda sleep here," he explained. "Brother-'n-law wasn't 'ome." And he passed out, his head falling cozily between the headlight and the radiator of the truck.

"You'll have to be the driver, Little Indian," papa said.

"What'll we do with him?" Big Indian asked, pointing at the sprawling, snoring Ernie.

"Why don't we take him with us?" papa said. "That way he won't get into trouble."

The three of them carried Ernie to the little house and deposited him on the floor of the front bedroom, wedging him against the wall at the foot of the tilt. "We can keep an eye on him this way," papa said.

Little Indian started the truck engine, shifted gears, and eased slowly toward the street. The house groaned, but rode its poles snugly, even during the ticklish drop from the curb onto the street.

"Let 'er rip!" papa commanded.

Little Indian let 'er rip, not only managing the difficult left turn from Cedar Street but also managing with one of the poles to smash a hole in the side of a frame house that protruded two feet too far for its own good. The splintering, cracking noises were followed almost immediately by loud and profuse swearing on the part of the owner, who had been asleep in bed when the moving house assaulted him. The man came charging out of his front door, frightened, angry and stark naked.

Papa assured him that he'd stand the expenses of repairing the torn corner and told him how sorry he was. Back on the truck, papa said to Little Indian, "For Pete's sake, take it easy!" They started what proved to be a historic ride down Dewey Avenue.

The block on Dewey Avenue just before Dewey crosses Main Street is a steep incline. At the foot of this hill, where Main Street and Dewey intersect, was Sapulpa's only traffic light. Main Street becomes Highway 75, which leads to Dallas. Dewey is Highway 66, to California. It is an important corner.

The signal light showed green as the truck began to descend the grade. With the weight of the house behind it, the truck gained momentum as it went down the hill. It hadn't occurred to Little Indian to stop at the traffic signal. The whole town was deserted. There wasn't a car in sight. And who ever heard of a traffic cop on the prowl at four A.M.? Besides, moving a house, he felt, gave you certain privileges. As the light turned amber, Little Indian kept right on going.

But to papa a red light was as red at predawn as it was at high noon. "Stop the truck! Stop it—stop it!" papa screamed.

Little Indian slammed his foot on the brake. The brakes screeched, and the truck began to skid sideways. The house swayed wildly, popping the ropes that were tied to one end of the travois, and sending a telephone pole out at right angles to the truck. When the truck finally stopped, the house was smack in the middle of Sapulpa's No. 1 intersection, with one end of the front porch still tied to its pole and the other end resting on the street.

Papa was surveying the damage when Chief Jones and one of his patrolmen appeared.

"Hello, U. J.," papa said cheerfully. "I don't think the house is hurt at all. The pole holdin' this side of it just scooted right out from under."

It might have been the color of the early-morning sky. It might have been his short sleep. But Chief Jones looked pale green. "Max ——" he began. "I told you, Max ——" He didn't finish, he couldn't get the words out. Far down Dewey Avenue a car was headed toward them.

Chief Jones turned to his patrolman. "Don't just stand there, Al! Set up a roadblock and detour traffic around us or we'll have a pile-up that'll never get untangled!" He headed for the police call box on the corner to call for help. In his mind he was figuring out where he'd have to set up detour signs on Main Street and at the top of the hill on Dewey. He'd have to work fast, and he couldn't count on help until the other officers got out of bed.

"Don't get excited, U. J.," papa said calmly. "Easy does it."

The chief began to shout at the top of his lungs. "Damn it all, Max Meyer! I'm gonna throw the book at you. You're gonna pay the biggest fine in the history of Creek County—for obstructing traffic and for operating a public nuisance. I told you what would happen, didn't I? You're the craziest, stubbornest hammerhead in the U.S.A.!"

Papa was hurt; but Ernie, who had been jarred awake when the pole skidded out from under his bedroom, was infuriated. He crawled across the room on his hands and knees, stuck his head out of the bedroom window and said to Chief Jones, "Don't you talk to Max like that, you crazy damn fool, you." Pulling himself up from the floor, Ernie fell half out of the window as he wagged his finger at the officer and shouted, "Crazy hammerhead yourself! Hammerhead! Hammerhead! Hammerhead!"

Chief Jones blew his stack. He grabbed Ernie under the armpits and pulled him out of the window before Ernie knew what was happening. He half-dragged, half-carried the limber Ernie to the police car, dumped him into the back seat, started the siren full blast and headed for the jail. He tried to drive straight down Dewey by squeezing past the front of the truck, but he couldn't make it, and ripped his fender on a lamppost.

With spinning wheels and racing engine, he backed up, sped a block down Main Street, turned left on two wheels, then left again at the next corner until he got back on Dewey Avenue, then headed hell-bent for the courthouse. "Be back in a minute!" he yelled at his detour-directing patrolman, Al. Al couldn't imagine why U. J. was racing down the street with his siren blasting the dawn. Al couldn't see the chief's hapless prisoner, who was destined to spend most of that night rolling around on strange floors that never stopped bouncing.

The American National Bank, on the corner of Main and Dewey, opens for business at nine o'clock in the morning. That Friday morning was no exception. The doors opened at nine, as usual, but it was a few minutes after the hour before the first customers could get inside. All streets surrounding the bank were closed to traffic, and those who made it came by foot. Many who emerged from the bank lingered on the corner to stare at the frame house huddled in the intersection, tilted to one side like an animal with a broken leg. The traffic-signal light kept changing from red to green over the house's rooftop, like a protective beacon.

Papa knew most of the crowd by their first names and circulated freely among them. Instead of being embarrassed by the turn of events, he seemed radiantly happy.

"How'd it happen, Max?"

"Ropes broke when we stopped at the light."

"Gonna be hard to fix?"

"Naw. Big Indian's gone to the county barn to borrow two extra-sized jacks.

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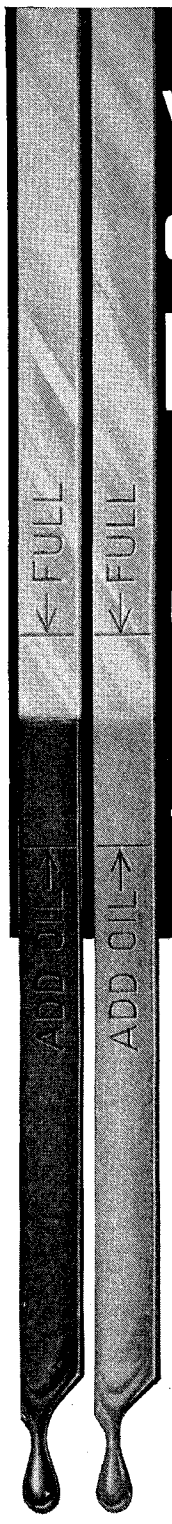

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They keep banker's hours over there—don't open up till nine A.M. All we have to do is jack up this end of the house, slip the pole back underneath it, tie it up good and tight, and we're on our way."

Papa saw Chief Jones walking up to him. Papa turned his head and spat. It was not a contemptuous spit, but a protective one. Chief Jones was a symbol of disaster to papa, and papa always spits to ward off bad luck. Without knowing why, he blamed all the bad luck on the chief.

"Hello, Max."

"Hello, U. J."

"I've got the entire force detouring traffic over to Lee Street. It's going smooth now."

"That's nice."

"Have you had anything to eat, Max? Any coffee?"

"Nope. Stayed right here with the house."

Chief Jones motioned to Little Indian to come to him. "Go over to the squad car and tell them I told you to bring a bottle of hot coffee here for Max."

Little Indian looked at papa to see if it was all right to go to the squad car. Papa nodded his O.K.

"Max," Chief Jones began, "I don't want you to be mad at me about last night. I lost my temper, and I came here man to man this morning to tell you that I'm sorry."

That was the kind of talk that made papa melt. He was touched. He held out his huge paw to the chief, who looked dog-tired from all his running around.

Little Indian handed papa the coffee. Papa poured a cup for Little Indian, then filled a cup for himself. He blew on it a couple of times to cool it, then gulped it down.

"Thanks, U. J.," papa said. "Did you have a nice anniversary? I forgot to ask you this morning."

"Went to Tulsa to a show. Got home kind of late. Here comes your other Indian."

Big Indian set the huge jacks down near the corner of the house and walked over to talk to Little Indian.

"Come here and get some hot coffee!" papa called to Big Indian. "Then we'll tie the house up again." He smiled at Chief Jones. "We'll be ready to roll by noon."

At the word "noon" a sledge hammer beat on Chief Jones' skull.

"Max! You've got to be cleared out of here before noon!" He pointed up the incline on Dewey Avenue where that morning's wild descent had begun. "The football parade starts forming up there around eleven-thirty. The parade starts at twelve noon. This house has to be out of the way by noon. D'y' hear me? Noon! Do you need any help?"

Papa looked at the clock in front of the bank. It was already after ten. "We'll do our best, U. J.," papa said. "And we'll manage fine by ourselves."

How papa and his house got into the parade was the result of a kind of spontaneous combustion. It was everybody's idea at once. The first to suggest it was the captain of the Bristow Purple Pirates. As I remember it, his name was Bill Hartshorne. Bill's grandfather had bought natural stone from papa for construction work. He knew papa, so he didn't hesitate to walk up and ask, "Can I help in some way, Mr. Meyer?"

Papa was supervising the Indians, who were tightening the ropes of the travois. He looked at Bill. "You're—you're —— Now don't tell me! . . . Whose boy are you?"

"I'm Mr. Hartshorne's grandson," Bill answered.

"Well, for goodness' sakes!" papa grinned. "And you've come to Sapulpa to see the football game tonight?"

"I'm going to play in i . I'm the captain of the team."

Papa was impressed. "Looks like the whole town of Bristow's already here to watch you."

"Yes, sir. We got a holiday from school today. Most of the kids are up the hill getting ready for the parade." And then his idea was hatched. "Say, Mr. Meyer, why don't you and the house get in the parade too?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GENTLE on cylinder walls

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"Well, I don't think ——" Papa hesitated out of consideration for Chief Jones' blood pressure.

Bill Hartshorne spied the president of the pep club across the street and hollered to him. "Hey, Charley! Let's get Mr. Meyer and the house in the parade!" Charley yelled to somebody else, and in a minute or two the intersection was crowded with boys and girls from Bristow urging papa to take part in the parade.

"We'll decorate the porch with purple crepe paper, and the Bristow Band Queen can sit alongside Mr. Meyer," Bill said. "We'll make the house into a peachy float."

Papa was plainly interested. But he had another angle. "I'm from Sapulpa, remember? If the Bristow Band Queen sits on the porch with me, the Sapulpa queen ought to sit there too. That's only fair play."

Someone went to get the Sapulpa Band Queen to see if she'd sit on the same porch with the Bristow Band Queen. She sent word that she would—if Mr. Meyer sat between them.

Chief Jones heard the commotion in the street and came running. Expecting to find a brawl in the making, he discovered students of both schools decorating papa's house with streamers. He was stunned. He hadn't thought about having papa's house in the parade, but now that the idea was taking shape he liked it. He observed, too, the spirit of co-operation between the rival students. Last year's fight had been a rough one. A joint undertaking like this, early in the day, might cool the hotheads. Chief Jones gave his blessing to the project. More than that, he went into the American National Bank and commandeered three of the red-leather chairs that people sat on as they waited to ask for loans. He placed these chairs on the tiny porch for papa and the two queens.

Since the house was a block ahead of the rest of the units forming for the parade, it was chosen to be the first float. The Sapulpa High School Band, which would lead the parade, was instructed to march down the hill, break formation around the house at the intersection, then re-form in front of the house and blare away. Papa, the house and the two band queens would follow, with the pep clubs, the teams, the coaches, the Bristow band, and the other floats coming along in that order.

It was almost noon. Hundreds of parents, students, teachers, businessmen and children of all sizes pressed solidly against the curbs on both sides of Dewey Avenue, waiting for the parade to begin. Most were in shirt sleeves and summer cottons. A little breeze blew up, just strong enough to tease the flags out in front of the stores.

As the noon whistle sounded, Little Indian started the engine of the truck. Big Indian sat by his side, arms folded, eyes straight ahead. Papa and the band queens took their places on the porch. They faced the Sapulpa High School Band, which was that moment coming down Dewey hill playing to the tune of *On Wisconsin:*

On Sapulpa, on Sapulpa,
Get that ball in line.
Take the ball away from Bristow,
Touchdown sure this time—rah, rah, rah.
On Sapulpa, on Sapulpa . . .

The band looked sharp in its electric-blue uniforms and white-visored caps. The players kept right on banging and tooting as they split into two files, passed the house on either side and then closed ranks.

As the band stepped out, Little Indian started the truck, and the house resumed its journey. Papa, with a queen on each side of him, sat on the pitched porch, waving wildly to spectators. Among them was Judge Lucien B. Wright, who had been walking toward the courthouse when the parade started. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "It's Max!"

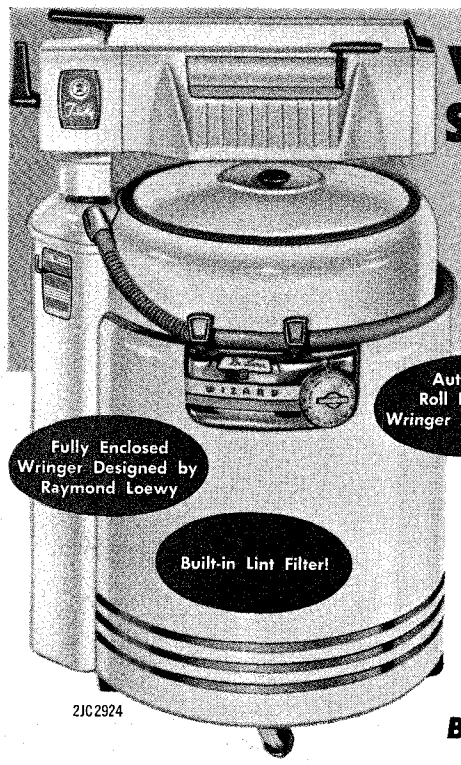
Papa caught Judge Wright's stunned look and yelled, "Hi, judge! Folks won't forget this parade in a hurry!"

Papa was right. Nobody forgot that parade in a hurry. The score of the game is lost. The names of the players are scarcely remembered. But the house on the travois, with two pretty girls and papa on the front porch facing rearward, will never be forgotten by anyone who saw it.

When the procession passed the courthouse, papa saw Ernie waving to him from the county jail on the fourth floor. He and the girls waved back at Ernie, and the queens threw Ernie a kiss.

How to describe papa's ride? What to compare it to? Cleopatra in her royal barge on the Cydnus? Marshal Foch leading his troops through the Arc de Triomphe? General MacArthur as he arrived at San Francisco? . . . None of these pageants outshone papa's triumph as he drove down Dewey Avenue in the football parade on that blue October day in Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

He was the potentate on a kingly throne acknowledging his loving subjects. He was the perennial Oklahoma pioneer, preceded by two full-blooded Indians, the noble race of yesterday, flanked by two representatives of the new, fresh youth of Oklahoma's tomorrow. He was more than a bulky man in a faded sport shirt and torn pants. He was Papa—majestic, lovable, preposterous Papa. THE END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We're on the Spot in Morocco

(Continued from Page 37)

here in 1942 exploited this position with well-known results. And when the United States at the time of the Korean War was picking sites for military bases to counter or forestall a Soviet attack, Morocco—roughly halfway between America and Russia—seemed an ideal jumping-off place.

Of the five major installations we operate, one is a naval air base on the coast, another is an inactive air base; the three others are operative bases whose lodgers are the long-range bombers of the United States Strategic Air Command. Crews are kept on round-the-clock alert. Equipped with everything an air force needs, from maintenance facilities to snack bars, these little Americas-away-from-home are impressive evidence of our preparedness.

They also are a thorn in free Morocco's side. For we obtained the right to build these bases and station our airmen here from the French Government, which at the time controlled the country—and the Moroccans thus far have refused to recognize our right to be here. In fact, they have told us many times and as politely as they could, "Get out."

A hard look at the problems of this country may help us understand what, at first sight, seems to be a conspicuous lack of hospitality. Freed on March 2, 1956, after forty-four years of French suzerainty, Moroccans have had little chance thus far to savor their new independence. Life is not simple for the rugged little country that sits between the desert and the deep blue sea. Its 10,000,000 inhabitants, of ancient Berber stock with a thin Arab overlay that becomes thicker in the cities, are in the throes of a political and economic crisis, the end of which is not in sight. The problems of being underdeveloped, of being African, of being in the Arab world and of lying halfway between Russia and America add up to a well-nigh intolerable burden. Poverty, ignorance and unemployment form the grim background for the harangues of squabbling politicians, each of whom touts his own plan for salvation, with King Mohammed V, the wise and wary monarch, standing out like a rock from the confusion.

As underdeveloped countries go, Morocco is far from the bottom of the list.

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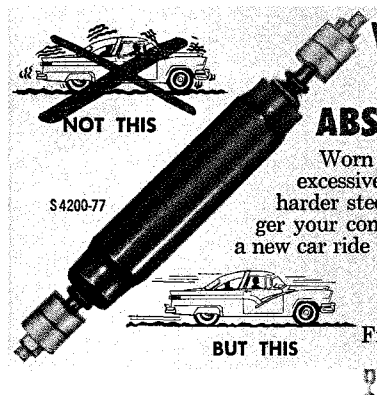

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Room for Rent

By William Brandon

Look into my life,
I'll show you a room
As empty of flowers
As Lucifer's tomb,
As distant from daylight
As night in a well,
As far from all joy
As the bottom of hell,
As absent of music,
As silent of song,
As void of all voices,
Of rightness as wrong,
As a faraway star
In a sky made of ice,
As a handful of hopelessness
Caught in a vise.
Nothing is there,
Not even air—
For this is the room
That you didn't share.

As large as California, caressed by a warm sun and a fair breeze, it grows a wide variety of crops, from cereals to citrus fruit. Its forest lands, its phosphate mines and its ample catch of fish give its economy some elbowroom. And, as the French have left behind fine roads, good ports and an assortment of light industries, the nation did not have to start from scratch like some of its less-fortunate Arab cousins.

Moreover, its extraordinary beauty, natural and man-made, predestines it to be a tourist Eden. With its rich colors, the bold contours of its Atlas Mountains and the luxuriance of its Arab architecture, Morocco casts its spell upon the most blasé of travelers. Domed, minareted cities—Fez, Meknes, Marrakech—rise up before your eyes like glimpses from the golden world of *The Arabian Nights*. While Rabat, the modern, largely French-built capital, with its straight, palm-lined avenues and its profusion of hibiscus, bougainvillaea and orange blossoms, reminds the visitor of Southern California.

Beneath that sunny surface, trouble lurks. To understand the rapid deterioration of the Moroccan scene, one must hark back to the protectorate days. The French, arriving here in 1911 to "pacify" this valuable kingdom as part of the great, international carve-up of Africa, had a hard time of it. Revolt after revolt

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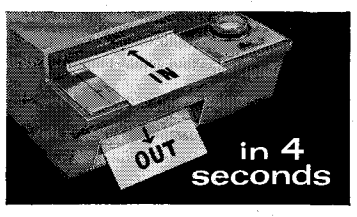

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shook the back country, and the last free Moroccan stronghold did not fall until 1935. The French gained a protectorate over most of the country, with scattered bits going to Spain, and with an international zone set up around the northern seaport of Tangier.

While the Sultan was allowed to carry on as a French puppet, the French, in the time-honored manner of colonial overlords, proceeded to graft their economy onto the country's own. The mines, the factories, the banks, the railroads and the big hotels were French. So were the largest trading firms and the best farms. And the result looked very much like natural prosperity. The farms produced rich harvests, the ports were full of ships, and the cities flourished.

In the decade after World War II, French capital, scared by political uncertainties at home, came pouring into Morocco and French private investment here rose to a staggering $4,000,000,000. The port city of Casablanca, sprawling like a white monster by the sea, stirred in a mad construction fever; tall office and apartment buildings were going up at every corner, new business firms were launched every week and, with the prospect of good wages luring the tribesmen from the hills, the city's population, a modest 25,000 when the French arrived, hit 700,000.

"And then," as one Moroccan Government official told the story, "the mirage dissolved. The French picked up and left. The boom collapsed. French venture capital not yet tied up was transferred out. Many French businessmen and manufacturers, seeing no future here, went home. Firms closed down right and left. Employment dropped as thousands of construction workers found themselves out of work. It was as though all life had stopped, and slow stagnation seemed to be our lot. And there we were. We had to jump from the Middle Ages direct into the twentieth century, and it was doubtful whether we would make it."

It is still doubtful. In a country where the average per-capita income is ten dollars a month and where one fifth of the population lives in perennial misery, many of them in squalid "tin-can towns," an economic shock such as the French withdrawal can cause irreparable harm. With factories that had been geared to the French market turning out fewer goods, with no domestic market to speak of and with no capital available for new investments, the national economy is sick. There is no cash, and there are no reserves. Some 200,000 small traders who had engaged in cut-throat competition with one another even when times were good are now faced with starvation. And so are thousands of hand-to-mouth artisans who had made souvenirs for tourists and French soldiers.

In Fez, the ancient inland capital, I found the shopkeepers and merchants in a wailing mood. The setting, to be sure, is overpoweringly picturesque. No one who has made his way down to the bottom of the saucer-shaped Medina—the labyrinthine Arab quarter, where no wheeled traffic ever enters—will easily forget its tangle of mysterious little streets, its mosques, emporiums and its myriad shops; its smell of leather, spices and exotic perfumes. Only the horde of terribly disfigured beggars and the pale children working in dank corners make the intruder echo Dante's question, "What did these people do to be thus punished?"

As long as things went well, the rugs, the copper trays, the inlaid boxes, the spices, perfumes, silks and leather goods kept the Medina in the money. But margins here were always narrow. The disappearance of French spending money, combined with the slow strangulation of the export trade, have cast a pall over those picturesque bazaars. Shopkeepers, unable to meet obligations, drag with them shippers, bankers and middlemen. And members of the "solid" urban middle class are forced to sell their trinkets and their mattresses and, on occasion, to beg discreetly for a handout.

Poverty leads to restlessness, and restlessness begets worse things. The people of Morocco, in their hour of trial, were fortunate in one respect: Allah had given them a good and noble king around whom they could rally.

Mohammed V has had his ups and downs. The scion of a dynasty that traces its lineage to Mohammed the Prophet and that had occupied Morocco's throne for some 300 years, he was little more than a figurehead until the French, in 1953, hustled him off to exile. This was the blunder that caused France to lose Morocco. The people, who saw in their Sultan a religious leader and who said their daily prayers in his name, now rose in wrath. Frenchmen were massacred, bombs were thrown into crowded places. In 1955, when a hopelessly befuddled Paris government restored the Sultan to his throne, he was (*Continued on Page 180*)

"Please, please . . . just one more winter!"

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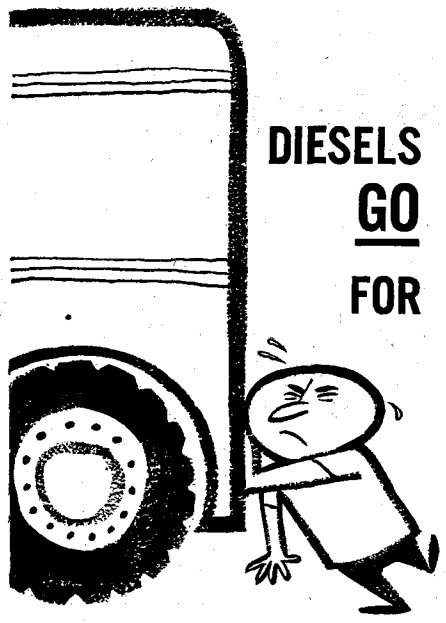

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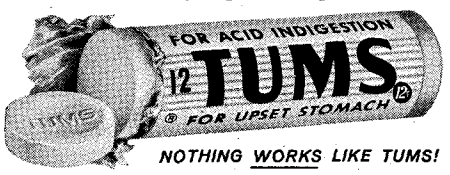

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When you paint with Kyanize
Kyanize
the good choice in paints

(*Continued from Page 178*) a martyr and a symbol of Morocco's national resistance.

Just fifty years of age, with the strong features and the domineering eye of his sword-wielding forebears, Mohammed is the perfect blend of virtues old and modern. His education started with the *Koran*, and he knows his theology. He is as fine a horseman, as keen a hunter, as sure a shot and as devoted an amateur of Andalusian music as were his ancestors; but he is also a master on the tennis court and he likes to drive fast cars. He knows a great deal about farming—not an Arab trait—and still insists on managing his farms, with their sleek, prosperous herds of cattle, down to the smallest detail. His love is architecture. He himself designed his hillside palace of Dar-es-Salaam—the House of Peace—with its carved capitals, its intricately painted woodwork, its playful fountains and its orangery, holding more than 10,000 fruit trees.

Surrounded by his family, he likes to dine in Arab fashion, using three fingers of his right hand to tear small bits from roasted lamb or fowl; but he can entertain a guest in the grand European manner in one of his elaborate "foreign" dining rooms. Watched at all times by a fierce bodyguard of red-coated and mounted blackamoors, he is accessible, nevertheless, to any citizen with a legitimate complaint. He has given his five children—three girls, two boys—a modern education by literally standing over them as they studied their French, their English and their history with hand-picked tutors.

In short, although Mohammed is no Turkish Kemal Atatürk, who would hang his old-fashioned subjects for wearing the traditional fez, he wants to see his people become fully qualified citizens of the modern age. It was, no doubt, as an earnest of that intent that he changed his traditional title, Sultan, to Melek—King—in 1957.

Politically both Mohammed and his eldest son, Crown Prince Moulay Hassan—a remarkably intelligent young man who, having sowed his wild oats, seems about ready now to settle down—favor the western camp in the cold war. Unfortunately this does not mean that their preference will prevail. Although Morocco is an absolute monarchy, still lacking a constitution, parliament and universal suffrage, Mohammed reigns much like a constitutional monarch, calling to power men or parties believed to represent a popular majority. This democratic tendency accounts for the disturbing fact that, at this writing, he is flanked by a government whose views and policies are not his own.

A brief summary of Moroccan politics will help us read the danger signs. I vividly recall a talk I had during a visit here in 1955 with leaders of the outlawed Istiqlal, or Independence Party, then the acknowledged spokesman of the anti-French rebellion. They were professional men, conservative by temperament and background, and dominantly western in their outlook. "Remember," one of them warned, "we have begun the revolution, but it may not be we who'll finish it. The firebrands—madmen who do not speak your language any more than ours—may move in and take over."

Today the moderates are out, and the firebrands are in. As early as a year ago the Istiqlal, originally all-Moroccan, was rent by violent dissension. Its moderate leaders, given a major share of power and responsibility after the liberation, proved unable to solve the country's pressing economic problems. And a new force rose from their rank and file. The leadership of veteran Alal el Fassi, an Arab scholar and a man of rare intelligence and moderation, was challenged—on occasion with a bullet—by younger militants with a strong left-wing bent.

Their coach was razor-tongued, keen-witted Mehdi Ben Barka, a lifelong enemy of colonialism and a professor of differential calculus at Rabat. Behind his slight, elusive figure there stood impatient student groups, veterans of the anti-French resistance and, in particular, the young and powerful trade-union movement, U.M.T., which controlled the docks, the railroads and the mines.

It was not until last December that a reluctant King Mohammed, ending a long and painful government crisis, decided to give the dissidents a chance. While their resourceful chief, Ben Barka, hung back, preferring to remain behind the scenes, one of his young lieutenants, Moulay Abdallah Ibrahim, accepted the royal mandate to form a government. No sooner had he done so than the victorious Ben Barka faction seceded officially and noisily from the Istiqlal. Ben Barka has since formed a left-wing party of his own, The National Union of Popular Forces.

It's true, none of the groups supporting Premier Ibrahim's left-wing administration are Communist. Although an embryonic Communist Party, consisting of about 2000 Moroccan intellectuals, has for some time existed here, the Communist movement in Morocco—and elsewhere in North Africa—has always been primarily a French affair. Attempts to spawn indigenous parties inevitably ran afoul of certain fundamental beliefs inherent in Moslem society; also, Communism has been considered "French" and therefore unacceptable.

But while Ben Barka and his allies are not Communists, they might be called the second-wave boys of the revolution, moving inshore to liquidate class privilege, the profit motive and other remnants of capitalist society, and to set up their own no-nonsense state. Suspicious of all private enterprise, they are promoting a planned, state-controlled economy built around public ownership of basic industries.

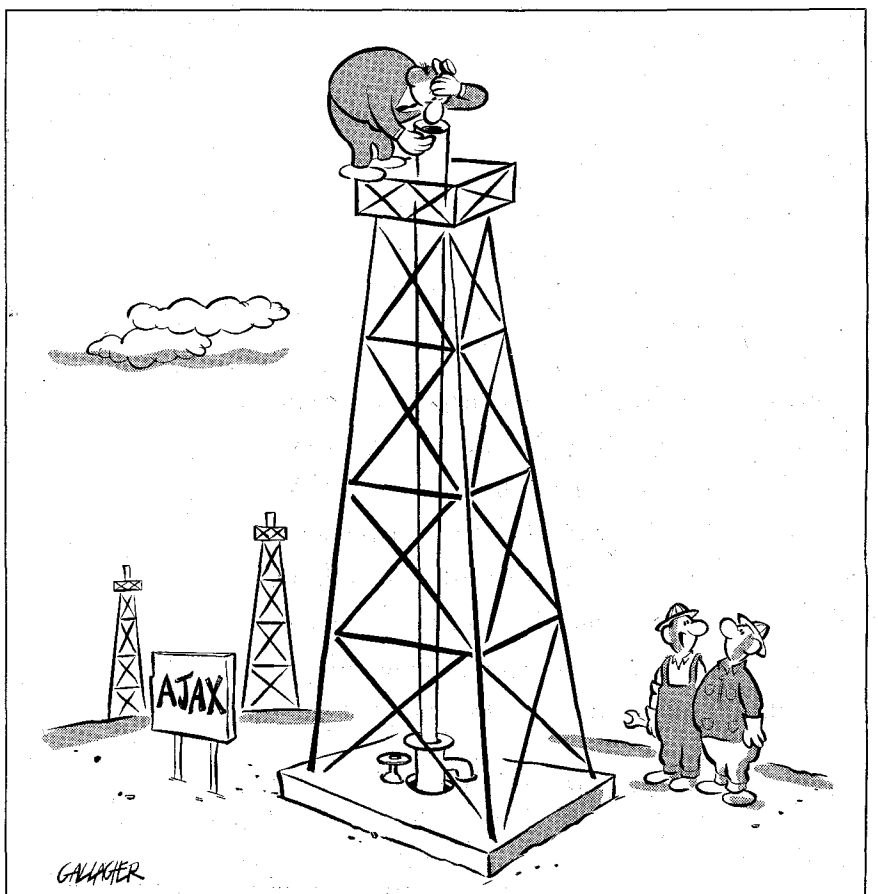
"There is only one way for an underdeveloped country to get ahead," Ben Barka said to me. "The Chinese way!"

Trade-union leaders in particular spout—often without realizing it—the Marxist line; small wonder, too, as the Moroccan unions were, until liberation, mere adjuncts of French labor groups, by far the largest of which is the Communist-controlled General Confederation of Labor (C.G.T.). Today the left-wing U.M.T., Morocco's major labor federation, lords it over 600,000 members—among them dockers, miners and transport workers—from a tall, ultramodern office building in downtown Casablanca. Its excitable young captains know that as a political pressure group they have no rival. "Without us," one of them explained, "no one could govern in this country."

When I asked this young organizer to state his political philosophy, he readily admitted that to him and his associates the revolution is not finished. "To us," he said, "Moroccan independence was not a goal, but a means to an end. Our goal is social justice—and it's the worker's role to forge the new Morocco."

Now, politics in newly liberated countries tends to gallop ahead of real issues. My talks with leaders of the feuding factions, among them the defeated moderate, Alal el Fassi, convinced me that the ins and outs have more in common than they might admit. Passionate patriots, graduates of French jails or years of exile, all of Morocco's leaders share a loathing for colonialism that is kept at a boiling point by the Algerian war. They have chips on their shoulders that make them eager to assert Morocco's—and their own—new independence at all times. They see, even today, "oppressors" and "exploiters" under every bed. They are convinced that the cold war is no concern of theirs, and their opinion of the United States is critical, to say the least.

With that we have returned to the thorny problem of our own relations with Morocco. "To think," sighed one American who lives here, "that the Moroccans welcomed us with open arms in 1942—and then to (*Continued on Page 182*)



"He just purchased two shares of Ajax Oil."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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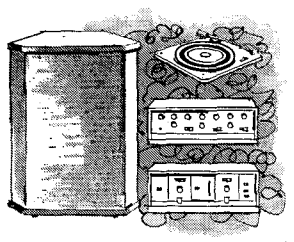
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you love
good music and fine furniture,
read about it...

THERE'S A NEW KIND OF STEREO HIGH-FIDELITY CONSOLE

For many years, people who cared about good music and fine furniture searched for a way to enclose high-fidelity equipment in a cabinet that was equal to the quality of their best furniture.

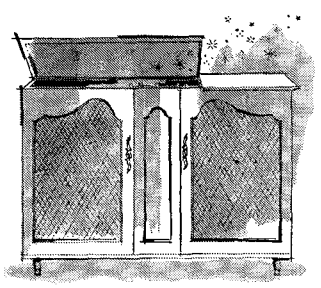
Until now, they had to compromise. They had to sacrifice the best possible music reproduction if they wanted a good looking cabinet. If they would not compromise on sound quality, they had to choose high-fidelity components—or more recently, stereo high-fidelity components—which may not have been quite so appealing to the eye.



If you are one of those people, and dislike compromise, you will be interested in this new kind of stereo high-fidelity console we have developed.

Stromberg-Carlson has created a new kind of console that reproduces music as faithfully as separately mounted components.

We have christened this new kind of console with a long name: **STROMBERG-CARLSON INTEGRITY SERIES COMPONENT ENSEMBLES.** To uncompromising people who want high-fidelity performance each word in that name is significant.



First, all of the 16 styles are designed by Federico and rendered by cabinet craftsmen. Have you ever tried to describe your favorite painting? If so, you can understand why we prefer you see the styles rather than read about them.

Second, listen to the Integrity Series. Here is where this new kind of console really demonstrates its uniqueness. The music you hear will be clear and precise—like no other reproduction you have ever heard unless you own—or have listened to—a high quality stereo high-fidelity component system.

If you are a person who values good music and good furniture, no one will have to "sell" you an Integrity Series Ensemble after you see and hear it. (And if you aren't, no one will try—there is no point in "selling" something that people "buy.")

Why Integrity Series Ensembles differ from any other console you will see or hear.

There is no secret ingredient or magic potion. Integrity Series Ensembles employ high quality components, of course. But we and other manufacturers have tried that in consoles before without success. The problem that has faced every manufacturer is universal. Until now, when speakers capable of reproducing the full range of sound were rigidly mounted in the same console as high quality high-fidelity stereo components, there was a serious loss of sound quality.

This loss—most often recognized as muddy or boomy noises—is caused by what is called "feedback." It occurs because sensitive high quality stereo components can detect the speaker vibrations which are fed back through the body of the cabinet. These vibrations are amplified with the music and reproduced as noise you hear.

If you own a console now, but do not hear these noises, it is not because your ears are insensitive.

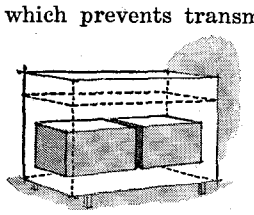
You do not hear them because we and every other console manufacturer had to eliminate them by compromising the musical reproduction of your console. You do not hear them because the sound you hear is not complete.

Integrity Series Ensembles are different from ordinary consoles because they give you complete sound without muddy or boomy noises.

HOW STROMBERG-CARLSON ELIMINATED FEEDBACK NOISES IN INTEGRITY SERIES ENSEMBLES.

It was a painstaking process, but now we can explain it quickly:

The Integrity Series Ensemble is the first successful uncompromised console because we have developed a way to control feedback. The key development is what we call ISO-COUSTIC SPEAKER SYSTEM MOUNTING. (We put it in capital letters because—we must confess—we are rather proud of this radical new achievement.) The ISO-COUSTIC Mounting creates a cabinet-within-cabinet suspension system which prevents transmission of speaker vibrations to the sensitive components. If you component owners could put your equipment into a cabinet whose speaker systems have our ISO-COUSTIC Mounting, the quality of the sound you'd hear would be as good as it is now. *In fact, the components we use are the same ones you would choose for your separately mounted component system.*



Why others have failed to eliminate feedback noises.

Other attempts have been made to solve the feedback problem. They have failed because they have tried to correct the problem in a console without isolating it. We believe that the reason why we succeeded was because we knew we had to develop a *new kind* of console—and because we were fortunate.

Integrity Series Ensembles required two speaker systems of unquestionable quality. We were fortunate because we had already developed a system that met the quality requirements, the well-regarded Acoustical Labyrinth® Speaker System.

It would take at least another column to tell how we were able to reduce this popular system to a size that would allow two of them to fit into a reasonable-size stereo ensemble.

We did it.

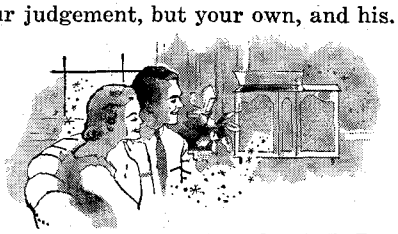
The most convincing proof of this is that Integrity Series Ensembles use the same components you would use in a separately mounted system. They are *interchangeable.*

Integrity Series Ensembles won't become obsolete.

Since the components within Integrity Series cabinetry *are* interchangeable, any future development in stereo or high fidelity can be incorporated simply by replacing existing components. You never have to replace your fine cabinet.

If you know a lot about stereo high fidelity, there is nothing more we can tell you. You're on your own.

If you know little about stereo or high-fidelity equipment . . . but you love to listen to the most realistic music reproduction you can possibly hear . . . you may want the advice of someone whose judgement in music you respect. Ask him to join you in listening to this new kind of high-fidelity console at one of the better department, music or component stores. Listen closely. Ask questions. Then, accept not our judgement, but your own, and his.



INTEGRITY SERIES COMPONENT ENSEMBLES

—three hundred and fifty dollars to about five thousand dollars. You may choose from 16 models in traditional, contemporary and period stylings, each tastefully designed by Federico. You may select your own components, or choose a recommended component complement—in any case components are always interchangeable.

For a complete color catalog of Integrity Series Component Ensembles and components write Stromberg-Carlson, Special Products Division, 1401 N. Goodman Street, Rochester 3, New York.

"There is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson"

STROMBERG-CARLSON

A DIVISION OF **GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION**

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 180*) hear them tell us off today!" Ben Barka, in his talk with me, clothed the same thought in Oriental imagery: "Our friendship was clear as a mirror, and now a mist is covering the glass."

Feeling that the continued presence of our military bases here without so much as a by-your-leave bruises their precious sovereignty, and genuinely anxious to avoid involvement in the cold war, Moroccans of almost every political opinion would like us to pick up and leave. But while our diplomats might like to take the hint, our Air Force argues that we must hold on to these strategic fields, a vital link in our world-wide chain of bomber bases, until we can rely for our defense on intercontinental missiles. As no one knows just when that time will come, we're staying on. A large sign outside our biggest base, Nouasseur, proclaims, PEACE IS OUR PROFESSION and on a personal level relations between hosts and guests remain unruffled. Our airmen and their families—some 20,000 Americans all told—enjoy Morocco's hospitality on a let's-look-the-other-way, *de facto* basis. Our military supplies still are allowed to enter free of duty.

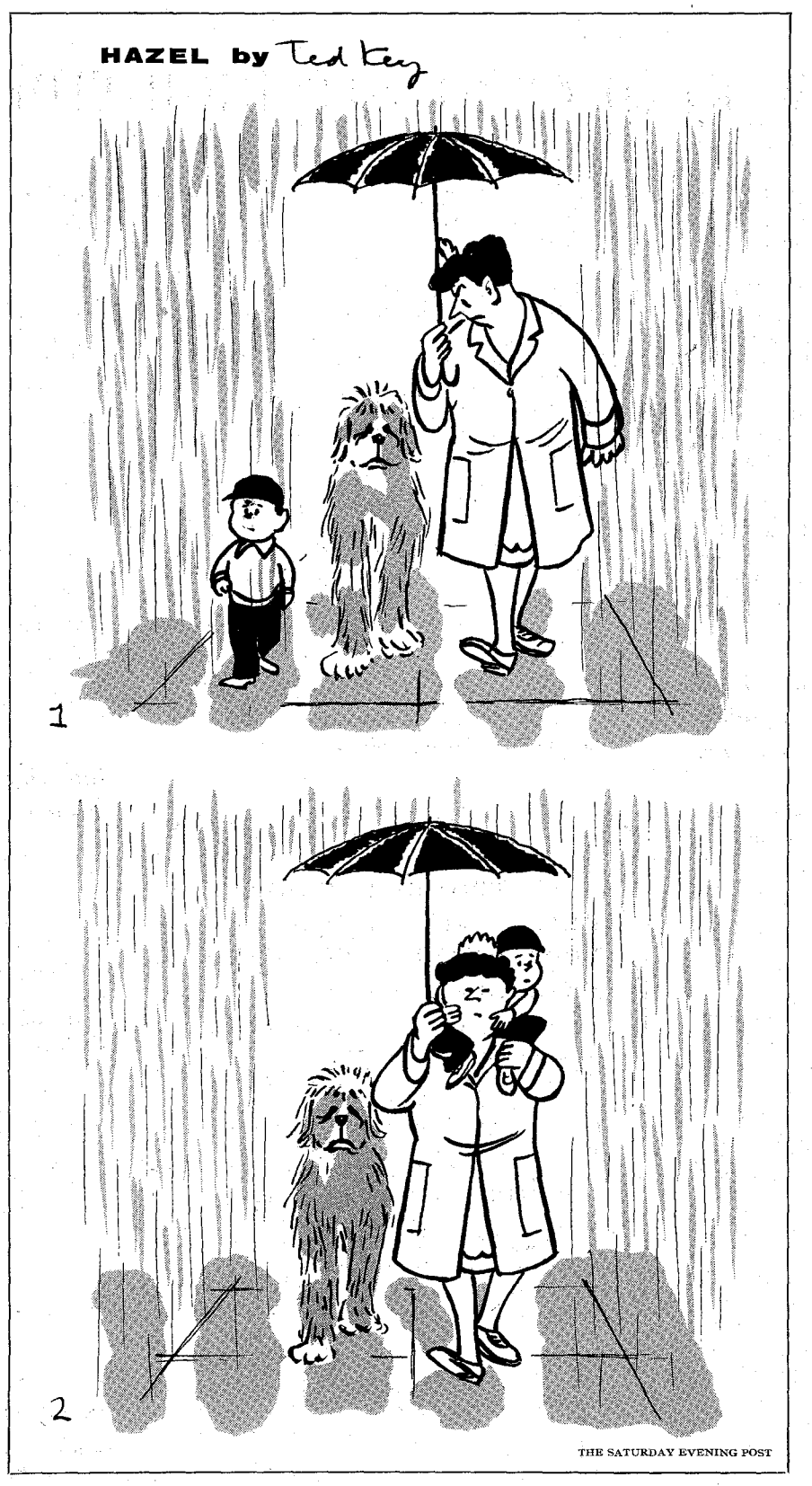
Things would be relatively simple if the Moroccans were attempting just another blackmail proposition of the kind that has become so fashionable in some aid-receiving countries—"Give us more aid and we'll let you keep your bases." But Moroccan Government officials have never linked our economic aid, $40,000,000 annually, to our military installations here, and evidently do not mean to. They are quite prepared to do without the $30,000,000 a year our forces pump into the dehydrated Moroccan economy. They are even willing to accept the fact that some 8000 local workmen, now used around the bases, would swell the army of their unemployed. Principles are at stake.

"You see," I was told by Premier Ibrahim, "we've won our independence very recently, and it's my job to prove to our masses that things have changed since the protectorate." Weighing his words carefully, he added, "Please don't forget that we are being watched by the whole Arab world. Whenever I meet representatives from other Arab countries, I am asked whether I'm 'selling out' to the Americans. I tell you, harboring your bases gives our country a bad name!"

Such is the terrible dilemma in which the United States is caught out here. At cross purposes with ourselves, we cannot make up our minds which is the more important—holding onto our bomber bases or being friends with this young nation and with the Arab world behind it. Morocco, or Maghreb, means "west." Tradition has it that the Arab general who, some twelve centuries ago, had led his horsemen clear across North Africa to the Moroccan coast, drove his own horse into the Atlantic surf to drown because there were no further worlds to conquer. Morocco to this day remains the westland of the Arab world, and its blood ties with its Arab cousins are thicker, to be sure, than water.

Algeria's war for independence, raging along Morocco's eastern border, is looked upon as a direct Moroccan concern, and you cannot sit down with a Moroccan to the conventional three glasses of mint tea without the subject's dropping with a thud between you. "The French are slaughtering Algerians with American arms," you will be told. You can argue all night long without convincing your Moroccan friends that the United States did not put arms into French hands for that particular purpose.

Our schizophrenic attitude at times makes us assume a posture that would be comical were its results not deadly serious. For instance, we have refused in the past to sell arms to Morocco's army because the French feared that some of the guns might be passed on to the Algerian rebels. Yet the army is deeply loyal to the king and is the best guaranty against unpleasant political surprises here. Only when the Moroccans turned around to buy two shiploads of Czechoslovakian arms did Washington agree to reconsider, and arms talks with Rabat are now in progress.



Americans here recognize the fact that France, although no longer mistress of Morocco, still occupies a special place in the Moroccan scheme of things. It's true that the exquisite, white, flower-scented mansion built as a residence for Marshal Lyautey, French conqueror of Morocco, and occupied up to the day of independence by an all-powerful French resident general, now has the humble function of French embassy. But curiously enough, in talking with the brilliant Alexandre Parodi, first French ambassador to free Morocco, and looking out of Lyautey's old office over the splendid gardens to the sea, one wonders just how much has changed besides the label.

There is no doubt that France still holds some of the chips here. For one thing she still manages to keep some 20,000 soldiers on Moroccan soil, manning eight military bases. (The Spaniards, having quit their zones except for a few morsels here and there, have left 11,000 troops behind, and now plan to withdraw many of these.) When the dust of the official French exodus had settled, it turned out that no more than 130,000 members of the civilian colony, which numbered 350,000, had joined it. The great majority decided to hang on and make the best of it. The fat, well-tended farms around Meknes, the cement works, sugar refineries and many of the mines, as well as free Morocco's leading newspapers, are still French-owned and -managed. Morocco is still in the franc zone, and France still subsidizes, by way of price and tariff privileges, a large part of Morocco's agricultural exports.

Nor is that all. When the French tricolor came down and the red flag with the green seal of Solomon went up, the nascent nation found itself without technicians. Civil servants and high functionaries, engineers, mechanics, schoolteachers, accountants, traffic policemen and even letter carriers had been French. More than 90 per cent of the Moroccan population was illiterate, and the few proud possessors of university degrees were, for the most part, inexperienced lawyers. There was a lot to do, and no one qualified to do it.

What was more natural than to go back to the French—and hire them? They knew their way around, French was Morocco's second language, and the two groups were used to living with each other. Today 10,000 Frenchmen form the bulk of Morocco's civil service, another 7000 operate public utilities and railroads, and some 8000 more teach in Morocco's schools. You'll find French experts serving Moroccan cabinet ministers as confidential, highly paid advisers, and—strangely—French judges outnumber Moroccans on the supreme-court bench.

Responsible French quarters here do not conceal their glee at seeing France, barely out the front door, come back in through the service entrance; and most Americans agree that a prolonged "French presence" in Morocco would weigh the scales in favor of the West. But time running out on such fond hopes. As th Algerian war rounds its fifth year, the French may yet wear out their welcome here. There is no telling what will happen when a Moroccan crowd runs wild, and the massacres of Oued Zem and Fez—the one before Morocco's liberation, the other since—are etched into the mind of every Frenchman living here.

In fact, the more one pokes around Morocco, the more one is aware that things are sliding. While the United States remains in search of a Moroccan policy, the Russians, the Egyptians and the Red Chinese, represented here by large, effective teams, do what they can to pull the country eastward. Red China in particular, which barters tea for trucks and phosphates here, is all the rage with the Moroccans of the younger generation, and delegations going back and forth between Peking and Rabat give some reality to that young love affair. The Arab world, meanwhile, is keeping up its pressure. The conference of the Arab League, held last September in Casablanca, was clearly meant to give Morocco stature among fellow Arabs; and King Mohammed, presiding over its first session, may well have thought of what happened to his distant relative and royal colleague, the late King Faisal of Iraq, when Arab pressure mounted in that country.

Already, while the mass of the Moroccan people still chant the praise of king and dynasty, sensitive ears can pick up a new tune. For the first time since the liberation, in the bazaars of Fez and in the docks of Casablanca, there's talk against the king. And as the country sinks into still deeper poverty, as left-wing politicians get a firmer grip on the machinery of government and as eastern overtures get more insistent, the talk is likely to grow bolder.

Soon it may be too late. Should King Mohammed find the earth heaving beneath his throne one day, the era of western influence in this strategic corner would be over. The great American conundrum of how to eat our cake and have it, too, would have resolved itself at last. And a young, noble nation that might have been a showpiece of American-backed progress would glare at us, across a narrowing ocean, with hostility.

THE END

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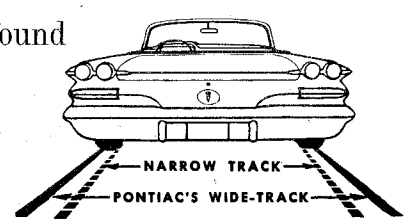
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bonneville Vista for 1960

Pontiac's spirit of creative design brings you fresh, crisp beauty for 1960

Pontiac again shuns the mediocre to create the Fresh Point of View for 1960. The prow is proud, pointedly tasteful and exciting. The horizontal bars of the grille suggest order. There's a harmony in the profile, a new-found freedom and grace, no meaningless adornment. Yet there's a warmth to this design, a personable warmth you rarely see in an automobile. The interiors are exquisite, coordinated, a sensation to touch and feel. Pontiac has designed with this visual honesty, not just to be different, but to give you a motorcar of lasting good looks. Consequently, you can expect adherents of clean styling, people of exceptional taste, to be driving 1960 Pontiacs. Don't you belong among them?



Wider stance gives you swayless stability, solid comfort. You maneuver with skillful sureness, accurate control. It's the most rewarding driving you've ever felt!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PONTIAC 1960 THE ONLY CAR WITH WIDE-TRACK WHEELS

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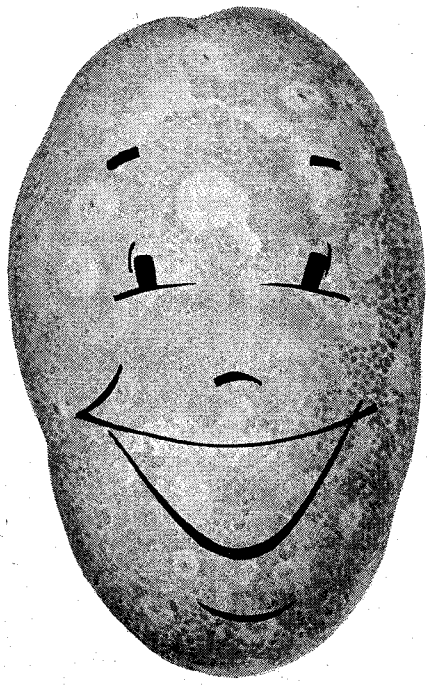
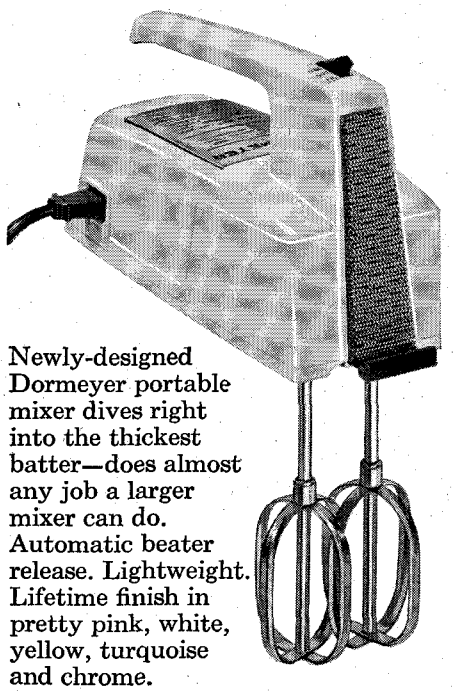
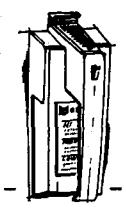


I love to take a beating by a Dormeyer



Newly-designed Dormeyer portable mixer dives right into the thickest batter—does almost any job a larger mixer can do. Automatic beater release. Lightweight. Lifetime finish in pretty pink, white, yellow, turquoise and chrome.



Stands on end for easy draining. Hangs on wall or tucks away in a drawer. Handy detachable cord.

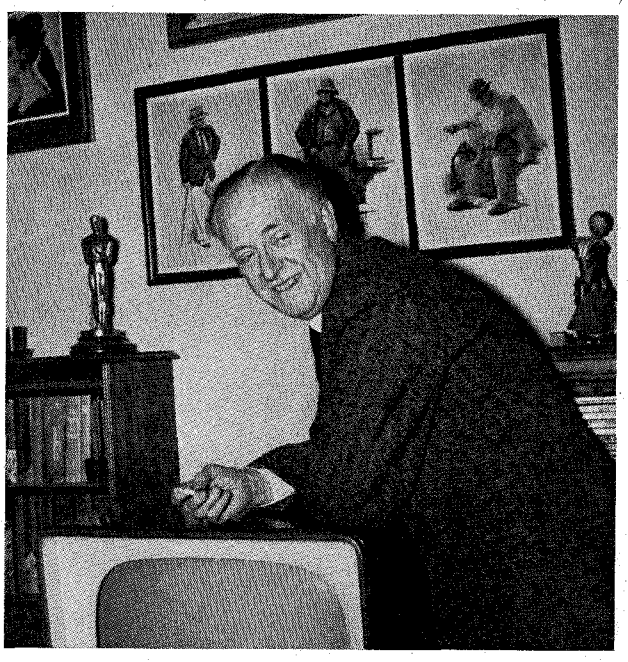
Dormeyer Fri-Way Skillet fries, cooks, braises, bakes, stews. Completely automatic with probe control, vented cover. Washes under water.

Dormeyer

Dormeyer Corporation, Chicago 10, Ill.

Keeping Posted

Who Was Tugboat Annie?



Norman Reilly Raine, creator of Tugboat Annie.

Norman Reilly Raine, who presents a new Tugboat Annie novelette on page 28, has the following to say about the inception of his famous fiction character. During a visit to Seattle in 1931 Raine was told by a member of the University of Washington faculty, Edwin Wintermute, that in the educator's former home town, Providence, Rhode Island, lived the only woman in the world—to his knowledge—who personally operated a fleet of tugboats. This struck Raine as the germ of a short story, but when Wintermute described the lady, Mrs. Kate Sutton, as a mild, motherly person who wore a pince-nez and seldom set foot on one of her tugs, the potential story wouldn't jell, and the author gave up on it. Later, however, Raine saw Marie Dressler enact a rugged, water-front role in a reissue of *Anna Christie;* and, "Boom!" he exclaims, "I had the character to fit a tug." It was inevitable that by and by Miss Dressler would make her unforgettable Tugboat Annie movie.

Mrs. Sutton retired in 1943, and last winter she died. Raine, who lives in Hollywood, regrets that he never met her, "but I'll always be grateful to her for running tugs and to Wintermute for telling me she did."

Tales of the Authors

From 1950 to 1955 **Kathryn Forbes** took an extended "breather" from writing, but now, as witness page 46, she's back at her typewriter in Burlingame, California. This contributor to many magazines earned her holiday if for no other accomplishment than her first novel, *Mama's Bank Account*, a runaway best seller in 1943 which became the two-year Broadway hit, *I Remember Mama.* Later it went into the movies, with Irene Dunne enacting Mama, and beginning in 1949, with Peggy Wood taking over the key role, it ran seven years as a CBS television series. That's getting swell mileage out of a single book. The author's nonwriting years were spent in almost continuous hunting and fishing expeditions in a trailer up and down the West Coast, plus an occasional rendezvous with her two sons and four grandsons.

Kathryn Forbes took a five-year holiday.

The Lewis Meyer family.

Lewis Meyer started out to be a lawyer—Phi Beta Kappa at Dartmouth, law degree at Michigan. Presently he decided to do what he likes best: reading, reviewing and selling books. So in Tulsa, Oklahoma, he operates "what my French wife, Natasha, and I modestly call the best bookstore in the South." From his shop Meyer reviews a book a day by radio, and on Sundays he switches to TV. His store is noted as a center for impromptu and sometimes very heated literary debates. Now Meyer has written a book himself, titled *Preposterous Papa*, which World Publishing Company brings out October twenty-fourth. A hilarious chapter from it appears on page 42. By the way, the author sleeps in the same bed he was born in, having moved it twelve miles from Sapulpa, Oklahoma, to Tulsa.

The Doctor Is an Author

Dr. Alan E. Nourse, who describes the new look in family doctors on page 25, leads a double life in a happy and fulfilling way. While in the University of Pennsylvania medical school, he took up writing for the sake of his pocketbook; since then he has published many stories and books, including *So You Want To Be a Doctor* (Harper's, 1957), and this year, in collaboration with his brother William, a similar book about being a lawyer. Two years ago Doctor and Mrs. Nourse selected a community they would like to live in—North Bend, Washington—because there were hunting, fishing and skiing in easy reach; and the doctor says, "It was my sheer good fortune to find a medical clinic there which could tolerate me as a member." He always has been convinced that medical group practice is the only kind that makes much sense. Mrs. N., an easygoing lady, tolerantly puts up with the nonsense suffered by both writers' and doctors' wives.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Myths About the Oakes Murder"

Who killed millionaire Sir Harry Oakes? The sixteen-year-old mystery may be reinvestigated.

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